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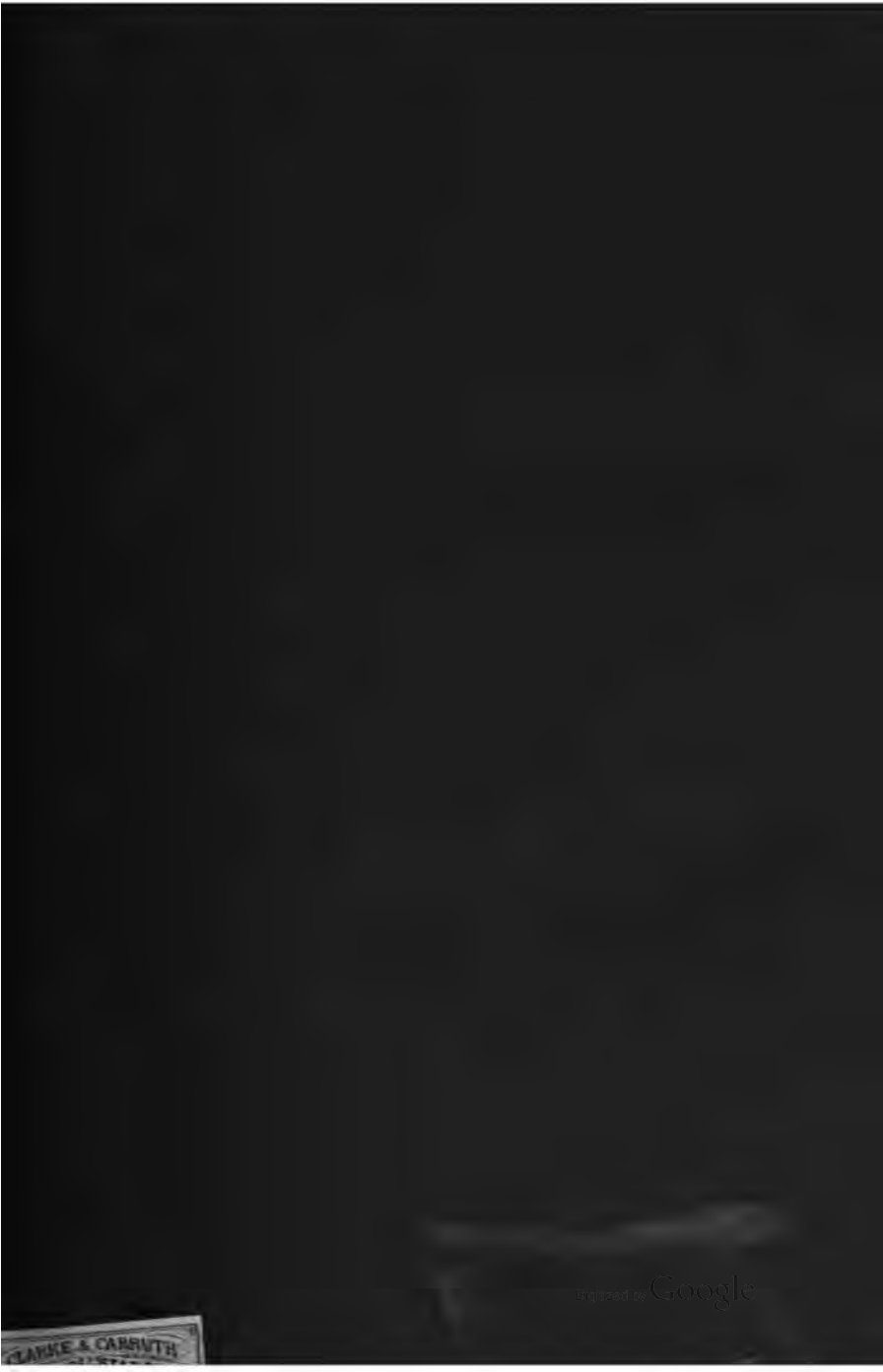
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WORKS OF MONTAIGNE

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WORKS

OF

MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE.

COMPRISING

HIS ESSAYS, JOURNEY INTO ITALY, AND LETTERS, WITH NOTES FROM ALL THE COMMENTATORS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES, ETC.

By W. HAZLITT.

A NEW AND CAREFULLY REVISED EDITION,

EDITED BY

O. W. WIGHT.

Virusque acquirit eundo.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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MONTAIGNE THE ESSAYIST.

A BIOGRAPHY.

BY BAYLE ST. JOHN.

No French writer has exerted so much influence on English literature—with the exception, perhaps, of Rabelais—as Montaigne. The Essays are known in substance far beyond the circle of readers who can decipher their idiomatic French, studded with Gascon phrases, or relish the quaint old English translations. From Shakspeare and Bacon, down to the humblest essayist earnest enough to make man the theme of his speculations, we find traces of communion with Montaigne. His acquaintance is sometimes acknowledged, oftener implied. Butler and Pope quote, but Swift and Sterne show that they were familiar with him. There is something marvellously fascinating in his society, which explains this influence far more than any poverty of thought in our great writers. No man can pass an hour with him without feeling wiser and more inclined to be sententious. The range of his observations was so vast, that to borrow from the Essays seems equivalent to borrowing from the collective experience of humanity.

There are some features in the Biography of Montaigne which have become part of the tradition evoked to the memory of most serious readers by his name. That he came into the world sixty years after the discovery of printing, forty after the discovery of America, and fifteen after Luther preached his reform; that he was made the subject of a singular experiment in education; that his early life was distinguished by a sort of heroic friendship for

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Estienne de la Boëtie—the greatest man of that age; that he retired from the turmoil of courts to studious seclusion in his ancestral mansion; that he wrote a series of desultory Essays on Man, drawing materials chiefly from observation of his own character; that he was the first to circulate skeptical ideas in a popular form, and yet that he is still claimed as a good Catholic by the Church, still suspected by fanatical free-thinkers; that, whilst some religious men have condemned him for his doubts, others, as religious, have loved him for his honesty;—all these things are incorporated in the history of literature.

But the truth is, that the life of Montaigne has generally been studied in an antiquarian spirit. Much material has been unearthed,—like the miscellaneous fragments of a temple discovered beneath Egyptian loam,—but no one has undertaken the task of restoration. I may claim to have laboured in both ways. During fifteen years, every interval of repose has been occupied in this study—charming intervals, though often unblessed by any valuable result; and if no manuscript journal, note, or register, has been first stripped of its dust by me,—if no local tradition of importance has met my ear after escaping the diligence of provincial enthusiasm, I believe that these volumes contain a narrative entirely new. The whole field of the literature of the sixteenth century in France has been questioned for purposes of illustration and interpretation; and many casual statements of the Essayist himself have been listened to for the first time with due curiosity. My object has been, not merely to paint a moral and intellectual picture of those times, but strictly to elucidate the chronology and incidents of the life of Montaigne—his character, his literary and philosophical intentions, his relations with contemporaries, the influences he received and imparted—to produce, in fact, a complete body of information, which may worthily serve as an introduction to the works of so remarkable a man.

The narrative of the life of Michel de Montaigne takes us at the outset into Perigord, a region of France, on the state and manners of which towards the beginning of the sixteenth century but a dim light is shed. A sort of morning mist spreads over it, and we can only just see a few figures moving amidst colourless objects. Perigord was one of the least prosperous and civilized portions of that great province created by the English under the

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name of Guyenne. Many parts were wild and uninhabited; but near the roads between the fortified towns, and especially along the banks of the Dordogne, numerous seats of the nobility and gentry were scattered—all battlemented, and moated, and garrisoned, even in time of peace.

On a *tertre*, or eminence, overlooking the retired valley of the Didoire, that winds away northward from the great basin of the Dordogne, the château of Montaigne seems to have risen from time immemorial, outliving dynasties and revolutions, and receiving a succession of families to which it has more than once given a name.

In the sixteenth century it belonged to the Eyquems, or rather to a branch of that house, once so important in Guyenne. Michel was the son of Pierre Eyquem, usually stated to have belonged to a branch that had preserved its nobility intact, whilst others maintain it to have derogated so far as to exercise trade in the preceding century. The question, so idle in the eyes of formal moralists, is interesting to biography. It is scarcely possible duly to appreciate the career of the Gascon Essayist without knowing the exact social position from which he started.

We are met, at the threshold of our inquiries, by the startling assertion of Scaliger: "Montaigne's father was a herring-monger." This phrase, gathered from the testy savant's conversation, and usually quoted as a calumny, should be considered as a mere joke; based however, there can be no doubt, on some fact well known at that time. It is scarcely serious to say, that if the statement were literally true "Montaigne would lose nothing, and herring-mongers would gain a great deal." Real liberality is not so squeamish. We want to know whether the Essayist was a gentleman of old family or of new family, whether he had good hereditary claim to nobility and was entitled to talk of his escutcheon, or whether he was really but two removes from a worthy merchant of the city of Bordeaux, and therefore garrulous about his new dignity. It is a curious illustration of the uncertainty of our knowledge about times comparatively recent, that the most industrious research has not been able definitively to appease dispute.

We know that there existed a very extensive noble family, whose name under various forms—as Ayquem, Eyquelm, Eyquem—is frequently alluded to in the history of the province of Guy-

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enne. As far back as the time of the Black Prince we find it mentioned, and it occurs in every list of wine-proprietors to this day. We may even now see it written over the shops of tradesmen on the quays of Bordeaux; and the first impression certainly is, that it must be "essentially of Gascon origin." But we observe in various French biographies the evidence of a very unsettled state of mind on this subject; and an incautious Englishman might easily be betrayed into claiming Montaigne as a countryman. Already the name of Eyquem, suspected on account of its foreign aspect, has been referred to Flanders; where, indeed, it is found under a slightly different form. But what connection had Flanders ever with Gascony? and shall we forget that the English created the province of Guyenne, and occupied it for hundreds of years? It was easy to make Eyquem of Oakham; the suggestion of Egham is not absurd; and if all fail we have the statement, which I am unable to verify, that Eyquem is a Scotch word signifying "Mountain!" Molière *was* of British origin, therefore Montaigne *may* have been. He himself tells us, indeed, that he was connected with an English family; mentions that he had relatives in England; and adds, that in consequence of our long occupation of Guyenne the people of his neighbourhood had much intermarried with us; even that in his own house there still remained traces of "this ancient cousinhood."

The family name of the Essayist being known to have been Eyquem, the discussion turns, among antiquaries, on the period at which his predecessors became possessed of the château in the valley of the Didoire. There are some contradictions in the testimony brought forward, but the probability is that they were established there for centuries. From the fact that their dwelling-place crowned an eminence they were called the Eyquems of the Mountain, or simply the Seigneurs de Montaigne—a Petrus de Montanha is mentioned as doing homage for the estate in 1306—and this title, it is likely, was adopted gradually by them, without any new letters of knighthood to distinguish them from the too-numerous Eyquems. Michel himself gives an account of the process by which such mutations usually took place, and severely blames the custom, to which he was obliged to yield, of calling every one by the name of his estate. "Thus are families confounded and origins obscured," he says, proceeding to direct the point of his wit against parvenus, for whom illustrious genealogical titles, unknown to their

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fathers, are at once found when they have become rich and powerful.

By dropping the name of Eyquem, and assuming that of Montaigne, the family succeeded in isolating itself from its relatives, more or less distant; but, to its annoyance, often became confounded with other families who had derived their titles from similar local circumstances, and had no connection of blood with them whatever. The care with which the Essayist points out this fact will appear puerile only to those who do not know that there was a man of the same name, a maistre-d'hostel of the Duke of Guise, who had earned an infamous celebrity in the pamphlets of the time as the instigator of the massacre of Vassy, the real beginning of the religious wars in France. Montaigne, however, carefully avoids alluding to this wretch; and tells us merely that there was a family at Montpellier and Paris called Montaigne, and another in Brittany and Saintonge.

Michel himself tells us that most of his ancestors were born at their favourite residence of Montaigne, and intimates that his great-grandfather was born there in 1402. He even enters into detail, stating that his great-grandfather lived nearly to the age of eighty, his grandfather to that of sixty-nine, and his father to that of seventy-four; and implies, as strongly as language can, that they were all born, brought up, and all died near the same hearth, and under the same roof. But in the absence of legal proof that the Montaigne estate belonged to the Eyquems before 1473, it has been suggested that by "ancestors" Michel means his uncles and aunts: no allusion is made to the three generations; and we are introduced to some quaint old gentlemen of the Eyquem stock, Ramons and Grimons, who were merchants and citizens of Bordeaux towards the middle of the fifteenth century.

These traditions, vague though they be, evidently point all one way—towards facts which are themselves concealed from us. We may be certain that the Eyquems earned their right to be called burgesses of Bordeaux by trade of some kind, but this does not in reality disprove the nobility of the family. At any rate, we can infer nothing positive from the fact that the estate of Montaigne, the possession of which conferred nobility, is not mentioned in the will of Ramon Eyquem, whilst it afterwards appears in the possession of Grimon. The estate of Mattecoulon was not mentioned in the will of Pierre Eyquem, because he gave it to his son, Ber-

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trand Charles, brother of our Michel, during his own lifetime. Be this as it may, if Ramon seems something mythological in character, Grimon comes out into historical clearness. He is called in old documents a "nobleman," and "lord of Montaigne;" and we may safely award victory in argument to the patient and ingenious men who have thought it worth while to make a stand for the gentleness of his blood.

We shall observe, whilst following Montaigne through his varied intellectual career, that he never ceases any moment to remember that he belonged to a privileged class. He was proud of the distinction, and grateful for it. It was, indeed, something in those days to be a gentleman. The position was a pedestal and a vantage-ground. We may fairly suspect, moreover, that had Montaigne been less independent of the world's more vulgar cares than he was, he would never have written,—or written any thing but philosophical essays. There was at first something menial in the position, and there remained something menial in the tone of many of the other writers of the sixteenth century. Montaigne speaks with the ease, not to say flippancy, of a man who has a dozen farms inherited from his ancestors; and who knows that no one can say a word as to his origin. He is evidently the representative of a long line of country squires, who from the time of the English conquest had lived in that retired nook of country, almost out of the track of armies,—not utterly isolated, but keeping up a connection with the capital of the province, and never failing to offer their services to their sovereign when there was a prospect of glory, booty, or adventure.

Grimon Eyquem was born about 1440 and died before 1502. Pierre Eyquem appears to have been the eldest son of Grimon. He had three brothers—the Sieur de St. Michel, who died young; the Sieur de Bussaguet, conseiller in the Court of Parliament, who, though apparently the strongest in health, died because he put himself into the hands of the doctors; and the Seigneur de Gaviac, a churchman, who lived long because he had a wholesome aversion to medicine. His nephew, with an odd mixture of gravity and irony, tells us that the said lord of Gaviac, having been once seized with a violent fever, was informed by the doctors that if he would not comply with their prescriptions all was over with him. "Then I am a dead man already," he exclaimed. But hav

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ing, it would appear, declined their services, he recovered by the grace of God. Montaigne belonged to a family, most of whom were humoristic opponents of the medical art.

It is necessary to trace briefly the career of Pierre Eyquem, touching on those features in his character, position, and adventures, which seem to have most influenced the opinions and the conduct of his son. We know very little of Pierre Eyquem during the active part of his career; yet it was during this period that, in common with so many other of his countrymen, he received a strong intellectual impulse, which, in his case, is communicated through his son, and the famous Essays, even unto us. I allude to his experiences in Italy, whence he brought back, not only his peculiar theory of education, but his fondness for learning generally, and his admiration of learned men.

During the reigns of Charles the Eighth, Louis the Twelfth, and Francis the First, the French spirit of adventure set in a strong current towards Italy. A recent historian picturesquely calls this movement, The Discovery of Italy. And it *was*, morally and intellectually, a discovery. Italy was a revelation to the nobility and fighting men, though not quite a revelation to the artisan, not at all to the trader. We must not, however, listen to exaggerated reports of the immediate influence of Italy upon the French imagination, or take for granted that the Romans understood that they were witnesses of "a revolution, not of the passage of an army," when they beheld the well-equipped troops of Charles the Eighth march by torchlight amidst fantastic shadows through their long streets. All Italy looked upon the French as barbarians, who came like a storm to destroy, and would pass away like a storm. The barbarians themselves were impelled chiefly by greed of luxury and gold; and having satisfied their desires, retired for the most part as unimpressed as a wild beast that might seek its prey or its partner amidst the rich tapestries or art-marvels of a palace. Stupid they went, and stupid they came back—yet not quite so stupid in all cases; for, on the imaginations of some, strong impressions, more or less correct and definite, were made. The French, like their king, went to Italy because there was fighting to be done and booty to be got there. What part Pierre Eyquem took in all these wars and adventures we know not. He was born in 1495, but we have no record of the year at which he went to the wars. Probably, like his companions, who rendezvoued

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at Lyons, he was a mere stripling, and began his soldier's life before 1515. In 1511, it is true, we find him as a lad at Bordeaux writing Latin verses—which indicates a pacific disposition. He was very probably present at the battle of Pavia; but he does not seem to have returned at once to France after that event. He remained in Italy until towards 1528, but in what capacity it is difficult to guess.

According to a passage in the Essays of his son, he was present at Milan when the people, worn out with disgust at their alternations of misery in different shapes during the wars, were seized with a mania for suicide. Twenty-five heads of houses destroyed themselves in a week; but this appears to have happened at a time when Milan was in the hands of the Spaniards. These ruthless masters tortured with every manner of persecution the citizens on whom they were quartered. The horrors of military occupation had never been felt in so aggravated a form. The Milanese went mad, and hung themselves, or leaped from the terraces of their houses, or cast themselves down wells. The traitor of Bourbon came, and promised deliverance for money. Money was given, but deliverance was withheld. Then the self-destruction of the inhabitants went on. It would be interesting to know in what character Pierre Eyquem was present at all these atrocities. Possibly he was there as a prisoner; and he may have been taken with so many other gentlemen on the field where Francis the First so easily lost the military reputation he had so easily won.

Pierre Eyquem kept a journal of all his adventures, as well as of all public transactions, during the time of his stay in Italy. Montaigne inherited and used the manuscript, but it was never published. Probably nearly all the references to Italian history made in the Essays were based on this document, which may still exist, and very possibly formed part of the papers found by the Canon Prunis, in an old box, in the last century, at the Château de Montaigne. This box contained the original journal of the travels of Michel himself, and it is likely that the importance of such a discovery quite dazzled the worthy Canon, and diverted him from further search.

Recent historians insist much more than did contemporary writers on the influence of the Italian ladies on the French invaders and complain of the corrupting influence of beauty. This is an

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artful way of making the national boast: We came, were seen, and conquered. Pierre Eyquem's experiences were of a different kind. He averred that through all that adventurous time he remained as innocent as a child; and we may believe the statement. He seems in after life to have been by no means squeamish—used, indeed, to talk triumphantly of the extraordinary private adventures that he had had in his time with women of good reputation. "Nature and art had prepared him for a gracious reception with ladies." It was whilst on his way back from the Italian wars, at the age of thirty-three, that he made the acquaintance of Antoinette de Louppes and married her. The union seems to have been a comfortable one in every respect. Many children resulted therefrom. Madame Eyquem was probably a colourless personage; for, except when she increased the family, we find scarcely any other allusion to her until her death is recorded in a manuscript note on the Ephemerides of Beuther, as having taken place at Bordeaux in 1601, seventy-three years after her marriage, and nearly ten years after her son had concluded his long and famous career.

Pierre Eyquem, though fond of the mansion and estate he had inherited from his forefathers, spent a considerable portion of his life at Bordeaux—where he possessed a house and some land in the neighbourhood of the Minimettes. He was a bourgeois within the walls of the city—if a gentleman without. Two years after his return from the wars he was elected Jurat and Prévôt; and, as we shall see, he continued at intervals, all through his life, to exercise high municipal functions. Pierre was essentially a man of order and rule. Besides employing a man to keep a register of the business of his household, in which were set down all petty accounts and payments, and all such bargains as did not require the assistance of a notary, he made his secretary record in a book every event of any moment, so that day by day were written "the memoirs of his house."

There is something Shandean in the character of Pierre Eyquem as described by his son; but the touches by which it is brought out are so fine, so mixed up with the substance of the Essays, that I can scarcely expect to bring even the chief of them together with much success. At every turn we find the oddities of the father influencing the oddities of the son. There was a great cloak, an heir-loom in that family. Pierre left it to Michel, who wore it in

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preference to any other. "When I have it on," he used to say "I seem to wrap myself up in my father." And, indeed, his father seems constantly to have been present with him, modifying and directing his speculations. But this cloak was not the only personal relic he possessed of the worthy gentleman. "*I* keep the family writing-desk, seal, and sword, and have not cast out from my study the long rods which my father used to carry in his hand when he walked about; and if," he drolly adds, "my posterity fail to pay me the same respect, why I don't care; for they will neve be able to be so indifferent to me as I shall then be to them."

Pierre Eyquem, according to his son, spoke little, but well; and now and then adorned his language with allusions to common books, especially Spanish books; among others, a work falsely attributed to Marcus Aurelius. "He had no knowledge of letters" —an expression which I throw entirely on Michel's shoulders. It seems to mean no more than that the worthy Gascon squire was not a savant, but a mere smatterer in learning. He too was, no doubt, educated at college; and we have already seen that he was taught to write Latin verses. In 1511, when scarcely sixteen years of age, he composed some distichs, addressed to Guillaume Pielle, author of a poem on the expulsion of the English from France, which were considered sufficiently good to be printed in the following year.

About the time of Pierre Eyquem's marriage, Marguerite de Navarre, who had shared her brother's dishonour in Spain, but who no longer retained that deplorable hold on his affections which makes us pity and avert our eyes from her, had established her little court at Pau. Here she surrounded herself with learned, wise, and imaginative men—held a perpetual levee of genius and virtue. Her court was not otherwise very brilliant; there was little money to support it. But, nevertheless, it became celebrated, and, no doubt, much contributed to spread a taste for letters and arts in those southern provinces. Many of the learned men who called at the Château de Montaigne were on their way to or from the court of Navarre.

But it was more as a country gentleman than as a savant that Pierre distinguished himself. His demeanour was marked by gentle gravity, humility, and modesty. He was singularly careful of the cleanliness and decency of his person and clothes, whether he appeared on horse or foot. His love of truth was prodigious,

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his conscience very sensitive, his religion hearty, and rather inclined to superstition than the other extreme. For a man of small stature he was full of vigour, upright, and well-proportioned, of an agreeable countenance, somewhat dark in complexion. In all noble exercises great was his proficiency. He left behind him sticks loaded with lead, with which he was accustomed to practise his arms before he threw the bar or the quoit, or went to the fencing-ground; and he even used shoes with loaded soles, in which he prepared himself for running and leaping. His feats in leaping without running were handed down as little miracles. When he had passed sixty years of age he laughed at the agility of young men—what old man does not?—would vault on horseback in his stuffed gown, go round a table on his thumbs, never scarcely went up to his room save at three or four steps at a time. Michel evidently envied these corporeal qualities, which he could not emulate.

In tastes Montaigne's father differed also somewhat from his son—at least the son insists most on the differences. Pierre was remarkably fond of domestic affairs, and particularly apt for conducting them. I find an illustration of this in the numerous additions he made to his property. The public library of Bordeaux possesses a register, in which Pierre Perreau, the notary, has inscribed all the acquisitions made by Pierre Eyquem from 1528, the year of his marriage, to 1559. They are no less than two hundred and fifty in number, and their total cost was 4332 livres, 10 sols, and 10 deniers, without counting the corn and other produce given in exchange.

Pierre Eyquem's mind appears to have been fertile in ideas. He once thought of starting a peculiar institution—a sort of Miscellaneous Exchange—which would have been very useful in the absence of the press and the advertising system. There ought, he said, to be a particular place in every city where people who are in want of any thing may repair, and have set down their desiderata in a book by a public officer; as, for example, "I want to sell pearls; I want to buy pearls; So-and-so wants a companion in a journey to Paris; such a one seeks a servant of such a nature; I want a master; I want a workman, and so on."

The rage for building had at that time seized upon France Francis the First was in his architectural fit. Pierre Eyquem imitated him in his small way. He was very fond of building

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at Montaigne, where he was born, and seems to have made many and important additions to the château. Some of the works he undertook Michel carried on to a conclusion, out of mere filial reverence. I must not, however, insist further on the character of Pierre before introducing him in his relations to his son.

MONTAIGNE was an eleven-months' child. He was born, third son of his father, between eleven and twelve o'clock on Friday the last day of February, 1533, "as we now count," says he; "beginning the year in January;" for when he wrote, a change had recently been made, the year having previously begun at Easter.

The training and education of gentlemen in France up to the sixteenth century, had been admirably adapted to convert them into reckless soldiers or swashing retainers of a court. Indeed, it is only in comparatively recent times that refinement and knowledge have been considered compatible with exalted station. Those were regarded as the most fortunate youths of the French aristocracy who succeeded in being attached as pages to some queen or princess. An inevitable fatality seems to lead persons whose position differences them most from other men, to imitate the baseness of valets. François de Scepeaux, afterward Marshal of France, was brought up as page of honour to Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis the First. All powerful lords, however, kept also, as it were, a school of gentility or servitude; and were willing to receive as retainers any striplings of good family whose parents chose to commit them to their care. Montaigne somewhere speaks of and approves this practice; and as we have no allusion to the education of his elder brothers, and observe no traces of them as mingled with his youthful history, it is probable that they were early disposed of in this manner.

But Michel happened to be born just as Pierre Eyquem was warm on the subject of certain theories of education, which he had brought back from Italy. They had remained some time in abeyance, but now were constantly discussed with the various learned men, who, hearing that his fancy was to imitate in miniature the conduct of Francis the First, as a patron of letters, habitually called at his château in their wanderings. Having paid homage, it would seem, to the practice of the day, in the case of his first and second born, Pierre determined to experiment on the third, and put certain of his crotchets to the test. This is a character

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familiar to our minds; and when we read of the somewhat eccentric conduct of this retired soldier, we endeavour to remember where we have met him before, and find at last that he is the type of the inimitable Thomas Shandy.

Towards the middle of the sixteenth century, in France, the subject of education had begun to occupy an important share of attention. Learned works were written thereon in prose and verse. But when Pierre Eyquem undertook to make a prodigy of his infant son by a new process, he must have been regarded, especially in his out-of-the-way province, almost as a madman. No one had as yet ventured to suggest that the stupid routine followed in the schools was not the best system of education possible—save, perhaps, Rabelais. The first work of that wonderful buffoon, the *Chronique Gargantuine*,—which "sold more copies in two months than were sold of Bibles in nine years,"—was published just a year before Montaigne's birth. It already contained some excellent ideas, afterwards better developed, and then brought to their perfection in *Pantagruel*. The latter work, which sold three editions in one year, was published in 1533, and may fairly be supposed, by the discussions it must have created, to have influenced Pierre's opinions. Despite this, however, we must give him credit for great courage and originality. His learned contemporaries did so, after a short time; and the public waited not to imitate until the publication of the Essays. Pierre Eyquem's method was known and discussed by the most eminent professors of the day. I have no doubt the report of it greatly influenced the treatment of Henry the Fourth as an infant; and if we examine the biographies of remarkable men born subsequently in that century—so full of thirst for novelty—we shall almost always find traces of the influence of this example.

The health of Michel's body was thought of before the development of his mind; but his character first of all. Pierre desired to bring up his son with humble and popular notions. He began, therefore, by having him held over the font by persons of the most abject fortune, that he might be under obligations and attached to them. His godfather and godmother, he says, in direct opposition to the servile habit of the time, were chosen, not among princes, but among the peasantry of the neighbourhood. This example was imitated by the parents of Montesquieu, who gave him a beggar for godfather. Of the same humble order naturally was

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Michel's nurse. He was put to the breast of a poor woman belonging to one of Pierre Eyquem's villages, which still exists to the north of the château, and bears the name of Papessus.

Michel was kept at the village of Papessus for some time,—even after he was weaned,—in order that he might become accustomed to a hardy common way of life. Pierre wished his son to descend from what was rugged and difficult to what was plain and easy; but above all, he wished to ally him in sympathy with the "people," and that condition of men which was in want of his aid.

We can have no doubt that such an infantine experience left its mark in Montaigne's character. Perhaps we may partly trace to it his persistent affection for a rough and common style of speaking, as we certainly may those easy and popular manners which took him safely through the civil wars, more effectually than his reputation and his talent. I would not be supposed to approve without reservation, even at this early period, the peculiar system of training adopted by Pierre Eyquem. All schemes for bringing to perfection, suddenly and early, such of our qualities as may be influenced by training, contain a danger that is usually overlooked. Some natures refuse to lend themselves to the forcing process; and Montaigne's, luckily, seems, to a certain extent, to have been one of these. The boy met his father's ingenuity by a sort of stolid laziness, an unwillingness to be developed before his time. In after life he boasted of this, though rather as a gentleman indifferent to acquired learning might boast of idleness at school, than as if he perceived exactly of how much value had been to him a negative quality that, no doubt, often drove poor Pierre Eyquem to despair. He instinctively put on an appearance of stupidity as a cuirass to protect him from the attacks of pedantry. His mind was not inactive. What he saw, he saw well; and under a heavy complexion indulged in bold imaginations and cherished opinions beyond his age. But he was incommunicative, digesting his thoughts in solitude and keeping his firm appreciation of things to himself. This is why in his school days he got among his companions a reputation for absurd pride. The experience of boys and men teaches us that we are never judged so severely for the vices that we show, as for those which are attributed to us because of our reserve. We can have no doubt that Montaigne's dislike of sweets and all kinds of confec-

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honery as a child was attributed to a depraved taste; and that when, by the operation of a natural incredulity, he refused to believe in stories of ghosts, prognostics, and enchantments, he was accused of mere dulness.

We may be quite certain, at any rate, that when Pierre Eyquem determined that his son should be brought up as no other child had ever been, Michel was placed in imminent danger of flashing forth as a prodigy, or of becoming absolutely null. The stolidity of which he was afterwards, even in the midst of his boastings, somewhat ashamed, seems to have been nothing but the modest attitude of a virgin mind resisting a too early attack on its chastity. With that protection he at once warded off and profited by his young experiences.

These remarks apply to the whole six years of his infancy, during which the educational mania of his father was in its full fervour. We shall presently watch the forcing process to which he was subjected, but a detail must come in here that contrasts with the hardening process noticed at the beginning of this chapter. In order to save Michel from the unpleasant start with which a rough shake or a loud call usually brings back childhood from the deep depths of slumber, his father caused him always to be awakened by the sound of some musical instrument playing under his window. Parental affection, in whatever quaint company, adopting, as it were, the machinery of the gallantry of that age to express itself, suggests a very touching picture; and I am fond of thinking of this athletic little oddity of a squire appearing with a musician at early dawn on the terrace of his tree-embowered castle, and giving the signal of some sweet strain.

Pierre Eyquem, like most of the people of his generation who had any respect for learning at all, laid great stress on the acquisition of the classical languages. At that time, not to know Latin at any rate, was to be ignorant; and the race of men is not yet extinct who look with profound contempt upon all unfamiliar with that language. In this particular, Michel had reason to be thankful for being made the subject of experiment. His father took pity in his person on the infant of all future time, thinking that it was difficult enough to learn at all, without having to contend with artificial obstacles. In those days learning Latin was a species of torture. There were no grammars in the vernacular. Isidore of

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Seville, Donat, and other middle-age grammarians, were alone used for the purposes of instruction; and, as some one has ingeniously remarked, their books being written in Latin, children were obliged, in order to learn that language, to proceed from the unintelligible to the unknown. Port Royal first introduced the use of grammars in French; but that venerable institution laboured for another age; and Pierre Eyquem was obliged to invent a system of his own, which his son afterwards set forth with the express object of provoking imitation; for in the ordinary way, Latin and Greek, however useful, were "bought too dearly."

Michel's narrative is very interesting. He says that his father made all the inquiries it was possible for a man to make, among people of learning and understanding, for the best method of education; which shows that his eccentricity consisted, not so much in inventing any thing himself, as in perceiving the inconvenience of common plans, and going to the right source for information. In this case his learned friends pointed out to him the absurdity of the system usually applied; and with agreeable pedantry assured him, that if modern men did not reach the grandeur and the knowledge of the old Greeks and Romans, it was because of the time the former were obliged to spend in learning languages which cost the latter nothing! "I don't think this is the only cause," says Montaigne, in a sly parenthesis. However, he approves of the expedient which his father discovered, or agreed to apply. Even whilst he was at nurse, before he could utter a word—probably, therefore, before he was brought back from Papessus—the little Michel was put under the charge of a German, who afterwards became celebrated as a medical doctor in France, but who at that time had not learned a syllable of French and was a mighty Latinist. This German was sent for from beyond the Rhine on purpose; and, being well paid, thought it not beneath his dignity to be continually dandling the little Michel in his arms—scolding or coaxing him in the language of Terence and Plautus. Two other professors, less knowing but quite capable of keeping up a perpetual supply of Latin, were associated with the German; and these three continually wandered along the banks of the Didoire, or amidst the woods towards Papessus, labouring to preserve the small Michel from the necessity of ever using a grammar or a lexicon. His ears were carefully protected from any scrap of French or Perigord dialect. When he waxed older, and was finally in

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stalled at the château, with strength to toddle from room to room and escape from the parlour to the kitchen, all the family, from poor colourless Antoinette de Louppes down to the turnspit, were compelled to discourse within hearing of the babe in nothing but Latin. Pierre Eyquem brushed up his knowledge for the occasion; and when he, the mother, the valet, or the chambermaid, was unable to find classical expressions for moderns wants and ideas, the law was, Silence! By degrees Necessity proved an excellent teacher. The whole establishment, urged by the hatred of taciturnity common to human nature, grew tolerably proficient. Whoever came in contact with Michel was Latinized; and to such an extent that many words actually spread among the neighbouring villages—names of workmen and tools—and remained in ordinary use, even to the day when Montaigne looked back to that rare time of pedagoguish enthusiasm, and recorded all these doings for the benefit of posterity.

It was not the fault of the system, but of its discontinuance, that Montaigne so easily forgot a language in which he became early so proficient. When he wrote his Essays he could still speak Latin, as could all men of letters in those days, but with difficulty; and had lost even the habit of writing it, in which he once was a complete master. Like his father, he used, when young, to compose Latin verses, but noticed that he always imitated the last poet he had read, and so abandoned that exercise. By degrees he seems to have had no more ordinary command over Latin than if he had been merely grounded in it at school; and this no doubt, would always be the result of any such experiment, unless sufficiently well carried out to leave a boy ignorant of his own language.

Montaigne states, however, that this early experience in a foreign language left ineffaceable, though deeply-buried, traces in his mind. If Michel's studies did not make him a more learned man than many educated with far less system, it connected some of his primary emotions so completely with Latin that its words sometimes came to his lips on occasions of sudden feeling before the corresponding French ones. Once especially, when his father, who appeared to be in full health, fell, without warning, fainting against him, his first exclamation was in Latin. This insurrection of early habits against more recent ones is remarkable to observe, and may account for the reminiscences of a state seemingly former to this

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one, that sometimes float through the mind like light clouds that have gathered overhead, and have not been seen to come from the horizon.

Pierre Eyquem desired, also, that his son should learn Greek, against which there was an ecclesiastical prejudice at that time. The Church did not like comparisons to be made between the Vulgate and the Septuagint. However, although Pierre seems to have been religious even to superstition, he did not in this case submit to the dictation of the theologians. Francis the First had recently founded the College of France, and under the shadow, as it were, of the white beard of old Lascaris, Greek was for the first time publicly professed in Paris. The Court of Navarre was still more liberal, and, obeying these two influences, Pierre Eyquem set to work to teach the language of Plutarch to his son. As usual, his method was peculiar. Michel was made to study his declensions under the form of a game of his father's invention. He does not give the details, but compares the system to that according to which arithmetic and geometry were taught like a game of draughts. It is worth noting here that La Boëtie mentions the practice of luring children to learn to read by means of brightly-illuminated books.

An instance of the care and gentleness with which Montaigne was brought up is given by himself, where he says that in all his childhood he was only whipped twice, and that very mildly. He considered characteristically that he thus contracted a debt towards his own children, and he never allowed his daughter to be beaten at all.

The eccentric lord of Montaigne was, perhaps fortunately, not suffered to carry out his original plan of education without opposition. The public opinion of his neighbourhood seems, indeed, to have declared against him. Possibly the difficulties of his undertaking increased as the boy grew. The family found the whole affair, no doubt, a bore. Besides, Mademoiselle Antoinette had been all this time rapidly adding to the worthy knight's family—boys and girls, who do not seem to have been made the subject of any educational experiment whatever. Two brothers, Thomas and Peter, and a sister Jane, were born before 1540. The attention of Pierre Eyquem was, no doubt, diverted by these new cares. At any rate, the "goodman," we are told, began to fear failure in

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a matter which he had so much at heart. What if instead of making his boy a sage he made him a dunce? All the world was ready unanimously to say, "We told you so." The boy himself seemed inclined to confirm all the world's opinion by his heavy taciturn manner. Pierre took fright. He was no longer surrounded by the inexorable pedants who first suggested the new system to him. So he at length allowed himself to be carried away by common opinion, "which always follows the leader like storks," and sent Master Michel, aged about six years—that is, towards 1540—to the College of Guyenne, of new institution, but flourishing, and considered the best in France.

This college had been, since 1534, under the presidency of a learned Portuguese, André de Gouvea. The city of Bordeaux had invited him from Paris, to minister to an increased desire of study and knowledge which had manifested itself there, as in all parts of France. He was considered a man of great power; and, as a legist, has been placed by some above the celebrated Cujas. The College of Guyenne, which numbered as many as two thousand five hundred pupils, flourished under his auspices. Various learned professors, some of whom have left reputations that still endure, successively came to his assistance; as Nicolas Grouchy, who wrote *De Comitiis Romanorum;* Guillaume Guerente, who commented Aristotle with such success that students left Paris to follow his lessons; Mark Antony Muretus, the elegant poet and accomplished orator, who was once burnt in effigy at Toulouse as a Huguenot stained with nameless vices, and who is pilloried before posterity as the Catholic apologist of the Saint Bartholomew; and George Buchanan, who may have derived some of his anti-monarchical theories from the same source at which La Boëtie, so much younger, about the same time was drinking so copiously, to find utterance so much earlier.

Montaigne, somewhat cavalierly, calls these four distinguished men his "domestic preceptors;" and elsewhere, his "chamber preceptors." Perhaps some of them were paid to act as his private tutors. As for Muret, I cannot find a place for him at all; and it is to be observed, that in the first edition of the Essays his name was not mentioned. He did not become a professor at Bordeaux until about 1547, when Montaigne had left college; but it is just possible that, before going to expound Terence and Cicero in 1544, at the age of eighteen, in the house of the Arch-

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bishop of Auch, he had been recommended to Pierre Eyquem as a precocious youth, and employed as a private tutor to watch over Michel out of school hours. It is curious to observe that Muret was a protégé of old Julius Scaliger, with whom Montaigne's father may have had relations of friendship that afterwards turned to hereditary hatred; and we must not forget, that at some time before 1549 he was one of the companions of Ronsard at the College of Coqueret in Paris. Buchanan was a political refugee. Neither he nor the other masters dared accost Montaigne. They were sure of an answer more startling and idiomatic than they could ever compete with.

Pierre Eyquem, at any rate at first, tried to carry out part of his peculiar views, even though he had sent Michel to a college; but though he was very particular in his choice of tutors, and in all circumstances connected with the boy's training—even endeavouring to obtain the modification of certain regulations in his favour—he could do very little. College, as Montaigne says, is always college. His Latin gradually deteriorated. Yet he admits that his unaccustomed proficiency in that language enabled him rapidly to reach the first classes, and to finish his education at thirteen.

It is quite unnecessary either to refute or to accept as strict matter of fact, what Montaigne tells us about the little profit he derived from his early education, or indeed about his own deficiencies generally. I think it evident that his education at the College of Guyenne left a peculiarly profound impression on him. We may even infer this from his comical hatred of pedants. He felt, and could never shake off their influence.

In the sixteenth century the word University meant in France, as now in England, a local institution for the purpose of education in all its provinces. The College of Guyenne, to which Michel was sent, formed part of the University of Bordeaux. It should be observed, that all scholars throughout France were dressed in a black gown with a belt, and a round cap. The Regents wore square caps, and flowing robes with long rows of buttons. On entering a school it was the custom to pay in advance for what were called "letters of schooldom"—at the rate of about two sous a month. There were extras for benches, candles, and so forth. Books were bought, of course, by the parents; a dictionary in small folio cost twenty-five sous, a Cicero

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De Amicitia one sou; and other books sold at the same cheap rate.

The discipline attempted to be maintained in these schools was tolerably severe. Whenever a Regent passed, all the scholars were obliged to stop, uncover, and bow; and when he entered the class-room it was the custom to applaud, stamp with the feet, thump the desks with books, and cry *Vivat!* As now, lads frequently played practical jokes on their professors. Whilst Muretus was teaching, some wag once began ringing a bell; he looked up and said; "Amongst so many beasts I should have been surprised not to find one sheep!" The bell was silenced. One of the scholars was chosen as Explorator, or overseer; and he was particularly ordered to report whoever spoke in French; for the scholastic language was Latin. A good deal of corporal punishment seems to have been inflicted in these colleges, which Montaigne calls "very jails of captive youth." How vividly their horrors recurred to his imagination! "Draw near them in school-hours," he exclaims; "and what do you hear? Nothing but the screams of children tortured, or of masters drunk with their own rage!" "It were better," says Rabelais, "to be a galley-slave in the hands of the Moors and Tartars, a murderer in prison, or even a dog, than a collegian."

"We used to be up at four o'clock in the morning," says Henri de Mesmes; "and having prayed to God, went at five o'clock to the school-room, our big books under our arms, our inkstands and candlesticks in our hands." In the short days they began study before light, and continued until after dark. We may be perfectly certain that Montaigne, accustomed by his father to be waked by the sound of music, did not relish this change of life, and I can find many traces of disgust in his writings. He learned rapidly, but without loving what he learned. The first time he really looked upon books with pleasure was when the Metamorphoses of Ovid fell into his hands. He was then only seven or eight years old, and he used to steal away from play to read those wonderful stories. We must remember that Latin was, as it were, his mother tongue. The book was easy to him, and suited his childish taste. The tutor discovered Michel's taste for Ovid and poetry generally, and, instead of interfering, quietly winked at private readings, which seem to have been a breach of the regulations. In this way the boy ran through, after Ovid, the Æneid

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then through Terence, then Plautus, and at last came to the Italian Comedies, always lured on by the pleasantness of the subject.

Montaigne not only witnessed the acting of plays at college by his fellow-pupils, but took a very brilliant part in this amusement himself. He had an assurance of countenance, he says, and suppleness of voice and gesture, most remarkable. When he was scarcely twelve years of age, as he quaintly lets us know by quoting a line from Virgil, he played the principal characters in the Latin tragedies of Buchanan, Guerente, and Muret, which were represented with great pomp at the College of Guyenne. André de Gouvea had a remarkable talent for directing such ceremonies, in which Michel was considered a "master-workman."

Montaigne not only went through the ordinary routine studies of his time, and with great honour, but being naturally of a sedate and retired disposition, spent his leisure hours in reading, and so rapidly improved his mind that, as we have seen, his school education was considered complete at the age of thirteen.

PIERRE EYQUEM, we must remember, was not only lord of Montaigne, but citizen of Bordeaux. He spent a great part of his time in that city, and early aspired to and attained civic honours there. In 1530 he was elected Jurat and Prévôt, and in 1536 Deputy Mayor. In 1540, Pierre Eyquem, described as Ecuyer and Seigneur de Montaigne, was again elected Jurat. In short, all through the period corresponding with the education of Michel, his father was a remarkably important man in the capital of the province of Guyenne. There is nothing surprising, therefore, in the fact that his first and second born, if both were alive at the time, being destined to live like fighting-gentlemen, he should determine to make a magistrate of Michel.

We have, in reality, no direct information at all as to where Montaigne studied after leaving college, about 1546. "Whilst I was a child (or very young) I was plunged over head and ears in law," is almost all he says himself; and we are left to conjecture, not only the place or places in which he passed his early youth, but nearly all the incidents that attended it. We are told by flippant biographers that he studied at some "school of law." We may be sure of that, since he became a lawyer. A recent conscientious critic, M. Grün, ingeniously argues that he must have

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been sent to Toulouse. He infers this, from the neighbourhood and celebrity of that school where Cujas professed in 1547; and from the fact that four or five persons, who were afterwards Montaigne's friends, were educated for the law at that place. The same kind of argument, moreover, that enables an ingenious pleader to suggest so strongly that Montaigne studied at Toulouse —as, for example, that he was a friend of Henri de Mesmes, who certainly did study there—would enable me to show the great probability that he was sent to Paris. As, however, there was a university at Bordeaux itself, it is probable that Montaigne studied chiefly there. But my impression is, that Pierre Eyquem took him first to one place and then to another, giving him the opportunity of hearing a variety of teachers. This was the custom of the day. Students attended one course of lectures in one city, and then hastened to another.

M. Grün, then, is not deserving of grave rebuke for maintaining the probability of Montaigne's having studied at Toulouse. The future philosopher was there during his adolescence, as we learn from the story he tells of his meeting with Simon Thomas, "a great physician in his day." Montaigne happened to be in the house of a rich consumptive old man at Toulouse when Simon came in to give his professional advice. They talked of the means of cure. Among other observations the doctor made was this, that it would be wise in the sick old man to make his house attractive to young Montaigne: "fix your eyes often on the freshness of his face," said he, "and your thoughts on the joy and vigour that overflow on every side from his adolescence. Fill all your senses with this youth's flourishing state, and your health may amend." "He forgot," adds Montaigne, "to say that mine might be destroyed."

The French student in the sixteenth century enjoyed many privileges. When he arrived in a city where he intended to study, and went in search of lodgings, nobody could refuse to receive him, and he could sometimes force a landlord to expel an old lodger to make room for him. If too high rent was demanded, an appeal was made to magistrates appointed by the University, who fixed a reasonable price. Books could never be seized for rent or for any other debt, nor received in payment of dinner by any eating-house, nor pawned. Students were allowed to wear short vests of any colour they pleased, and could carry arms in

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travelling. They were exempt from mounting guard at the gates of the city, even in time of war or plague. Neither scholars nor professors could be excommunicated without express permission of the Pope. The disciples of the Muses or of Themis, of Plato or Aristotle, often went out to read in the streets, in order to attract the eyes of ladies from their windows; and were blamed for light talk, but especially for dirt and gluttony. Formerly, says a *Laudator temporis acti*, contemporary with Pierre Eyquem, students used only to eat three times in two days—now they eat three times an hour! Their life was adventurous, ending not unfrequently in prison, sometimes on the gibbet. As might have been expected, among the best minds the spirit of opposition and free examination arose; and the students were generally celebrated as frondeurs and mockers. In the sixteenth century, however, most of the universities seem to have rallied to Catholicism under the influence of their professors, and frequently furnished an army to bigotry. Under such auspices did Montaigne study the law.

The Parliament of Bordeaux was one of the most celebrated of the eight parliaments which, at that time, existed in France. I cannot here undertake to describe the organization of these bodies, or the extent of their jurisdiction, but it is necessary to say that they exercised a very varied authority, and that their members were, in the strictest sense of the word, magistrates. Their seats were filled by the king; and were procurable sometimes by favour, sometimes by purchase. They had nothing to do with the making of laws, but their duty was to administer them. In their court, however, it was necessary for royal edicts to be registered before they could be enforced; and they were thus enabled sometimes to exercise a power of veto. But in all important cases almost, a Bed of Justice was held and registration was enforced. It was with a view of his becoming a member of this corporation, and wearing the red robe of Conseiller, that Pierre Eyquem directed the studies of his son. We have no reason, however, to believe that Michel de Montaigne ever attained any great proficiency as a legal student. All we can be sure of is the fact that he did study.

Montaigne was in some sort the Epitome of his Age; and, though he shrank from writing history, there is scarcely a single

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public event of that time an appreciation of which does not lurk in some corner of the Essays. He is often thinking of Frenchmen and Italians when his pen seems to deal with Phrygians, Romans, and Greeks. Every page we read of the annals and literature of the sixteenth century enables us to understand him better. There is a constant temptation, therefore, in writing his Life, to turn aside and paint the scenes amidst which he moved—scenes that gave a colour to his mind and a tone to his speculations.

But general and particular histories have sufficiently enlarged on the social aspects of France at that period. The country, like the rest of Europe, was feeling the throes of the new form of Christianity now known under the name of Protestantism. Calvin began to preach about the year of Montaigne's birth; but by this time had retired to Geneva, and was laying the foundations of his theocratic government. He had sown the seeds of Reform in many provinces of France, especially in Saintonge, whence we shall now see his doctrines come out armed, to influence the destiny of Montaigne and his dearest friend. Just as he was concluding his college education, in 1545, the Vaudois were being massacred in the east of France by order of the reckless and sanguinary king, to please his bigoted and sanguinary parliaments; and, in the very province of Perigord, insurrections of the peasantry, incited partly by social causes, partly, no doubt, by the indignation of persecuted faith, were taking place. In 1546, as we find related in the Life of Palissy the Potter, persecution of the Saints waxed hot in Saintonge; and was not submitted to with anything like humility. Everything seemed to give warning of an approaching tempest. The moral atmosphere was dark and lowering. On all sides timid or conscientious people were flying the country. Geneva was becoming as it were the external capital of French Protestantism.

The last years of the reign of Francis the First exhibit that monarch in a condition so abject that we can scarcely repress a sentiment of pity. Catherine de Medici already disfigured his court. The Guises were rising, and had made their characteristic *début* by murdering the king's younger son in the midst of a snowball romp. "There comes the vanguard of my happiness," cried Henry, as his brother's coffin passed by; alluding to the near death of his father. Diana laughed at and encouraged this ferocious pleasantry. Henry the Second succeeded Francis in 1547;

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just as Michel de Montaigne left college and began studying for the law. The repulsive scenes that ushered in his reign, and the fact that Catherine de Medici was queen under the haughty sufferance of Diana of Poitiers, are but too well known; and as we have no good ground for supposing that Pierre Eyquem took his son to Paris immediately, unless he went as a matter of form, with all the other nobility and gentry, to do homage to the new monarch, and witness the famous Coup de Jarnac, we need not at present turn our attention to the Court. In 1548 we find Montaigne, a lad of from fifteen to sixteen, living at Bordeaux, during a terrible insurrection which took place there. That insurrection was one of the most important events that had occurred since the time of the Jaquerie, and in many respects seems to have been similar in character. Montaigne himself describes vividly only a single scene. The chief influence on his mind of this sedition was, doubtless, when the first fervour had passed away, to make him mistrustful of extreme principles, and disposed to take shelter under the wing of authority. But this was a lesson which all the events of that time taught one of his calm and timid disposition.

The movement *did* begin with all the outward character of a mere insurrection of misery against the monopoly of salt. For a long time, the Province of Guyenne had been undisturbed, but men's minds were deeply moved by religious discussions. The internal sedition was carried on in peace and quietness, as it always would be if there were no attempt at compression. Henry the Second, by a violent edict, insisting on the levying of the gabelle against the privileges of the province, provoked discontent in all classes, and amongst all sects. When the first rising against the Gabelleurs took place at Jorignac in the Angoumois, on the 1st of May, it was led by a priest. The example was speedily followed, and the whole country soon swarmed with insurgents. Every village, hamlet, farm-house, supplied its contingent. Men came out of the forests to join the insurrection. The anger of the people seems to have been unanimous.

But it was in Saintonge, the stronghold of the Reformed doctrine, that the first attempt at organization was made. Fifty thousand men collected on some plain, and elected as their Grand Corrounal, or Colonel, the Sieur de Puymoreau, one of the principal gentlemen of the country, with four deputy-corrounals to aid and advise him. Puymoreau did the work he had to do, and died

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amidst calumny and outrage. None of the cruelties committed on the agents of royal exaction are attributed to him. For a whole month Puymoreau and his colleagues were absolute in Saintonge. Their objects, and those of their followers, are not clearly known.

Whilst Puymoreau was establishing his authority, and those of his sect or party, in Saintonge, another chief, named Talemagne, marched from the centre of the insurrection towards Bordeaux. But meanwhile meetings of the peasantry had been called, and revolutionary circulars were issued. "The contagion spread like a stain of oil." Talemagne found everything ready, and after making an attempt on the castle of Blaye, boldly turned his attention towards Bordeaux. He took possession of Libourne, and then wrote to the Jurats to come and wait on him. They did so; and he was enabled to ascertain that two at least of their number were favourable to his cause, besides other persons "of consequence and credit." Whilst negotiations were going forward, emissaries from the insurgent camp introduced themselves into the city, and incited the discontented masses to rise. The "new doctrine" had many disciples in Bordeaux, and they now began to speak out and attract the multitude. The great dispute afterwards was as to who first rang the tocsin, and, of course, the magistrate tried to throw the whole blame on the fanatical strangers from Saintonge. As soon as the movement had declared itself on the 28th of May, they sent, or claim to have sent—for it is not clear that at the outset they were not accomplices—in all haste for Tristan de Moneins, appointed the previous year lieutenant of Henri d'Albret, king of Navarre, in Guyenne. This person seems to have been of a humane and conciliating disposition. He was not far off, and made all haste to reach Bordeaux. When he drew near, the great bell of the Hôtel de Ville was ringing the tocsin, and presently afterwards the bells of the parishes of St. Michel and Ste. Eulalie were heard in full swing. A roar of voices filled the street, and the people were all running like madmen in one direction. A public meeting of citizens was convoked in the Hôtel de Ville; and some of "the people, to prevent discontent," were admitted. Thousands of armed insurgents were stationed outside. Moneins spoke fair, but slightly blaming the audacity of those who had excited the troubles in Guyenne. Whereupon a man named Guillotin—how strange to find this name in connection with the revolution in the sixteenth century!—boldly said that the neigh-

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bouring towns had done well, and rendered a valuable service to the public by their insurrection. He even went on to appeal to the patriotism of the good people of Bordeaux—incited them to imitate the glorious example set them, "without fearing the most frightful punishments"—and recommended them to "recover the liberties of their ancestors." It is singular that this movement, which is treated by all historians as a mere food-riot, should have so stirred the minds of the men of that generation that its doctrines and its aspirations should have been incorporated in by far the most eloquent and impassioned attack upon monarchy ever written—the Treatise on Voluntary Servitude, by Estienne La Boëtie.

Guillotin's language was so violent that Moneins was offended; but he afterwards apologized, and the night passed in comparative tranquillity. The king's lieutenant, however, retired to the Château Trompette, into which, together with the Château Haz, he caused all the provisions and stores to be removed. This exasperated the people more and more. They seized the Arsenal, distributed the arms, got out cannon to breach the castles, and rang the tocsin; which, says the historian, "had a wonderful effect in exciting the people at such times."

The Parliament, seeing the danger of Moneins, interposed with its good offices, and deputed the President De la Chassagne to speak to the malcontents. He represented the danger they ran of royal vengeance, and made the usual promises of clemency. Some one cried out that all would be over if Moneins came forth from the castle. Whereupon La Chassagne went and persuaded him to condescend to the wishes of the people. The unfortunate man seems to have been afraid from the beginning of what occurred. Montaigne, who was present throughout all these events, adds many details, from personal experience, to the ordinary narratives. He says, speaking no doubt of what he saw from the balcony of some house, that Moneins came out of the castle in order to appease the tumult, and thus put himself in the power of the mutinous mob. The effect did not answer his expectations. His memory was commonly reproached, says the Essayist, with imprudence; but in reality his fault was not overboldness but want of firmness. He was too submissive and gentle. Instead of guiding the storm, he tried to pacify by humility. His mistake was committed, not when he threw himself unarmed in his *pourpoint* amidst the tempestuous waves of that popular sea, but

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when he showed that he repented what he had done. It was in the Hôtel de Ville. The crowd was shouting and pressing towards him. Misgivings seized him when he saw the danger close at hand; his nose bled; his countenance, which was at first only flattering and fawning, became expressive of terror; his voice and his eyes were full of alarm and repentance; he tried to go to cover like a rabbit, and dodged to escape. Thus it was that he inflamed the people and drew them on him. Montaigne's sympathies were evidently on the other side, and he takes a sort of malicious pleasure in describing the undignified terror of a man whom his party had exalted into a hero. De Thou suppresses all the humiliating details, and says only that Moneins, seeing that the people were fighting who should get at him, in order to cover his retreat threw amongst them a handsome gold chain; thinking, no doubt, with aristocratic contempt of human nature, that all they meant was pillage. But one of them caught him a blow on the left cheek; whereupon the historian, ashamed of the truth, makes him draw to defend himself. He was killed, at any rate, and his body was exposed to insult during two days.

When the President La Chassagne, who had pledged his word to Moneins, saw the tragic termination of the attempt to pacify the insurgents, he took refuge in the convent of the Dominicans; but they went and carried him away from the altar, and forced him to become their leader. The people went and pillaged the houses of the officers of the Gabelle. Andrault the *récéveur* was caught, and horribly maltreated till he died. Popular vengeance went, it appears, to extreme excesses. Terror filled the city. The night passed thus. Next day the President began to obtain the upper hand, and cleverly incited the insurgents to massacre one another. Within four days the disturbances, having, on account of the divisions and misunderstandings of the leaders and the people, no longer any definite object, stopped of themselves.

The news came, too, that the Connétable de Montmorency, a near relation of Moneins, had been sent by the king (Henry the Second, then at Turin) on the first report of the insurrection in Guyenne, and was advancing rapidly with his army from Toulouse. There was no prospect of efficient assistance from any quarter. In spite of the solicitations of De Biren, ambassador of the Emperor at London, England was not inclined to take this opportunity of recovering her province of Guyenne. Everybody

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was ashamed or alarmed. We must not, I repeat, pay attention to the ordinary historians, who represent the whole affair as a rising of the lower classes, spurred by misery or avarice, and headed by a few disreputable gentlemen, and who maintain that all presidents and important people who interfered were, forsooth, forced by the mob. It is evident that the movement was almost a unanimous one at first. All classes joined in it. In the memoirs of François de Guise it is distinctly stated, that the Bordeaux insurrection was headed by Lavergne—a merchant, says De Thou—Macquenan, and Lestonnac, who was at any rate a gentleman, at that time Jurat. The family of the last-mentioned was afterwards related to Montaigne; for Jane his sister, whose birth I have mentioned, married a Lestonnac.

When failure came, the powerful made arrangements to escape, and their friends ever afterwards tried to misrepresent the affair. All this might indeed be inferred from the conduct of the brutal Montmorency. The Parliament of Bordeaux had already begun to curry favour by cruelty. They had sentenced a townsman, who first rang the tocsin, to be drawn by four horses; and now despatched a boat, fitted up magnificently with glass chambers, painted with gold and azure, and speckled with the arms of the terrible Connétable, to meet him. They expected, by sacrificing a few nobodies, to be received again as loyal subjects. But Montmorency replied to their compliments that he would not use their boat, nor, for that matter, the gates of their city. He had twenty-four good keys of his own,—pieces of artillery. With this message he dismissed the emissaries, and the city remained for a week in expectation of being utterly given up to pillage. When the army arrived, though welcoming flags were hoisted on every pinnacle and flaunted hypocritically from every window, a breach was indeed made, out of mere insolence, and the punishment of revolt at once began.

That was a dreadful time, which may well have produced a lasting impression on the young and virtuous La Boëtie, and given him food for indignant denunciation of monarchy. Above a hundred and forty persons "of mark" were hung, beheaded, broken on the wheel, impaled, torn by four horses, or burned. Three were pounded until they were half dead, and then cast into the flames. Guillotin was one of those who suffered death by fire. Lavergne was drawn by horses. Galafre and Talemagne were

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broken alive. Lestonnac, Chevalier du Guet, Jurat, and Du Sault his brother, governor of the Château du Haz, had their heads cut off. Lestonnac had a beautiful wife, who went to beg her husband's life of Montmorency. He promised it on one infamous condition. The poor woman complied, and he then took her to a window just as her husband's head was falling.

The city itself was impeached, tried, and condemned. Even the bells that had served as a signal of revolt were punished by being destroyed. Not a bell, and indeed not a clock, was left entire in Bordeaux or its neighbourhood. This indicates that not only the people but some of the clergy were engaged in the revolt. A hundred youths were publicly whipped, moreover; and the inhabitants of the city were compelled to do penance for the death of M. de Moneins, by scratching up his body with their nails from the hole in which it had been buried, and preparing a magnificent funeral. It took place at night. The Jurats and one hundred and twenty bourgeois, in mourning, first followed the bier, each with a torch in hand; and then came more than five thousand people of all estates—also with torches. When they arrived in front of the Connétable's house, in the street of the Red Hat, they were compelled to prostrate themselves and cry mercy. Then the Jurats produced the titles and privileges of the city, and burned them in a fire lighted by their own hands. Heavy pecuniary fines were, of course, not forgotten.

All these revelations enable us to appreciate the horrible state of the country, given up to murder and pillage, and account for the extreme indignation which breathes through the Treatise of La Boëtie, the first draft of which seems to have been written as soon as a dead calm succeeded to this violent tempest. We may trace much of the Anabaptistic tone of the work to the contagion of this great movement of 1548.

I must not forget to notice that the young Duke of Aumale, afterwards known as the great Guise, was also ordered to march towards Bordeaux; and there exists a letter from the king, who upon his return from Piedmont wrote when at Moulins to the duke, expressing his hope and confidence that the expedition would be easily successful. It is a curious contrast to observe in this letter that the king,—immersed in pleasures, thinking on his way to Paris of nothing but arcs of triumph, obelisks, columns, and inscriptions, of festivals with imitations of the ancient gladiatorial

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exhibitions, of Florentine comedies after the manner of the ancients, and jousts upon the water,—has scarcely a word to say of the immense insurrection which had brought his court back from Turin.

The Duke of Aumale, on his way to Bordeaux with his army, pacified Saintonge, which was still in rebellion, without imitating the severity of the Connétable. He was content with the submission of the people and the destruction of the church bells. The Cardinal de Vendome, bishop of Saintes, wrote to the Duke next year to use his influence to allow the bells to be replaced. In 1549 the inhabitants of Bordeaux also begged the Duke of Aumale, as their natural protector, to intercede with the king for the restoration of their privileges; and it is very likely that in the negotiations that took place in order to bring about this result, Montaigne and his father were brought into contact with the Guises for the first time. The connection of Michel with the great Lorraine family in early life is too evident to be denied. I have no doubt that when La Dixmerie describes Montaigne as coming to court, and much sought after by the Cardinal de Lorraine, and even guided by him in the court as in a world new to him, he refers to some tradition of this early visit, and not to a period subsequent to the death of Charles the Ninth, when Montaigne was an old courtier.

The inhabitants of Bordeaux sent a Procureur of the city to present their petition to the king. We learn from Darnal, in his "Continuation of the Chronicle of Bordeaux," that Maistre Pierre Eyquem was elected in 1546 procureur of the city. But this Pierre is described as Siear de Gaujac, and was evidently the uncle of Michel. He resigned his office, probably from ill health, in the following year. As for Pierre Eyquem of Montaigne, he does not seem to have held any official position during the events I have narrated; but he was, no doubt, present throughout; for where his son at that time was, he probably was also. Very likely, when the peasantry began to rise, he retired, as so many other gentlemen did, from his château into the city, expecting to find safety there. So great was the respect in which he was held by his fellow-citizens, that we are surprised not to find his name mentioned as having been sent to Paris to plead for the restoration of the privileges of Bordeaux.

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However, we are obliged to infer a visit to the capital about this period. Montaigne tells us that he knew Paris from "his infancy," by which he means his early youth. He professes to have been at once particularly struck with Paris, and always retained a tender affection for that city. All he finds to blame in it is the sharp smell of its mud, which he compares to that of Venice. In the comparison he institutes between the states of various nations he condemns France, but remembers Paris to except it. "I am never so angry with France," says he, "that I cease to regard Paris favourably. That city had my heart from my very childhood. Its fate with me has been that of all excellent things. Whatever beautiful cities I have since seen, the beauty of this one wins upon my affection. I love it for itself, and more in its own simplicity than glossed over with foreign pomp. I love it tenderly, even to its warts and its stains. I am a Frenchman only by this great city—great in its population, great in the happiness of its site—but above all things, great and incomparable in variety and diversity of conveniences and appliances of all kinds; the glory of France, and one of the noblest ornaments of the world.

The Paris of Montaigne's youth was very different in aspect from the Paris of to-day; yet he speaks of it with the same reverence and affection that does now the Frenchman. In the time of Henry the Second, this city, so "great" in population, contained about fifteen thousand houses and four hundred thousand inhabitants. Montaigne, though a philosopher, appears not in any way to have analyzed or studied the population of Paris. He saw nothing but the grand external aspect of the city, the bustle and brilliancy of the Court, the activity of learning, and the general comfort and civilization of the middle classes. No doubt his imagination was affected, too, by the mighty buzz of the great city, contrasting so strangely with his quiet province—the infinity of cries in the street of hawkers selling all things, from oranges of Portugal, cherries of Poitiers, wine, gilded sweetmeats, to books and prophetic broad sheets; the gayety and love of pleasure of the inhabitants, who went in those days to dance at the Malmaisons, at Bagnolet, and in the islands of the Seine; the affluence of elegant crowds in the public walks; the strange scenes of the masquerade, when students and citizens by thousands, disguised as wolves, panthers, bears, or asses, streamed through the streets. But, above all, what explains his love for Paris is, no doubt, that

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all these things were presented to him in very early life, in company with the development of his passions. Paris, as a centre of thought, of business, and political excitement, became known to him at a later period. Its external qualities, no doubt, chiefly struck him in what he calls his childhood.

Henry the Second reigned twelve years, during which time Montaigne was much at Court; but it is impossible to decide exactly at what periods. In 1554, as we shall see, he became a magistrate; but although we may suppose that many of his courtly experiences took place before this period, his appointment did not restrain his vagabond propensities. Even his friendship for La Boëtie, could never keep him quiet. He was always, in youth as in age, hankering after the Court; but, in youth as in age, he seems to have been easily disgusted with it. He could never learn to keep his body and his countenance sufficiently under command; his glances always wandered, or some unconventional gesture escaped him. When he sat he never felt seated; and yet he had seen even ladies keep their eyes fixed as statues!

Montaigne talks familiarly of Monsieur de Carnavalet, who acted as horse-breaker to Henry the Second; and refers to stories of equestrian feats which he heard of in his childhood, as performed by Prince Sulmone at Naples. These are topics likely to interest a young courtier; and we need not be surprised that the stable gossip of early life left an impression upon the philosopher's mind.

It is not, however, necessary to establish the exact dates of the events of Michel's youth. It is sufficient if we know their character and the general period to which they belong. Tradition tells us that Montaigne, though so young, much pleased King Henry the Second by his powers of conversation; and he has himself taken care to let us know that he was often in presence of that monarch. "I have seen the king, Henry the Second," says he, "prove himself unable to name correctly a gentleman of this part of Gascony, [he may mean himself,] and he chose to designate one of the maids-of-honour of the queen by her general family name, because that of her father was too difficult to remember."

In 1554 Pierre Eyquem was elected mayor by the city of Bordeaux, and gave general satisfaction. He received François de Maury, the Archbishop, on occasion of his solemn entry into Bor

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deaux the same year, and delivered a fine speech, as is recorded in the "Gallia Christiana." Soon after, he was sent to the Court on business for the city; and twenty pipes of wine were voted in order that he might make presents to the lords who were favourable to the said city. There can be little doubt, at any rate, that Michel accompanied his father on this occasion.

In this imperfect way, in as far as positive facts are concerned, is the narrative obliged to usher in the period of Montaigne's manhood. All attempts at arriving at a chronology, or at any detailed narrative, have so far failed. There is some important information, however, as to Montaigne's inner experiences, which I shall give after having explained what at this time was the official position of Montaigne. In 1554 the king, in order to replenish his coffers, was engaged in creating new offices for sale. Among other institutions he thought of establishing a Cour des Aides for Guyenne, Auvergne, and Poitou. There was competition between Bordeaux and Perigueux as to where the Court should sit, and the latter city obtained the privilege for fifty thousand francs. Among the first members elected was "Pierre Eyquem, of the house of Montaigne in Perigord, jurisdiction of Montravel." But before the first meeting Pierre Eyquem received news of his election as mayor of Bordeaux, and accordingly seems to have given up his place at Perigueux to his son Michel, who against the laws, but by special dispensation of the king, became a conseiller at the early age of twenty-one. The fact that he belonged to this court is mentioned in a receipt under Montaigne's own hand, still existing in the National Library at Paris, and the only doubt that remains seems to be as to the date and mode of his nomination, which we may leave antiquaries to dispute about.

In 1557, in consequence of intrigues and disputes, on which it is unimportant to insist, the Cour des Aides of Perigueux was incorporated with the Parliament of Bordeaux. The name of Michel de Montaigne occurs in the registers that record the official reception of the new members on the third of December, on which day it is interesting to know that Montaigne at length became the colleague of Estienne de la Boëtie. Montaigne occupied his new position for thirteen years; but I shall be obliged to speak of him further on in his character as conseiller, and must now mention facts that will show that his office, if not a sinecure, was far from absorbing a very important portion of his time.

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Montaigne informs us, that for nearly twenty years after his "childhood" he lived without any certain means, dependent upon others; that is, upon his family. During that time he spent freely, and never husbanded. He was never more comfortable. It never happened to him that he found the purse of a friend closed, for he got the reputation of being always anxious to pay. He "practised at once a thrifty, and, withal, a kind of alluring honesty." Yet he was a bad borrower, preferring always to trust to a letter rather than to an interview. But his manner of life during his youth proves that he was not very straitened for means. Evidently he was very free, both in play and women. Games of hazard especially fascinated him from his early years. Cards and dice were the sources of his pleasure. The taste lasted some time, but he got rid of it; for although he generally succeeded in wearing a good countenance after his losses, he could not help feeling internally annoyed.

Montaigne incidentally describes a scene in which, in the midst of ladies and cards, he was suddenly seized with a fit of melancholy and thoughtfulness. His companions believed he was devoured by jealousy, or calculating his chances, or regretting his losses. In reality, he was thinking of a man who a few days before, on leaving such an orgy as that, his head filled, as Montaigne's was, "with idleness, love, and jollity," had been seized with a fever, and suddenly carried away. A similar fate, he thought, might be in store for him; and he tries to persuade himself and us that the presence of this idea did not pucker his brow. He constantly meditated on death, he says, "even at the most licentious period of his life."

Where did this orgy take place? Not at Montaigne, and not probably at Bordeaux, under the eyes of his family. Very likely at Paris, whilst he was a student, or playing the part of a courtier, instead of attending to his duties as Conseiller at Perigueux. It is quite evident that "the licentious period of his life" was by no means an episode; and he constantly seizes on the opportunity to tell us, that when young he was gay to an excess. The principal Latin poem of La Boëtie, moreover, is filled with reproaches to Montaigne, on account of his debauchery. The Essayist, like all old men, is fond of repeating and exaggerating the wickedness of his youth; but having always the care of his reputation in view he adds, that he no more, when young, missed perceiving vice in

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the midst of volupty than when old he missed the volupty in the vice. He avoided excesses at a late period from prudence, not from morality. Arguing, perhaps, from his own experience—that is, from the fact that he was not corrupted—he advises that young men should be thrown out into the world in contact with all nations and companions, and accustomed, if necessary, to debauchery and excesses. Rousseau evidently meditated on this hint, and, as we shall see, Rome was highly scandalized by it. All but very subtle readers are apt to miss the point of such a statement as Montaigne's or Rousseau's, and fancy that is given as a precept which is merely an admission of the coarse necessities of life. It is easy, in reading the memoirs of the time and reflecting on all their revelations of the court of Henry the Second, to imagine what kind of life our truant young lawyer must have led at Paris.

We may, perhaps, count it as rather singular that tradition in the age of *femmes galantes* has preserved to us no personal details of the love-adventures of Montaigne—not a single allusion, not even a scandalous anecdote. Of all other men almost—many of much less importance—we have some information of this kind. It is certain that revelations of weakness and affection, when they come to the knowledge of posterity, give a tender interest to a biography, which indeed seems incomplete and arid without. We may regret even the absence of ingenious fiction. In various "Scenes," Montaigne has been introduced as an Essayist; never as a man.

Are we to suppose that what he relates, or rather insinuates, of his extravagant loves in early life, is merely an exaggeration of memory, the sly boasting of an old man seeking consolation for present restraint; or that such circumstances took place in his student life, among comparatively humble people, whose glances and oglings have not had memoir-writers to watch and record them? However this may be, we know absolutely nothing but what Montaigne himself, in his careless and allusive way, chooses to communicate.

Calm men are not unaccustomed to fancy their minds have been ravaged by moral tempests; and we cannot, therefore, estimate the violence of the passion that inspired those eloquent love-letters to which Montaigne alludes, and the destruction of which he regretted when he saw the favour accorded to pedantic imitations

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of such compositions by the public. "If I still had all the paper I have formerly scribbled over for ladies, when my hand was really urged by passion," he says, "no doubt I should find some page worthy to be communicated to our idle youth, fascinated as it is by this madness" It is curious to compare in our imagination love-letters written under real impulse, by such men as Montaigne, with the elaborate trifling of Maistre Estienne Pasquier, others of the same kidney. "No mind," says our Ess "which has not given good earnest of its strength at twenty of age, has ever after distinguished itself." We may, pe fairly infer that the love-letters, of which he had prev spoken, were still in his recollection when he wrote this.

Montaigne says that life seemed so desolate to him afte death of La Boëtie, that he would have been quite lost h. not determined to fall in love again. He succeeded in infla himself, his age helping; and as little more than two years els between the loss of his friend and his marriage, I once hoped Françoise de la Chassagne had something to do with saving life. At any rate, love cured him of the sickness that friend had caused.

Despite his affectation of caution, Montaigne admits that joined, without the excuse of sentiment, in the reckless sea after pleasure common to the youth of his time; and it is alm impossible to separate his half-boastful reminiscences of mere g lantries from his poignant allusions to one deep, unsatisfied fe ing. We are not, however, brought any nearer to the Laura the Beatrice, the Diana or the Ninon, to whom, perhaps grati tously, I suppose those burning love-letters, the loss of which he regretted, and those Latin poems of which he somewhere speaks, to have been addressed. We approach her society, perhaps, when we see emotion troubling his words, as he writes of these juvenile experiences in old age. Decidedly, Montaigne was not a man of his age—not the man to please the robust and reckless, but romantic beauties of the sixteenth century, who could carry the heads of their murdered lovers about in their carriages whilst dreaming of adventures new.—It is impossible, search as we may, to attempt even a guess at the name of the person whom Montaigne most loved when young; but it is certain she was of high degree. "I will say this much." he writes, "of the errors of my youth, that I always despised facile amours, and sought to

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sharpen pleasure by difficulty, mixing up the idea of glory with my love.

Wit, too, was a great attraction, provided beauty accompanied it; for without that quality Montaigne could not be satisfied. Wit then, and beauty, and rank, and modesty—our researches take us upon high ground, but without further information it is impossible to be more precise. All we really know is that he was unfortunate in his courtship, and that his disappointment left a deep impression on him. It is true, he always tries to speak of love as an affair of temperament that dies away with time. Rarely, he says, we meet with men worthy of friendship; and love fades under the influence of age. "These two passions, therefore, would not have sufficiently satisfied the yearnings of my life." So he turned to books, and his thirst for heart-enjoyment, balked twice, by death and inconstancy, sought to slake itself at another source, which external circumstances could not dry up. But he sat down by its brink weary and heavy-laden. The element of sadness which pervades the Essays, and sobers even the most joyous sentences, has never been sufficiently insisted on; yet it is this, perhaps, that most attaches us to Montaigne, despite his affected worldliness, his desperate doubts, his mild hypocrisies, his tone of comfortable egotism, his inconsistencies, and his trifling. We feel that he too shared that devouring melancholy which, concealed sometimes under irony, and often taking its origin in compassion for self, rises at last into compassion for the world, and is the distinctive characteristic of the greatest manifestations of modern literature and art. We are all put apprentices to sorrow in our own misfortunes, but how few reach to mastership and learn to sorrow for us all!

The future Essayist was at most twenty-four years of age when he became the friend of a man to whom it has been necessary already to make so many allusions—preliminary strains ere his appearance on the stage—Estienne de la Boëtie. There is no possibility of constructing a chronological narrative. But this is immaterial. I shall endeavour merely to show, that neither friendship nor duty confined Montaigne to Bordeaux between the years 1557 and 1563; and that, in fact, no period of his life was more active.

The reign of Henry the Second, after the great insurrection of Guyenne, was disturbed more by foreign wars than domestic

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troubles; and his court was, perhaps, one of the most brilliant that France had known. Catherine de Medici, his queen, was already surrounded by Italian favourites, and labouring to introduce Italian manners. Mary Stuart, who had come as a betrothed infant from gloomy and faction-torn Scotland, was brightening in beauty and fascination in that more congenial atmosphere—like a poison-flower beneath a southern sky. There was, perhaps, not much refinement, but there was a great deal of luxury. Art and literature, too, were encouraged, as well as mountebanks and jugglers. Everything that could contribute to the glare and glitter of the court, and hide the absence of purity and honour, was hospitably received.

As I have already mentioned, we have Montaigne's direct testimony that he much frequented the court of Henry the Second; and some biographers have not only stated that he was gentleman in ordinary of the chamber of that king, but confuse facts so far as to make him appointed thus early Chevalier of the Order of Saint Michel. At any rate, these traditions, which must have had some basis, entitle us to consider Montaigne as having been a very assiduous frequenter of the Louvre long before 1559. To his experience during that period may be referred many of the allusions contained in the Essays to the annoyances of a courtier's life—from the necessity of squabbles with ushers at a door, to the being subject to the fickleness of princes. He had, no doubt, at some time been expected to show off in high places; but says that to serve as a sight to great folks—to lionize, in fact—is a trade unworthy of a man of honour. Among his varied observations is one which proves how truly he paints the manners of all times from his experience of one. "I perceive in our young courtiers," he says, "that they care only for men of their own sort, and look upon us country squires as fellows of another world—with disdain and pity. But get them away from their babble of court mysteries, and they have nothing to say for themselves." Few men of genius have been led by accident or servility to associate in any country with persons of the class to which Montaigne alludes without perceiving the same truth; but few complain with less acrimony. He felt, perhaps, more at home from the fact, that though a rustic he was a gentleman; though not powerful, yet a man of property. He easily got accustomed to say Sire, and Your Highness, but not so easily to apply these titles to the right people

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It is unlikely that a man of Montaigne's frame of mind consumed all his time in conversation with jockeys, such as M. de Carnavalet, or in intrigues with the beautiful and dissolute ladies of the court. There were other attractions for him. That was a period of great literary and learned enthusiasm. The reign of Henry the Second coincided with one of the most remarkable developments of the French mind—with a sort of insurrection against routine and vulgarity, that soon became an insurrection against rule and simplicity. That time of exciting discussion and fanatic pedantry produced a wonderful effect on the literature of the country. The influence which Ronsard had upon Montaigne himself dates, no doubt, from this period.

The aim of Ronsard and his colleagues—known under the collective name of "the Pleiad"—was to substitute for the somewhat artless but sweet literature of the preceding age, in which four or five men of more natural taste than culture had distinguished themselves, a literature of sounding words and lofty periods. The art of expression, like the art of dress, was used in that age rather to hide than to reveal or suggest forms of grace and beauty. Such was the influence of the new school, that the progress of French literature thenceforward, instead of being merely a work of refinement, as in other countries, became also a work of simplification. The part Montaigne played in the great movement was one of reaction against the ideal which he had himself accepted in his youth. But he was scarcely conscious that he was reacting; he modestly thought that he merely fell short of the perfection which his contemporaries had attained in style and expression; and feeling unable to imitate their vast phrases, or wield their gigantic words, gave himself up to a familiar and gossiping tone, and trusted to wit and naïveté for lack of learning.

But although Montaigne was influenced in his tastes by the literary enthusiasm that existed in the court of Henry the Second, we have no ground for supposing that literature formed the chief subject of his thoughts at that period. He was still in the age of love, jollity, and action.

We now come, indeed, to a subject which seems to have utterly escaped the notice of all biographers; I mean, the military experiences of Montaigne as a young man. M. Grün multiplies citations from the Essays to prove an obvious fact, that Montaigne had seen a good deal of fighting in the course of his life; but

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devout respect for his hero prevents him "from *insulting* Montaigne by ranking him with those warlike magistrates whom L'Hospital so severely reprimanded in the Bed of Justice held at Bordeaux in 1565, for abandoning the judge's bench to go and fill military functions." Not being so tender of the reputation of Montaigne, I was glad to find this allusion as the last link in the chain of evidence I had fastened together. The position of conseiller and that of soldier seemed to me incompatible. They were so in law, but not, it appears, in practice.

The harangue of the Chancelier de L'Hospital gives us a strange picture of the manners of the conseillers of those times. He begins by blaming the independence of the Parliament, and its tendency to resist the king's orders. Then he points out that it is divided into factions, and that its register contains evidence that the members frequently disputed one with the other, and almost came to blows. He adds, that many scandalous forced marriages had recently taken place. "If there be a rich heiress known, she is for M. le Conseiller, despite everything." Some of them during the troubles had made themselves captains, others commissaries of provisions. Many had excused murders; many were usurers; it was a common saying, that the Conseillers of Toulouse were too grave, and those of Bordeaux too familiar; gambling was common among the latter, who crowned all by neglecting their duties and falsely certifying that they had served when they were absent. We need not be surprised, therefore, to find Montaigne constantly absent at Court, or following the army as an amateur. In his chapter on Presumption he says: "The most notable men I have judged by external appearances have been, in respect of war and military capacity, the Duke of Guise, who died at Orleans, and the late Maréchal Strozzi." Any one accustomed to Montaigne's way of expressing himself would at once infer that he had served under both these generals, or, at any rate, had followed their armies. But we are here most concerned with the Maréchal Strozzi. That distinguished general, who, as Montaigne tells us, always took Cæsar for model, and was assiduous in studying the "Commentaries," was killed on the 20th of June, 1558, at the siege of Thionville. Montaigne, then twenty-five years of age, was certainly present; and it is not likely he was there in any other character than as a volunteer. Probably he had accompanied Guise and Strozzi in their successful enter-

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prise against Calais and Guignes. These two generals joined the army of Vieilleville, which was laying siege to Thionville, on the 28th of May, and on June 20th Maréchal Strozzi was killed. Vincent Carloix, relating the life of his hero Vieilleville, not only makes out this Italian to have committed huge blunders in opining upon the siege, but paints him as an atheist who died with his mouth full of blasphemies. When Montaigne, in 1580, happened to be at Epernay, in Champagne, he went to the church of Notre Dame to hear mass, partly because it was his custom, and "partly because formerly, when the Maréchal Strozzi was killed at the siege of Thionville, he had seen his body carried to the said church." We are to infer from this passage of the Travels, that Montaigne when young had sufficient respect for the Maréchal to follow his funeral all the way from Thionville to Epernay. In his ripe age he was particularly anxious to know how the place of sepulture was marked. He inquired about it, and found that Strozzi was buried without any monument, coat of arms, or epitaph, opposite the great altar. They said that the Queen Catherine, his countrywoman, had ordered the burial to take place without pomp or ceremony, because such had been the will of the Maréchal. This statement, however, is probably a confirmation of what Carloix says as to the very unedifying death of Strozzi.

I may here add, that just before the siege of Thionville, a person was employed at Augsburg as a pensioner, secret agent, or spy, who is called the Sieur de Montanus. As I am persuaded that Montaigne had far more to do with public affairs at this period than seems supposed, and as one or two circumstances—for example, the fact that Montaigne, when he afterwards went to Augsburg, concealed his name—for "certain reasons" not given—and went about the streets hiding his face with a handkerchief, not to be known—seem to group themselves round this indication, I was inclined at first to put forward a startling hypothesis; but I forbid myself such indulgences, and endeavour that the germ of my inferences shall always be rigidly contained in my facts. The Montanus alluded to was probably a German.

Further research might, perhaps, enable us to trace Montaigne through many of the chief scenes of the reign of Henry the Second and his immediate successors; but what I have already said will be sufficient to indicate the character of his youthful experiences

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It is not likely that he was very constant in his attendance on the army. The court had always greater fascinations for him, and we may be sure, that whilst the king showed him marked attention he was not unnoticed by the young queen, Catherine de Medici—as corrupt in mind as in blood—for whom he ever entertained an inexplicable respect, and whom he evidently regarded as a patron, almost as a friend. Some time afterwards, indeed, his relations with her became so intimate that when, by a mere error, he was asserted, in the last century, to have acted as her secretary, the statement was accepted without reserve, as perfectly in harmony with other known facts, and remained incorporated in all biographies until definitively expelled by Dr. Payen.

In June, 1559, Henry the Second received his death-wound from the lance of Montgomery; a circumstance which Montaigne mentions almost in the tone of an eye-witness,—"I hate mortally those games in which people fight for pleasure. I have seen two princes of our royal blood killed in them."

It is particularly to be noticed, that in those days of pageantry —when the court endeavoured to absorb all the life of the nation —the upper and middle classes "assisted," as the French say, far more than they do at present, at public events. De Thou, not yet six years old, was present at this famous tournament, and says he saw the king killed by Montgomery. His friend, M. de Vic, obtained the *salade* worn by the king, and kept it, still stained with blood, as a curiosity.

"We wore mourning at the court," Montaigne elsewhere says, "for a year after Henry the Second's death; and in the opinion of us all silk had come to be so contemptible (mourning being made of cloth), that when we saw any one dressed in it we at once set him down as a citizen. Silks were, indeed, left to physicians and surgeons." The least strained interpretation of this passage is, that, at any rate during a great part of the short reign of Francis the Second, Montaigne, continuing to abandon his province and his duties as conseiller, spent his time in Paris, or followed the court in its progresses. Two or three other facts confirm this view; and it is important to insist on them in order to understand what Montaigne really meant when he talked, at a subsequent period, of his retirement from the court and public life. About this great feature in the life of Montaigne more misapprehension seems to exist than about any other.

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M. Grün has written a large book, the tendency of which is to reduce the retirement of Montaigne almost to nothing, whilst most critics refuse to consider him as a public character at all, and persist in speaking of him as an odd Gascon gentleman, who surveyed the world from his tower and studied himself from want of other materials to study. Those who desire really to understand the Essays and to know with what kind of circumstances the writer's mind came in contact, how his opinions were influenced, what scenes he traversed, in what way and by what bitter experience he attained the somewhat painful ataraxia which is his principal characteristic, will cheerfully follow me through this somewhat laborious investigation. It is not sufficient to say that Montaigne had early experience of courts and camps, for so simple an assertion cannot force its way into minds already filled with the contrary prejudice.

A few months after the death of Henry, in September, the king, Francis the Second, made a journey into Lorraine, to accompany his sister Claude, married to Charles the Third, duke of that province. Montaigne went with him, and mentions in his Essays that when at Bar le Duc he saw presented to the king a portrait which René, king of Sicily, had painted of himself. This voyage made an impression on Montaigne's mind, and more than twenty years afterwards, passing at Bar on his roundabout way to Italy, he tells his secretary to set down that he had formerly visited the same place.

This seems to have been the period of Montaigne's greatest assiduity at court; and we may trace to the impression then produced upon him, by Mary Stuart—that brilliant wife of that wretched king, whom popular prejudice accused of drinking children's blood to purify his corrupt frame—the unusual passion with which her execution was afterwards spoken of in the Essays. It can scarcely be accounted a reproach to his memory that he sympathized with one whose beauty, whose station, and whose crimes, obtain sympathy for her even now.

Mary had become the chief ornament of the French court. She was the darling of poets and the dream of youth. Even pedants loved her, and spoke with pride of the Latin orations, on the pleasures and advantages of learning, which she publicly delivered at the age of fourteen in the Louvre. No one foresaw what fruit the lessons of perfidy and cruelty daily given her would bear

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Playing about the same court was to be seen the child Marguerite de Valois, afterwards the friend and patroness of Montaigne, and the wife of the prince in whom he placed his last hopes.

About July, 1560, Montaigne was again at the court of Francis the Second, as we learn in a very roundabout manner. In the account of his education he says: "I met Buchanan in the suite of the Maréchal de Brissac, acting as tutor to the young Comte de Brissac." Now Buchanan returned definitively to Scotland in 1560, and before that year had lived with his pupil in Piedmont. In July, 1560, the Maréchal came back to France; so that exactly then, and at no other time, could Montaigne have met Buchanan under the circumstances he mentions. In the absence of other accounts of the movements of Montaigne about this period, we are obliged to put up with evidence of this kind; which, however, is conclusive, and which I am surprised no biographer has made use of.

The most profound obscurity hangs over the life of Montaigne during the conspiracy of Amboise, and we do not know whether or not he sympathized with it. The researches of M. Michelet have at length given that event its due importance. It was not yet quite a republican movement; but it was an attempt of the more enlightened middle classes to deliver the monarch from his Italian advisers, and to prevent sovereign power being used as an instrument of persecution against a sect. The conspirators appointed to meet at court on a certain day, and were radiating towards it from all sides, when the usual traitor did his work. The Cardinal of Lorraine and the Chancellor Olivier—both patrons of the Essayist,—were the instruments of vengeance on the defeated party; but we shall presently see that Montaigne had a friend with different doctrines and higher views. As a partizan of monarchy, accompanied by law and justice, he may have regretted the failure of La Renaudie.

Charles the Ninth became king in December, 1560. There occurs here another lacune in the life of Montaigne, of more than two years. The battle of Dreux, at which Montaigne may have been present—though by saying "our battle" he merely means to indicate on which side were his sympathies—was fought in 1562. That dreadful civil war, which made so deep an impression on his mind, and which ultimately led to his retirement in disgust from the world, had begun. The massacre of Vassy

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urged on, as I have said, by the ferocious counsels of a man who bore the same name with him,—a familiar of the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine,—had given the signal of those dreadful convulsions which continued almost without intermission for thirty years; that is, during the whole remainder of his life.

It is nearly certain that our young conseiller, turned courtier, was with Charles the Ninth at Rouen, in October, 1562. Most of the biographers make him to have been present in that city at the time of the declaration of Charles's majority in 1563; but at that very time—from August 9th to August 18th,—Montaigne was in Guyenne, attending on the death-bed of a friend, whom he preferred before all monarchs. Rouen was besieged in 1562; and though Montaigne may not have been present at the operations, it is probable that he was there soon afterwards, and heard immediately the adventure which he relates on the authority of Jacques Amyot.

However, it is quite certain that about this time Montaigne visited Rouen, in company with Charles the Ninth. The circumstance that made him remember it was the presence of three American Indians—savages, as he calls them—who were introduced to the king. Mr. Grün, too familiar with the manners of the sixteenth century, informs us that it was an almost invariable custom on the occasion of public festivals to exhibit real or sham savages; troubles himself to discover when there were rejoicings at Rouen, and when there were not; cannot bring Montaigne, Charles the Ninth, and the Americans comfortably together through the labyrinth of his suppositions; suggests that there may be a mistake in the name of the king, in the name of the city—why not in the origin of the people observed, or the individuality of the observer himself?—and at last ingeniously suggests that the philosopher might have been with Charles the Ninth at Rouen in 1562, when there were no fêtes. But this common-sense conclusion, so elaborately arrived at, is drowned at once in a sea of other conjectures.

The biographer unfortunately knows, and therefore cannot refrain from saying, that savages were sometimes brought to maritime cities, not as sights, but in order to be converted to Christianity and sent back as missionaries, and so on. Montaigne expressly states that one of these savages was a king, who had come with his companions voluntarily, moved by curiosity, to

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observe the customs and borrow the inventions of Europe. They were all presented to Charles the Ninth, and were shown French ways and pomps, and the form of a beautiful city. Then some one asked their opinion, and wished to know what had struck them most. They answered, three things; one of which, probably referring to religion, Montaigne pretends to forget. Their two other observations were, first, that it appeared strange to them that so many tall, strong, bearded, and armed men, should obey a child, instead of choosing one among their own number to command; and second, that there should exist people crammed with all sorts of riches and comforts, whilst "their halves," meaning their brethren, were beggars at their doors, lean from hunger and misery, and yet refrained from taking them by the throat and setting fire to their houses. Mighty observers were these savages, and it is a pity we know not what the sickly young king said to their philosophy. Montaigne himself conversed with them, but complains that he had a bad interpreter, who could not "receive his imaginations." All he could get out of the one, whom the sailors that had brought him called a king, was, that his only royal privileges were to march at the head of his troops in war, and have a trail made for him through the woods when he progressed from village to village. "Not so bad this!" exclaims our philosopher slyly; "but what then? These poor devils don't wear breeches!"

M. Payen proves that Montaigne was absent from Bordeaux in November, 1562—against the opinion of M. Grün—and not only so, but in June and December, and probably, therefore, in the whole intervening period. On December 1, the Court of Bordeaux had taxed its members for the support of the poor, and Montaigne is mentioned as not having been present to pay his quota. In February, 1563, he was still absent; for M. Nicolas Bresson is ordered to pay monthly, out of the salary due to Montaigne and some others, their share of the tax, until they shall return and pay themselves.

This is the dry, imperfect way, in which we are obliged to speak of the movements of the Essayist during the time of his early manhood. Concerning his inner-life we have far more ample materials.

DURING the latter years of the reign of King Henry the Second,

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there circulated "in the hands of people of understanding" a manuscript Treatise, a diatribe against the institution of Monarchy —absolute Monarchy, or Despotism—without any title or signature, but known by those who took the trouble to inquire, to be the production of Estienne de la Boëtie, of Sarlat in Perigord. Conseiller in the Parliament of Bordeaux since 1552. This work fell into Montaigne's hands, long before he had seen the author, whom it gave him an extreme desire to know. Conceiving our Essayist as a cautious lover of compromise, a detester of extreme measures and extreme ideas, submitting to monarchy as an inevitable necessity in his day, but submitting with a cheerfulness that was half philosophy and half indifference, we are at first at a loss to divine what there could have been for him, I will not say to admire, but to love and yearn towards, in this tempestuous work, invoking tempests, of his young fellow-countryman. But, with the exception of the Bordeaux insurrection, which may have left more indignation against power than fear, no great manifestation of the popular element had presented itself to Montaigne's experience; and it is possible that, like so many noblemen and gentlemen in more recent times, disciples of Alfieri, he may have hoped to combine the advantages and excitement of revolution with the comforts and privileges of aristocracy. He thought otherwise when the sombre form of Democracy rose up for a moment, with all the grime and all the wildness of one escaping from the pit suddenly into light. The democrat of the sixteenth century in France often carried the cross, and was armed with the dagger; he served the church, and preached and practised regicide.

But before 1557 Montaigne may have been able to sympathize with some of the republican enthusiasm of La Boëtie. He was at any rate just on the threshold of manhood, thirsting for a friend, "a witness of his life," to cheer and guide him; and even if we set aside political ideas, there is nothing surprising in his sudden passion—no other word expresses the truth. Montaigne tells us, that not only did he yearn towards La Boëtie before they met, but that La Boëtie had yearned towards him. This mutual yearning had fed on reports that came to each of the other's qualities. Montaigne had done nothing worth notice that we know of, but may have been celebrated from his peculiar education. At any rate, these reports produced a greater effect on the two young men than was justified by the nature of the things reported Montaigne thinks he sees the hand of heaven at work.

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There is a passage in La Boëtie's Treatise which seems to be an invocation to Montaigne, before he knew him personally, to leave the court, and seek purer pleasures in purer society. All the wretched features of a palace-life are brought out. The courtier is compared, now to the butterfly flaunting into flame that burns it, now to the satyr that went and kissed the fire brought down by Prometheus, because it looked so beautiful. "Is it possible," cries La Boëtie, "that any one will accept this wretched place of servant to so dangerous a master as a king? What suffering, what martyrdom is it not, good God! to strain night and day to please one whom yet you fear above all others,—always with listening ear and watchful eye looking out for the coming blow, translating the physiognomy of companions, ferreting out traitors, meeting every one with good cheer, and yet doubtful of all, without declared enemies or assured friends, smiles ever on the face and sick at heart, merriment impossible, sadness dangerous!"

There are very few clear and undoubted statements with reference to the life of Montaigne as a young man. Most biographers make the beginning of his friendship for La Boëtie to coincide with his appointment as conseiller in the Parliament of Bordeaux; and he once says that he knew him six years—that is, from the middle of 1557 to August, 1563. But in the Essay on Friendship, or rather on his friendship for La Boëtie, he distinctly tells us that he knew him only four years. We cannot accept the explanation that he alludes to "the most intimate period of their friendship," for the tenor of his remarks is that their friendship was complete from the beginning. But as far as Montaigne's life is concerned, it matters little whether he met La Boëtie in 1557 or 1559. The meeting took place by chance in a great festival or town-party, probably at Bordeaux, and their union was thenceforward close and indissoluble. The appearance of La Boëtie, who had something repulsive at first sight in his complexion or his features, was no hindrance to a sudden attachment. It would appear even that the mutual friends of Montaigne and La Boëtie thought the impromptu nature of their friendship strange, not knowing, probably, of those previous yearnings; and the latter, therefore, a year afterwards, wrote a Latin Satire to explain and justify what had taken place.

"Our friendship," says Montaigne, majestically speaking of it as

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of a great fact in nature, that had its necessary evolution and termination, "having so short a time to last, and having begun so late (for we were both grown men, and he older than I by a year or two), had no time to lose, and had no business therefore to square itself to the pattern of weak and regular friendship, which requires so many precautions and so much preliminary experience.

Montaigne professes to have known his friend to the inmost core, and I have no doubt this was true. We have, therefore, a right to complain, that knowing so much he has told us so little. We admire those magnificent descriptions of the mutual friendship of two young men who moved hand-in-hand, looking into the depths of one another's souls, through the first years of the civil discords in France, and are dissatisfied that the one to whom long life was vouchsafed has revealed no more of the one who died so near the beginning. We have Montaigne's own word, and the word of all contemporaries, that La Boëtie was one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived; but instead of revealing his doctrines and his power, the Essayist talks eloquently and pathetically of their mutual affection, as if love were any proof of genius! In one place he intimates that La Boëtie's memory had been attacked and torn, and that he had always defended it. But why attacked, and how defended? Was it in compliance with Montaigne's request that Henri de Mesmes did not publish the violent criticism he had prepared on La Boëtie's Treatise? We are not informed; and to be candid, we must admit that Montaigne did not do all he ought for the memory of his friend. He even shrank from publishing his most important work, misinterpreted its meaning, misrepresented its origin, and the importance that should be assigned to it amongst the productions of La Boëtie. On the other hand, we must remember that he has done more than he has left undone. Whilst, from prudence or other motives, he suppressed or distorted all facts relating to the Treatise, he embalmed the memory of his friend in a few pages, which as long as literature endures, if all other traces of La Boëtie were to disappear, would insure immortality to his name. The friendship of these two men has become proverbial. It assumed classical proportions. It influenced the character of Montaigne, helped in developing his mind, gave a tone to his writings, and links the world with its object after the lapse of centuries.

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The La Boëties were an ancient family of Perigord, who derived their name from an estate in the neighbourhood of Sarlat. The Castellet of La Boëtie, like the château of Montaigne, still exists. The family seems to have been illustrious in the middle ages; and it is interesting to notice that in the twelfth century a certain Robert de la Boëtie distinguished himself in the long and often sanguinary struggles carried on by the consuls of Sarlat against the tyrannical pretensions of the abbot and the monastery. The father of our Estienne was brother-in-law of a president of the Bordeaux parliament, and the family, by many threads, was connected with that company. Estienne was the only son; but he had two sisters, named Clemence and Anne. He was born at Sarlat itself, the chief town of Black Perigord; was early left an orphan; and was brought up by the care of the Sieur de Bouilhonnas, his godfather and uncle.

La Boëtie was sent to the College of Bordeaux, but we know nothing about his studies or his professors. We know nothing of when he began to write; yet we are obliged to admit him to have been an accomplished author before he had passed the period of boyhood. La Boëtie appears to have begun his literary career by translations and French poetry. French critics speak in high terms of the skill and grace with which many passages of Aristotle, Xenophon, and Plutarch are rendered by him. The "French rhymes," which he mentions in his Treatise as having been composed "formerly," were written under the inspiration of Marot. Then seems to have followed a collection of French and Latin poems, known in his day under the name of "Gironde," but probably circulated in manuscript and never printed. His friends used to learn portions by heart and recite them. "I have heard admirable fragments from persons who knew him long before I did," says Montaigne; who, however, could not obtain a copy when he was collecting the works of his friend. No trace of them has since been found. La Boëtie rarely made clean copies of what he composed, but dashed down verses on the first scrap of paper that fell under his hand, and then contemptuously threw them aside. At some subsequent period came certain Greek poems, composed no doubt during the erudite fervour; but these also have been lost.

The first translation undertaken by La Boëtie seems to have been the first book of the Economics of Aristotle. He next tried

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his hand at the Economics of Xenophon—a charming work, which he has translated charmingly. Then turning to Plutarch, he chose the Essay on Marriage and the Letter on Consolation to exercise his pen, and reproduced them with an emotion and an energy that enabled him to master an undisciplined idiom.

La Boëtie in early life seems, like Montaigne, but in a far greater degree and with more earnestness, to have conceived a passion for a person of exalted station, whose name is not known. This passion stimulated his genius. Among Montaigne's friends was the "Great Corisande d'Andoins," countess of Guissen, wife of the Count of Grammont, and afterwards mistress of Henry the Fourth. She was particularly fond of poetry, and interested in poets; and in a letter to her the Essayist promises to whisper some day in her ear the name of the person who excited La Boëtie's passion; but no one has ever thought it worth while even to suggest an inquiry as to the incidents of this amour. It seems now too late to repair so disdainful a negligence.

The sentimental history of La Boëtie's love is contained in the twenty-nine sonnets composed at "the same season of his age" to which is attributed the composition of the *Servitude Volontaire.* Montaigne evidently means that he was about eighteen. Another batch of sonnets exists, addressed to the lady who afterwards became his wife; and are said by Montaigne, somewhat satirically, to have already a certain touch of marital coldness. But this first collection "was written in his greenest youth, when he was warmed with a fine and noble ardour" for that mysterious lady whose name is not pronounced.

La Boëtie's second series of sonnets was addressed to Marguerite de Carles, who subsequently became his wife. Marguerite belonged to a family which was already allied to his by marriage. She was a widow, with two children; one of whom, named Jacquette d'Arsac, afterwards married a brother of Michel de Montaigne, and had a son, who was killed fighting against the English in the isle of Rhé in 1627. We do not know what interval elapsed between the youthful and irregular love of Estienne and his second more honourable one. He seems to have known Marguerite long. She greatly influenced his literary character. By her command he translated a long extract from Ariosto, and sent it to her with a graceful and witty epistle in verse against translators, which shows him to have had a most flexible and varied

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mind. They married, but at what date is unknown. Their lives afterwards seem to have been as happy as the marriage state, with all its revelations of mutual weakness, allows. They were both well read, and full of taste. Marguerite, like many other ladies of her time, at the head of whom was Mary Stuart, was proficient in the Latin language.

La Boëtie's repute for learning, wit, and eloquence, may have contributed, as the biographers fondly suppose, to bring about his election as Conseiller of the Parliament of Bordeaux; but family influence, no doubt, played its part. We may be here passing by the period at which the *Servitude Volontaire* received its last touch, and was put in circulation; but this cannot be determined.

It was on the 14th of October, 1552, when he had not attained the age of twenty-two, that La Boëtie was elected Conseiller in the place of a M. de Lur. An examination as to fitness, however, was now necessary, according to law, though often dispensed with by corruption. One aspirant conseiller, totally ignorant, obtained his admission by sending a large block of marble to the king, and was ever after known as The Marble Conseiller. But Estienne was prepared for any test. According to the manuscript registers of the Parliament of Bordeaux, on May 17, 1553, the chambers assembled "to proceed to the examination of the Sieurs Pommier and La Boëtie, who, having been found capable, were allowed to take the oath."

MANY of the circumstances which I have related must evidently have occurred subsequently to the writing of the Treatise on Voluntary Servitude, to which we must now turn our attention, and as author of which La Boëtie, considered as other than the friend of Montaigne, the layman of the Essay on Friendship, really claims celebrity. I have already mentioned, that one tradition makes the *Servitude Volontaire* to have been written at the age of sixteen (1546), and another at the age of eighteen or nineteen (1549). The latter opinion is adopted, not only by M. Feugère, but by M. Henri Martin, author of the most admirable narrative history of France. My convictions are, first, that La Boëtie wrote the Treatise when very young—and in this I agree with universal testimony; second, that he was, nevertheless, not only more than sixteen, but more than nineteen years of age when he gave it much of its present form. I need scarcely enter

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into any criticism of the literary character of the Treatise. By common consent, it is classed now among the masterpieces of the French language. No one denies it to be full of eloquent amplifications and fiery apostrophes, of sentences, of images, of turns of phraseology that render it a marvel, no matter at what age written. Its influence has been great especially on the style of republican writers in troublous times. There are passages in Milton's prose works which would seem written under that inspiration, if Milton, equally imbued with classical literature, and more copious, more enthusiastic, more republican still, did not rather naturally fall into the same tone. We find reminiscences of La Boëtie in Rousseau, in Lamennais, in all who have had occasion to attack Monarchy. The staple of the Treatise is appeal to insurrection under various forms, or rather incitements to people not any longer to put up with the odious institution of monarchy. In one place the writer admits that he always felt a sort of inhuman joy in reading the misfortunes of Israel, which, without constraint, or any necessity, chose a king; and the concluding sentence of the Treatise is as follows,—something in the spirit of Quevedo: "For my part I think, and am not deceived, that since there is nothing so contrary to God, so liberal and debonnair, as tyranny, that he has set apart *down there* (in hell) some special punishment for tyrants and their accomplices." The reader will do well to turn to this pregnant Treatise, which may be called the first, as it is the most remarkable production of the revolutionary spirit in modern times.

La Boëtie never became in strict terms a courtier. He preferred his quaint little city of Sarlat, his Castellet, or, better still, his retirement in the wild and solitary Medoc, out amidst the Landes towards the rustling shores of the sea. Duty forced him at seasons to dwell in busy Bordeaux, and literary tastes sometimes, and sometimes, doubtless, his friendship for Montaigne, led him to Paris. Here he seems, with so many other worthy and dignified persons, to have courted and been patronized by the infamous Cardinal of Lorraine. One of his Latin poems is addressed to the Muses from the celebrated grotto at Meudon, and contains a description of the winding course of the Seine, and the distant view of Paris. We feel that it must have been written on the spot.

In La Boëtie's Latin poems we find allusions to many events of

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his time, which, if we were to judge as history usually judges, we could scarcely suppose to have come from the same man—at any rate from the author of the Treatise on Voluntary Servitude. It is certain, however, that we do not possess a full knowledge of the views and intentions of La Boëtie; and have a right to complain that Montaigne, who professed to know them all, did not communicate them in a clearer manner. He would have served the reputation of his friend better; but perhaps he might have done injury to himself—a mighty consideration for a friend! We are reduced to guess the steps that separated the Treatise, with its turbulent appeal to the revolutionary spirit, its ardent democratic aspirations, from the discouragement and melancholy of the Latin address to Belot and Montaigne, in which, abandoning all hope of regenerating his country, he calls on them to freight an earlier "Mayflower," and take refuge with him in America. Perhaps, if death had not been too swift, the circumstance that prevented him, as Cromwell and Hampden were prevented, from emigrating, might have given time for the development of a more martial spirit. These mighty discouragements of great minds are often but lulls before the tempest. No one who carefully reads the history of the sixteenth century, can doubt that there was a point when it would have been possible, with the assistance of classical fervour, to have founded a republic as in the Netherlands. Had La Boëtie lived, he might have been the Washington of his age. The praises of Montaigne and his contemporaries were either trivial rhetorical exaggerations; or have that signification, and no other. It was not, therefore, as a translator or as a poet, not even as a political writer, that La Boëtie appeared to his friends, but as the fated arbiter of public affairs. "If he had lived," says Montaigne somewhere, "he might have been useful in appeasing our discords." Perhaps the sight of the apparently irremediable disorder of France, and the thought that he had no part to play in such an age, may have made La Boëtie less attached to life.

THE friendship of La Boëtie and Montaigne had lasted about six years. In that brief time they had each travelled round the other's mind, and exchanged all the emotions of which their hearts were capable. Even without accepting all the classical grief of the Essay on Friendship, we still feel that we are in presence of two men who clung to each other during life with a potent em-

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brace, and could not be cloven asunder without suffering. That is a strange image that Montaigne suggests, when he says, that the arms of friendship, however long, cannot overstretch the fissure between this and the other world.

The narrative of the circumstances attendant on the death of La Boëtie, is contained in a very long letter addressed by Montaigne to his father, and supposed to have been written immediately afterwards. It was not published, however, for nearly ten years; and bears many marks of careful composition and patient study. Its, tone, indeed, is so pathetic and sustained—I may say in parts so classical and even pagan—that it seems written under the inspiration of the Phædo of Plato, and here and there recalls that most moving of all tragedies.

"Towards evening he began in good truth to draw towards death; and whilst I was supping, sent for me. He was now but the seeming of a man; yet he contrived to say: 'My brother, my friend, would to God I could realize the imaginations I have just had!' After having waited some time, during which he did not speak, but sighed much, I asked: 'What are they, my brother?' 'Great, great,' he replied. 'There never was a time,' said I, 'when you did not honour me by communicating all the imaginations that came into your mind. Will you not let me still enjoy the same privilege?' 'It is my wish that you should,' he answered; 'but, brother, I cannot. These are admirable, infinite, beyond expression!' He paused then, for he was quite exhausted. A little before he wanted to speak to his wife, and said, with as gay a countenance as he could put on, that he would tell her a story. Endeavouring to go on, his strength failed, and he asked for a little wine. This had no effect, for he swooned at once, and remained long in that state.

"When death was very near, hearing the lamentations of Mademoiselle de la Boëtie, he called to her, and said: 'My likeness, you torment yourself too soon. Will you not have pity on me? Take courage.' After many more soothing words he suddenly said: 'But I am going.' This was because he felt faint. Then, fearing he had alarmed her, he said: 'I am going to sleep; good night, my wife: go away!' This was the last farewell he took of her. When she was gone, 'My brother,' said he to me, keep close by me, if you please.' Afterwards, feeling the nearer attacks of death, or stimulated by a medicament that was given

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him, his voice increased in power, and he moved violently in his bed; and every one began to have some hope, for it was of weakness he was dying. Then, among other things, he began to beg me over and over again with extreme affection to give him a place; so that I thought his mind was wandering, and even gently told him that he was giving way, and that these were not the words of a man in full possession of himself. But he did not give in at first, and repeated with greater energy, 'My brother! my brother! do you then refuse me a place?' I was obliged to appeal to his reason, and convince him that since he breathed and spoke and had a body he occupied a place. 'True, true,' answered he at last, 'I have one; but, that is not the one I want; and then, after all, I have no longer any being.' 'God will give you a better one soon,' said I. 'Would I were there already,' answered he. 'For these three days I have been panting to depart.' After this he often called out to know if I were near him. Then he began to rest a little, which confirmed us in our good hopes; and I went out of his chamber to rejoice with Mademoiselle de la Boëtie. But about an hour afterwards, naming me once or twice more, and heaving a long sigh, he gave up the ghost, about three o'clock on Wednesday morning, the eighteenth of August, fifteen hundred and sixty-three, having lived thirty-two years, nine months, and seventeen days."

I do not wish here to disturb the solemn effect of this narrative of the death of a great and good man in the hired room of some hôtel at Germignac; but it is impossible not to notice that amidst all his friendship and devotion, real as they were, Montaigne paints himself, no doubt with an unerring pencil, as behaving in a pedantic and self-absorbed manner that irresistibly creates a smile. La Boëtie, in his agony, calls out for a place—perhaps the place in history that has been given him—and his friend at that moment cannot refrain from rebuking him with scholastic arguments! But it is not necessary to make a commentary on these peculiarities, which harmonize entirely with whatever else we know of Montaigne's character.

What became of the works of La Boëtie will appear further on, and his name will constantly recur in the following pages. He ever remained as present with Montaigne, in death as in life; and without any wish to depreciate the sincerity of the Essayist, I may even say that his friendship appears to have deepened and

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taken a higher tone when he took up his pen and began to write The chapter on Friendship is a noble work, and almost everywhere throughout the Essays, when La Boëtie is alluded to, we are touched and our sympathies are aroused. It must be confessed, however, that Montaigne, with the hearty relish of existence which he long preserved, makes an unjustifiable appeal to our feelings when he implies that ever after La Boëtie's departure "he dragged on a lingering existence;" that his life was but smoke, but a dark and wearisome night; that his pleasures even redoubled the loss of his friend; that all the rest of his life would be "employed in performing his obsequies," and so forth. I should have preferred reading the touching inscription which M. Jouannet appears to have seen in Montaigne's library to the memory of La Boëtie, but which has been effaced. We are not, however, in want of most genuine testimonies to his long-enduring grief. The following simple note in the journal of his visit to Italy, performed nearly twenty years afterwards, is especially interesting: "M. de Montaigne was suddenly seized with such painful thoughts of M. de la Boëtie, and it was so long before he came to himself, that it did him much harm."

As I have already said, soon after the death of La Boëtie, Montaigne, to escape from his melancholy, chose a new mistress! This circumstance seems to clash with the idea we are accustomed to frame to ourselves of his excessive and tragic grief; but he declares, that had he not adopted some such remedy he might have perished or gone mad. His temperament was in want of a vehement diversion; and so, by art and study, he contrived to fall in love with a person whom, as usual, he does not name or describe.

I once thought that the lady towards whom Montaigne directed the attachment from which La Boëtie had fled, might have been Françoise de la Chassagne, who in due course became his wife. But Françoise was not so fortunate as Marguerite de Carles. Montaigne's marriage, of which we have now to speak, was purely one of convenience and family arrangement. He pretends, indeed, that he was married against his will; that he was pushed on—possibly by his father, not approving his way of dissipating sorrow.

It is curious that uncertainty should long have existed as to the date of Montaigne's marriage. Some of his biographers say

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1564, and M. le Clerc says 1566,—"I know not on what authority," writes Dr. Payen, with his usual amusing contempt for the statements of his adored Montaigne himself.

"I was married at the age of thirty-three" is the philosopher's own statement, which evidently suggests the date given by M. le Clerc. If Dr. Payen's new discoveries be authentic, however, we must fix the date of the marriage at September 23, 1565; that is to say, two years after the death of La Boëtie—a brief interval, which we regretfully discover was filled up by an amourette.

Among the papers of one Destivals, notary of Bordeaux in the sixteenth century, have been found two contracts of marriage of Michel de Montaigne. The first is annulled, although signed by the greater number of the persons present, even by the couple themselves. As Pierre Eyquem's name does not appear, it has been supposed that he objected to some of the clauses of the contract and refused his signature.

The bride, as I have said, was Françoise de la Chassagne, and was chosen from a Parliamentary family. Pierre Eyquem, thinking that his son would continue to pursue a legal career, laboured to increase his connections of that kind.

Joseph, the father of Françoise, was a conseiller, and related to the President La Chassagne, whose conduct at the time of the insurrection of Bordeaux gave such great offence to the Court. One of his sons, M. de Pressac, was gentleman in ordinary of the king's chamber. He himself is said to have been one of the most renowned members of the Parliament. He gave seven thousand francs with his daughter as a dowry. After the marriage took place, Montaigne seems to have continued to reside either at the château or in his father's house at Bordeaux.

All through the Essays we meet with reflections on the character of women as members of a household, which may be partly taken as a sort of revenge for the deprivation of liberty to which Montaigne was subjected against his will, partly as a sort of philosophical protest against temporary annoyances which his Françoise—whom he vainly endeavours to exalt into a Xantippe—caused him, and which he perhaps dared not resent in any other way. Debauched humours such as his were not fit for marriage. He was not steady enough! "Marriage is like a cage; those birds that are inside desire to get out, and those that are out want to get

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m." Imagine our easy-going Montaigne in the character of the Starling! Oddly comparing himself to Cato, he says: "That great Cato, like ourselves, was disgusted with his wife as long as she was his." He was apt to depreciate what he possessed and to exalt the possessions of his neighbours; as, for example, in the case of his wife.—"There are not good women by dozens."

"However licentious people may think me," says Montaigne, "I have in truth observed the laws of marriage more severely than I ever promised or hoped." It is not necessary to examine how literally this piece of gratuitous information is to be taken. I shall only observe that Montaigne, more clearly, as far as I know, than any preceding writer, lays down the theory of marriage as it prevails in France, even among the highest and purest minds. "A good marriage," he says, "refuses the company and conditions of love, and endeavours to represent those of friendship. It is a gentle way of social life, full of constancy and confidingness, with an infinite number of useful and solid offices and natural obligations. No woman who has savoured the taste thereof

('Optato quam junxit lumine tæda,')

would wish to stand in lieu of mistress to her husband. If she is lodged in his affections as wife, she is much more honourably and surely lodged. When he is carrying his emotions and attentions elsewhere, ask him to whom he would prefer that an insult or a misfortune should happen—to his wife or to his mistress—and be sure of his answer in a healthy marriage."

We must take care to point out where this Breviary of the Worthy, as the Essays have been called, deviates from true morality. Here we have it taken for granted that the married man may or must have a mistress; and the ideal of modern French society is set before our eyes. As for Montaigne's simple observation about the respect preserved for the wife, whilst the passion is reserved for the mistress—except where this respect is a form of self-love—I do not believe in it. In real life, the wife under such circumstances degenerates into a victim or a drudge. The woman Montaigne talks of as submitting to her husband's esteem, whilst morally and in every other way deprived of his love, is a monster of his imagination. I am sure that the wives of practical philosophers of his school take care practically to protest against this ludicrous division.

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Certainly the ideal of love is seldom or never obtained in a marriage. There are always shortcomings and disappointments. But this is so throughout life; and why abuse the Ideal? Montaigne himself for a moment, perhaps, dreamed the bright dream of love in marriage which we all cherish when young. He regrets repeatedly, at any rate, that the nature of woman is so weak as to be incapable of the higher efforts of friendship. Otherwise, he says, the allurements of beauty being superadded to the allurements of intellect and virtue, the most perfect example of union would be exhibited.

BETWEEN the marriage of Montaigne and the death of his father —an interval of about five years—very few incidents present themselves for record. Yet we know that this was one of the most active periods of his existence. It must be remembered that he was still a magistrate. After the death of his friend, and especially after his marriage, which no doubt prevented him for a time from following the court, he became more assiduous than before in attending to his duties as Conseiller. This, therefore, will be the best opportunity of sketching briefly his connection with the Parliament of Bordeaux; and alluding to the incidents which troubled France whilst it lasted, and which chiefly influenced him at a subsequent period in breaking his connection with the public life of the time, ceasing to be an actor, becoming an observer, and preparing to appear on the scene again, to deal with or observe the working of the elements he had in part prepared.

It is necessary here to guard against an impression which is likely to be conveyed to whomsoever does not accept my words in their plain and narrow sense. Although Montaigne, almost from the time he left college until he was near forty, was constantly and actively mixed up in public life, although he followed the court and sometimes joined the royal camp, and was in daily communication with the most remarkable men of the time, we must not conceive him as a great diplomatist or a great soldier. He was neither one nor the other. But he was a gentleman of good position, full of talent and powers of observation, disinterested in character, sufficiently vain to be fond of associating with and giving advice to great people, and very anxious not to spend his time more than was absolutely necessary in the insipid duties of a magistrate. There is a tradition that about this period Mon-

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taigne was employed to negotiate a friendship, or the making up of a quarrel, between the Duke of Guise and the King of Navarre. But my researches have ascertained no detail.

I have already mentioned the time at which Montaigne first joined the Cour des Aides of Perigord, and ultimately the Parliament of Bordeaux. He became a member of the latter in consequence of a royal edict incorporating the Cour des Aides wholesale in the Parliament. This edict was resisted at first by the Parliamentarians of Bordeaux, who refused to admit their brethren of Perigueux on equal terms. They declared that the new conseillers should not appear voluntarily at the assemblies of the chambers, but should only come when called for. At that time Montaigne, young and ardent, and under the influence of his father, was sufficiently interested in the dignity of the body to which he belonged to join it in making a demonstration against the pretensions of the Bordeaux Parliament. He and his colleagues presented themselves at the chambers without being summoned; the court ordered them to retire; they refused; there was a great dispute; and it was only several months afterwards that the new conseillers gained their point.

The magisterial career of the Essayist runs parallel with many of the incidents I have previously related. Montaigne was a conseiller of Bordeaux when he was at the siege of Thionville, when he followed the courts of Henry the Second, Francis the Second, and Charles the Ninth, and during the whole time of his friendship with La Boëtie; and, as we shall presently see, at his father's death. In short, he belonged to the Parliament during thirteen years. There are, it is true, very few traces of his personal action; and it would, perhaps, be unjust to make him responsible for the iniquitous acts committed by that body, both before and during the first religious troubles. We may even refer to the impressions of disgust produced in him at that period against the barbarous legislation of his country—so barbarously applied—both his ultimate retirement from legal life, and his distrust of human prudence and sagacity.

M. Victorin Fabre eloquently describes the oppressive and passionate justice of the time, its obscure forms, its cruel acts; and denounces the monstrous and barbarous laws of the sixteenth century; the insane decrees, the punishments worthy of cannibals, in which were used the gibbets, the stakes, the wheels the wedges,

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and the iron clubs that inspired Montaigne with so much horror; —I mean in after-life; for no one can have observed attentively the course of human affairs, and suppose that amidst the excitement of action we can ever keep our minds apart and sit in judgment on what passes around us. We are only warned that actions are admirable or detestable by certain secret and spontaneous movements of the conscience, which are generally stifled. If we could suppose that Montaigne saw the doings of his contemporaries as we see them, we should shrink with horror from him for having called some of them his friends. But, in reality, we ought to be surprised only at the vigorous manner in which, as soon as he stood aside, he disengaged himself from the prejudices of his age, and condemned actions whilst he absolved men. It would be a great mistake, however,—one which confounds all sane judgment of the Essayist,—to suppose that, because his opinions are apparently moderate, he was not capable of passion, even at times of the most generous indignation.

Montaigne evidently thought the legislation of his age barbarous and monstrous. What he says about attacking the practice, not the principle, is merely a concession to his legal and magisterial friends; for he clearly lays down that the law in France was not only unjustly applied but unjust in principle. He relates a curious story illustrative of the horrible pedantry of the bench in his day. A man was condemned to death. His innocence was afterwards proved by the confession of the real criminals. Yet the judges met and decided that execution must take place, for it was better to sacrifice an innocent man than endanger respect to law. The man was accordingly hanged!

We find innumerable allusions and anecdotes in Montaigne, to say nothing of contemporary memoirs, which justify his dislike of legal proceedings in his time. But what chiefly offended him was probably the fact that the Parliament of Bordeaux was essentially Catholic and intensely persecuting. An extraordinary scene had ushered in its proceedings against the Protestants. Two young men, much beloved and respected in Bordeaux, had embraced the new doctrines. They were brought for trial before the Parliament. Conflicting opinions were expressed. Some were for instant execution; but a voice—we may feel sure it was that of Estienne de la Boëtie—was raised in favour of humanity. Let these boys, it said, be confined for six months, and given time for

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study and reflection. But the bigots howled and raved; and a majority decreed death, and death by fire. The stake was planted in the principal place of the city, and the fagots were heaped around it. Windows, and balconies, and housetops, and the wide square, and the adjoining streets, and the branches of trees, were thronged with spectators, who wished probably to see "how a Christian could die!" A strong guard occupied various points. The victims were bound, the wood was lighted, the flames began to rise, the shrieks or the prayers of the victims were stifled by the halleluiahs of ferocious monks and the stormy hum of frenzied curiosity. Suddenly the whole assembled population of the city felt some strange presence around them. The Avenging Angel seemed to hover in the air. Fear seized simultaneously on all. A horrid cry of despair arose; and the people began to fly in all directions, as if an enemy had beaten in their gates. Window, and balcony, and housetop, and the wide square, and the adjoining streets, and the branches of the trees, were suddenly deserted. The guards likewise abandoned their posts. Cravens and caitiffs hid from the wrath of heaven in caves. The souls of Monier and De Cazes departed in anguish, amidst a vast silence and a terrible solitude.

After Montaigne became a member of the Parliament, Pierre Feugère, a merchant of the city, was sentenced to the stake, being accused of defacing some images of Christ and the Virgin. The edict of January, 1562, brought about chiefly by the Chancelier de L'Hospital, put an end for a time, and in some degree, to persecution. The Parliament of Bordeaux not only refused to verify the edict of January for a long time, but when it had done so, passed many measures, the tendency of which was to nullify it. Among other strange acts it voted, July, 1562, that all its members, and even the meanest officers about the court, should make a public profession of Catholic faith in presence of the Archbishop of Bordeaux. Montaigne, therefore, was obliged to go through this formality; and it is specially noted that he did so. We learn, also, that "Michel de Montaigne, conseiller in the Parliament of Bordeaux, came and made his reverence to the court and Parliament of Paris, and pronounced his profession of faith like the others, in order to have a deliberative voice at the audience of the court, at which he was present, June 12, 1562."

As I have said, Montaigne cannot be made directly responsible

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for the acts committed by his corporation, and his condemnation of them was marked and energetic, though enveloped in general words. The real beginning of the religious wars at length came, and the Parliament, still intolerant, gave considerable trouble to the agents of the king, by its constant intermeddling with political affairs. In 1564 the Catholics murdered during the night a number of defenceless Protestants, and the magistrates, by not attempting to punish this crime, showed that they approved it.

In 1565 took place the progress of Charles the Ninth to the south of France, undertaken by the Court in order to prepare the massacre of St. Bartholomew. During this progress, in which bloody intentions were concealed under festivals and rejoicings, Bordeaux was visited, and the Chancelier de L'Hospital, who had not yet discovered that he was the dupe of the Guises, and was used by them and the queen-mother to give a semblance of rectitude to the Court, was delighted at the opportunity of delivering a moral discourse to the licentious and fanatical Parliament. We do not know whether the chancellor was already a friend of Montaigne, or whether their friendship began on this occasion. At any rate, it is certain that Montaigne deserved some of the reproaches which were addressed to the body collectively, and the principal of which I have already alluded to.

The chancellor's admonishing speech, or rather violent scolding, was not very effective in repressing the fanaticism of the Parliament, which even during the king's residence in various ways resisted measures favourable to the Protestants. Very little modification, indeed, took place in their conduct up to the time when Montaigne ceased to be a member of their body. They openly encouraged Frederic de Foix, the Marquis de Trans, one of Montaigne's relatives, and other lords, in carrying on a sort of private war against the Reformers; and, in fact, on every occasion showed that the idea of toleration had never presented itself to them.

We have very little information on the part played by Montaigne in the Parliament. Contemporary writers inform us that he was a distinguished magistrate; and a tradition exists that he was particularly remarkable for the luminous equity with which he drew up reports. M. Grün represents him as already possessed of all the manners and ideas of the Essayist, talks of his calmness amidst the passions of his colleagues, and so forth; to which Dr Payen replies by describing a scene in which, during a dispute

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between the Parliament and M. D'Escars, the king's lieutenant in Guienne, Montaigne, accused among others of having rendered himself "contemptible," by accepting too many invitations to dinner—carried away, says the report, by the vivacity of his character—had a discussion with the President, spoke violently, left the court in a passion, was recalled and made to explain his words, and altogether acted like a man interested even in the smallest details of the business of his corps.

I think, therefore, I am right in inferring that we should not strive to recognize the Essayist in all the acts of Montaigne, either as a courtier or a magistrate. There is, at any rate, no reason whatever for supposing that Montaigne, member of a persecuting body, a friend of the principal and most active Catholic chiefs, was at all awake at this time to the real atrocity of the acts that were passing around him—I mean, awake to the extent of feeling our modern repulsion for those who committed, or a troubled conscience for having participated in them. I have no doubt that, with most of the lawyers and the majority of France at that time, he thought heresy an irregular, disagreeable thing; but he had also a natural benignity of disposition, and an aversion to blood. To the assistance of his humanity came the fact that his brother, Beauregard, was one of the converted; that many of the most virtuous men he knew were on the Protestant side; that L'Hospital was at any rate favourable to all toleration consistent with State ideas. But at that period of his career we must not suppose him even a skeptic, still less that higher character who is capable of belief, and of pardoning others for believing differently.

About 1567 there happened a remarkable accident in the intellectual life of Montaigne. Despite the example of his friend La Boëtie, he does not seem, up to this time, to have practised the art of writing, except, perhaps, as a pastime or an exercise. His life had been one of pleasure and business, of adventure, and routine occupation. It was spent in palaces or law-courts, in cities, on roads, even in camps, amongst soldiers, jurisconsults, gentlemen and ladies, virtuous or otherwise. He seems to have played the subordinate part in his friendship with La Boëtie, to have admired what the other wrote or spoke; but during all this time his experience was spreading over a vaster circle every day, his judgment was becoming firmer and more loftily seated, and he was learning,

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if not to write, yet to speak, growing familiar with the springs of human action, practising how to touch them, watching their play —educating himself in wisdom before he dreamed of making others wise.

The hint of action came from his father. Pierre Eyquem's house, from the time of his return out of Italy, had always been a place of learned resort. The worthy knight, hearing the praises with which the air was filled of Francis the First, for his patronage of letters, determined to imitate him as well as his means would allow, and spent much care and money in seeking the acquaintance of studious men. He received them under his roof as if they were sacred characters, particularly inspired by Divine wisdom, and picked up their sentences and remembered their discourses as if they had been oracles. "His respect," observes his son with quiet humour, "was in equal ratio with his ignorance; for neither he nor his predecessors were remarkable for learning. I, too, like letters very well," adds Michel, "but I do not adore them."

Among the visitors at Montaigne was Pierre Bunel. He came during the boyhood of Michel, and stayed some days with Pierre Eyquem, who had many guests of the same kidney. On going away he made a present to the master of the house of a book entitled "Theologia Naturalis, sive Liber Creaturarum Magistri Raimondi de Sebonde." The object of the writer was to prove by human arguments, not only the existence of God, but the necessity of faith in revealed religion, and even to base what are called mysteries on reason. The book was, indeed, a sort of Catholic "Reasonableness of Christianity." "Sebonde's object," says Montaigne, "is bold and courageous; for he undertakes, by human and natural reasons, to establish and verify against the atheists all the articles of the Christian religion, in which, to say the truth, I find him so firm and so happy that I do not think it possible to manage the argument better, and believe that nobody has equalled him." The book was written, we are told, in a hybrid tongue, a sort of Spanish with Latin terminations; and as Pierre Eyquem knew Spanish as well as Italian, his friend thought, that with a little assistance he could make it out. "It is a useful book," said he, "and useful for the season in which we live." That was about the time when "the new ideas of Luther" were beginning to acquire credit, and "to shake in many places the ancient faith."

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When Pierre Eyquem received the work of Raymond de Sebonde from Bunel, he does not seem to have been prepared to relish it. But a short time before his death—some days, says Montaigne, in his vague way—he found this book under a heap of forgotten papers, and "commanded his son to do it into French." His curiosity had probably been stimulated by reading an abridgment by one Jan Martin, published in 1551, and erroneously attributed to Eleonore, sister of Charles the Fifth.

"It is pleasant," observes Montaigne, "to translate authors like Sebonde, in whom there is scarcely anything but the sense to reproduce; whereas those who have given much pains to the grace and elegance of language are dangerous to undertake, especially if we attempt to turn them into a weaker idiom. This occupation was very strange and very new to me; but happening at that time to be at leisure, and being unable to refuse anything to the requests of the best father that ever lived, I set to work and did the business as well as I could."

Pierre Eyquem was so pleased with his son's work, that he insisted on having it printed; and his desire was complied with after his death. Montaigne appears to have gone to Paris to do his translation; and having concluded it, wrote a dedication to his father, by a singular coincidence, on the very day of that father's death, viz: June 18, 1568, if we can be sure we know the real date. The dedication informs us, that in obedience to Pierre's commands, which had been expressed the previous year, his son had "cut out and worked up, with his own hand, for Raymond de Sebonde, that great Spanish theologian and philosopher, a French dress. In doing this, in as far as was in his power, he had divested him of the savage mien and barbarous deportment he formerly possessed, and made him presentable in good company;" that is, he had almost entirely rewritten him. There is no trace in the dedication of the skeptical tone. Montaigne talks of Sebonde's "excellent and most religious discourses, his lofty, and, as it were, divine conceptions;" and it would be merely gratuitous to see anything like irony and doubt in this.

As to Raymond de Sebonde, or Sebon, or whatever the name may be, people seem to be very doubtful about his history. He is said to have professed medicine, philosophy, and theology at Toulouse, about 1430, and his work is supposed to have been printed for the first time in 1487. "This work seemed to me too rich and

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fine for an author whose name was so little famous, and of whom all we know is that he was a Spaniard, who professed medicine at Toulouse about two hundred years ago. Montaigne's translation of Sebonde was first published in 1569. A second edition appeared in 1581, after the publication of the Essays, which doubtless drew new attention to the work, until then forgotten.

THE sudden death of Pierre Eyquem left Michel in a position to obey his secret inclinations, though it did not make much difference in his worldly position. He signed "Michel de Montaigne" in addressing his father, and probably had for some time managed the property; but being a most respectful son, and observant of parental wishes, he seems to have concealed his distaste for the legal profession, even after the death of his elder brother. Pierre Eyquem was evidently formed by nature for a civil life. All his tastes were turned that way. What a passionate love he had for the government of his domestic affairs! He was the model of a good old country gentleman, fond of peace, and learning, and agriculture, and yet interested in municipal business. When elected mayor of Bordeaux in 1553, obeying a maxim he had heard, that it was the duty of a citizen to abandon private for public affairs, though age had begun to weaken him, he left his château and took up his abode once more in the capital of the province, and attended to the business of the city with the same ardour as he attended to the direction of his own farms. Afterwards he appears to have remained principally at Montaigne, where at length he was afflicted by the stone, which, having caused him to suffer dreadfully for seven years, brought about his death, as I have said, in 1568. He left eight children,—five sons and three daughters. Their names were as follows:—Michel, seigneur de Montaigne; Thomas, seigneur de Beauregard; Pierre, seigneur de la Brousse; Jeanne, married to M. de Lestonnac; Arnaud; Leonor, married to M. de Camein; Marie, married to M. Cazelis; and Bertrand Charles, seigneur de Mattecoulon. The last and Beauregard survived the other brothers, and lived till towards the end of the century, and Leonor was still living in 1602. The mother of Montaigne survived her husband many years, residing at the château during the life of her son, and afterwards at Bordeaux, where she died in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

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Biographers usually make Montaigne to have given up his place as conseiller at the death of his elder brother, by which they would imply that he did not at once become the head of his family, in 1568. But, in fact, his elder brothers had died some time before. One of them, known as Captain St. Martin, commanding a band of footmen called the regiment of Sarlabous, at the age of twenty-three was playing at tennis, and was struck by the ball a little above the right ear. He did not sit down or leave off playing, but five or six hours afterwards died of apoplexy. This occurred in 1565, at Condom.

Pierre Eyquem was lord of Montaigne and Balbeyron, for which he did homage to the Archbishop of Bordeaux. His possessions included also the fief of La Brousse, the noble house of Beauregard, an estate in the Isle of Macau, near the Bec d'Ambès, and the estate of Marrous, afterwards called Mattecoulon. This extensive property was divided by will among the children. As for Montaigne, who got the principal share, he afterwards made some additions to his possessions, and we know that he died worth ninety thousand francs; that is, thirty thousand francs of floating capital, and sixty thousand francs in land. His regular revenue was about six thousand francs. When the estate went out of his family, in the beginning of the present century, it brought only double what it was worth in the sixteenth century; that is, a hundred and twenty thousand francs; but in thirty years more it was estimated at two hundred and twenty-four thousand francs; and was recently advertised for sale, estimated at above half a million.

Between the years 1568 and 1570 we almost lose sight of Montaigne. In 1569, we know that he published the first edition of his translation of Raymond de Sebonde. It met with great success, and was read by both sexes eagerly. Many persons, however, and especially women, seem to have been a little scandalized by an attempt to reason on Christianity, and came to Montaigne to have their doubts solved. The many conversations he had, ultimately gave rise to the famous "Apology for Raymond de Sebonde." With this exception we know nothing of Montaigne's movements at this time. It is not likely that he continued to attend much to his duties as conseiller, which had become more and more irksome to him. In the following year, indeed, he determined to abandon law altogether; and an entry in the registers

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of the Parliament informs us that on July 24, 1570, the king accepted the resignation of the office of conseiller made by Michel de Montaigne in favour of Florimond de Raymond. This Florimond was author of a furious Catholic pamphlet called "The History of Heresy," and was considered a clever Latin poet in those days. His name constantly occurs in the collections of epitaphs called "Tombs," which used to be published as pamphlets on the deaths of eminent people, or at the end of posthumous works. We hear of him disgracefully shortly after his nomination, as demanding the exhumation of some young Protestant girls who had been buried in a Catholic cemetery.

I will observe, as an additional reason for Montaigne's retirement from the office of conseiller, that nearly all the Parliaments had recently made themselves very odious on account of the injustice they had exhibited in the trials of Protestants. This injustice was so evident, that at the peace concluded just after Montaigne's resignation, it was stipulated that the Protestants should never be tried by the Parliament of Toulouse at all, and that they should have the right of challenging four conseillers in each class of the Parliament of Bordeaux, without assigning any cause. From this time forward the Parliaments utterly lost their reputation, and were deserted by public opinion in their attempts to struggle with royalty. Montaigne, therefore, rightly chose his time for "assuming the sword;" that is, becoming a mere gentleman, and giving up all connection with law.

For some time before Michel de Montaigne's resignation of his office of conseiller, he had been engaged in a labour of love. Having begun his literary career, and a sort of connection with the booksellers, by means of the translation of Sebonde, he determined to collect and publish all the works of his friend La Boëtie which contained nothing of a dangerous character. Had he really been an industrious friend he would have performed this duty long before, and not waited for the spread of the civil war to render the appearance of the Treatise on Voluntary Servitude inopportune. He is obliged to say, speaking of this Treatise and the Memoirs on the Edict of January: "As for these two pieces, I think their fashion too delicate and elegant to expose them to the gross and heavy air of so unwholesome a season. This expression, which evidently supposes the Memoirs to have

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been equally revolutionary with the Treatise, is very timid and disingenuous. Montaigne at that time clearly had the intention of suppressing his friend's important works altogether. After the St. Bartholomew, the Protestants, made quite republican by despair and just indignation, published the Treatise; and it is possible that Montaigne, partly from compunction of conscience towards his friend, partly from horror which he was obliged to dissimulate, communicated a copy for the purpose to some Huguenot acquaintance. Ten years later, in 1580, when Montaigne published his Essays, he seems to have felt another twitch of conscience. He begins his Essay on Friendship by a somewhat pompous comparison of his method of writing with that of a painter whom he was employing to decorate his château, and who chose the fine clear space in the middle of the wall to place an elaborate picture, and filled up the borders with scrolls and grotesques. "What are these Essays of mine, indeed," he says, "but grotesque and inform monsters, different members brought together without certain shape, or any order, sequence, or proportion, but from chance? I do not dare to undertake a rich finished picture according to the rules of art; therefore I have thought of borrowing one from Estienne La Boëtie, which will honour all the rest of my work. It is a discourse to which he gave the name of Voluntary Servitude. This, with some Memoirs on the Edict of January, which may find a place elsewhere, is all I have been able to recover of his remains—I, to whom, with so loving a recommendation, when death was in his throat, he left by will his library and papers—all except the little volume I have already published."

Here we see that La Boëtie left a copy of this work, which he is said never to have seen since he wrote it, with warm recommendations to Montaigne, who at length determined to publish it, and give it a conspicuous place in his Essays; promising, too, to bring in further on the Memoirs; but his courage again failed him. He thought at first, that by making out the work to be the production of a lad, he might venture: "Let us listen awhile to this lad of eighteen." Even this immense exaggeration, afterwards increased by two years, did not make him consider himself safe. At the last moment, while the Essays were going through the press, he took out the Treatise, and printed in its stead the twenty-nine sonnets I have already noticed, which a friend of La Boëtie, M. Poyferré, had accidentally found and sent to him.

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In August, 1570, Montaigne, no longer conseiller, even in name, was at Paris writing the advertisement to his edition of the minor works of La Boëtie, and beginning to overlook the printers. He had been extremely dissatisfied the year before with the numerous errors left in his translation of Sebonde, brought out under the sole superintendence of the printer and publisher, Gabriel Buon. This may account for his employing this time a new printer, Frederic Morel, as well as for his determination to be at Paris whilst the work was going through the press. The printing was concluded on the 24th November, but the volume was not published until the following year. It contained the translations from Xenophon and Plutarch, with the Latin verses, several dedications, and the letter of Montaigne to his father on La Boëtie's death. In 1572, some sheets containing the French poems were added to the same volume. After Montaigne's death, the manuscript translation of Aristotle's Economics was found and printed in 1600.

The pages contributed by Montaigne to the edition of 1571 are interesting, as throwing a light on the state of his mind at this period, on his position at court, and on his relations with persons of distinction. The advertisement begins as follows: "Reader! thou owest to me all that thou enjoyest of the late Estienne de la Boëtie; for let me tell thee, that he had no intention of communicating to thee anything of what I now produce—not esteeming it worthy." In another part of the volume, prefixed to the Menagerie of Xenophon, we find a letter to M. de Lansac, from which we learn that that nobleman had known La Boëtie in his public capacity, and admired him. "But you were very far from knowing him entirely," says Montaigne, preluding already to the Essay on Friendship. "Now, without any lie, if we take him for all in all, he was so nearly a miracle that, for fear of being disbelieved, I am obliged to lower my tone in speaking of him. I beg you to believe, however, that our Guienne has not seen the like of him among men of his robe." Then, after some circumlocution, Montaigne admits that he himself had been thinking of writing something. He says, "Save that my insufficiency expressly forbids me, I would present you with something of my own, in acknowledgment of the obligations I owe to you, and the ancient favour and friendship you have shown to those of our house."

The Chancelier L'Hospital, after having tried in vain to struggle

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against the fanaticism, real or assumed, of power, had now retired to his country-house at Vignay, where he occupied himself in writing Latin poetry. Montaigne dedicated the Latin poems to the retired chancellor, whom he considered to be a man of no common virtue, and whom, he says, La Boëtie wished much to know. In doing so he talks politically, enlarges on the necessity of putting the right man in the right place, and says that the interests of France greatly suffered by the non-promotion of La Boëtie to high office.

Another dedication in the same volume is to M. de Foix, "Privy Councillor and Ambassador of His Majesty to the Signoria of Venice," one of the most remarkable men of his time, of whom De Thou says that he never left his society without feeling himself improved, and better disposed to virtue. It was to this amiable and learned man that Montaigne dedicated the French poems of La Boëtie. His tone, as usual, is panegyrical. "To me alone," says he, "did he communicate himself entire. I only can describe the million graces, perfections, and virtues which idly decayed in his mind." . . .

Among all these dedications, which are already almost Essays, the most interesting is, perhaps, that of the Rules of Marriage of Plutarch to M. de Mesmes, Seigneur de Roissy et de Malassize, and Privy Councillor. M. de Mesmes was of the same age as Montaigne, and has left valuable memoirs of his life. "La Boëtie," now says Montaigne roundly, "was, in my opinion, the greatest man of our age; and I should be ill doing my duty if I did not endeavour to resuscitate and keep alive his reputation. I think he must in some sort feel and be touched, and rejoiced, by my care; and, in truth, he is here within me so entire, and so living, that I cannot believe him to be so heavily buried, nor so completely distanced from communion with us."

But what makes this little production remarkable is the blame incidentally inflicted on the skeptical habit. "It is one of the most notable follies that men commit, to employ the force of their understanding in ruining and shocking the common and received opinions which produce in us satisfaction and content. Whilst all other things under the sun apply the means and instruments which nature has given them for the utility and commodity of their being, such men, in order to seem of a more sprightly and lively wit, unwilling to receive anything which has not been a thousand times

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touched and balanced by the most subtle reason, go on disturbing their minds from its peaceable repose, and succeed, after long search, in filling it with doubt, disquietude, and fever. It is not without reason that childhood and simplicity have been so much recommended by Truth itself. For my part, I would rather be more at my ease and less clever, more content and less knowing."

In this last touch Montaigne gives the whole spirit of his Essays by anticipation. But we need not suppose that his respectful allusion to Christianity, and his horror of doubt, were at all hypocritical. At that time Montaigne, like most of the other active men of his age, was probably a staunch believer from habit. He had not had leisure to disturb his own belief, or "employ the force of his understanding in ruining and shocking the common, received opinions" of others; but his character was formed, and he was already yearning after that famous ataraxia, the mirage of philosophers. He at first sought it in faith, where he might have found it; afterwards he sought it in doubt, by means of which he tried to persuade himself, and has succeeded in persuading many of his admirers, that he came back to faith.

The long residence of Montaigne at Paris, necessitated by the task of overlooking the printers, and prolonged on account of the unusual tranquillity of the country, no doubt brought him much in contact with the literary men of the day. Buon and Morel, who published Sebonde and La Boëtie, seem to have been the two fashionable publishers, and produced the works of Ronsard and the other great poets of the period. Montaigne, at Meudon and the Louvre with La Boëtie, formerly knew and admired the shining lights of the Pleiad; but he had no reason then to claim their intimacy. Now, his position entitled him to do so, and there can be no doubt that he profited by the opportunity. The splendid position of Ronsard, at the period of which we now speak, is known. He was the literary king of his time; and, as has been well remarked, no man save Voltaire ever exercised so much influence in France on the taste of his contemporaries. Montaigne could not fail to be attracted towards such a reputation during his literary residence in Paris. About that time was formed a centre where genius and learning could meet and communicate, and interchange criticism and flattery. Antoine de Baïf, overwhelmed with royal munificence, had established a kind of Academy, the

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nucleus of which was collected, according to Pasquier, under Henry the Second. It was in 1570, whilst Montaigne was printing his La Boëtie at Paris, that Charles the Ninth granted to this Academy letters-patent, in which he declared, that "in order that it may be honoured by the greatest, he accepted the title of protector and first auditor." The verification of these letters was violently opposed by the Parliament, instigated by the University and the Bishop of Paris; but this opposition was overruled. Charles the Ninth used often to be present at the meetings of the Academy, and it is especially recorded that the members were allowed to sit in his presence. The unhappy young king had already, in a poem, laid his crown at the feet of Ronsard. At the death of Charles the Ninth, Henry the Third took the Academy under his protection. We can scarcely doubt that Montaigne was present, introduced by his friend Pibrac at some of the sittings.

It would appear even that Ronsard used to read his poems to him; for to whom but to Ronsard can the following passage allude?—"Somebody once tried to persuade me that a man, *whom all true Frenchmen know*, had imposed upon me by reciting verses he had written. His pronunciation gave price to his works. If I had read them myself, I should have thought otherwise."

Among the striking events that occurred during the residence of Montaigne at Paris, in the winter of 1570–71, was the arrival of the Cardinal d'Este, having in his suite Tasso, who, although only twenty-six years of age, had acquired a brilliant reputation, and was sent as likely to please the literary young king. The poet, by the recommendation of the Princess Leonora, had obtained the honour of dining, not in the pantry, but at the Cardinal's ordinary table, and thus was not confounded with that crowd of eight hundred servitors who followed the splendid churchman. Tasso became acquainted with Ronsard, who was preparing the edition of his works in six volumes, published in 1572. The two poets read their verses to each other, and interchanged admiration. Tasso translated Ronsard's hymn on Henry the Second. He became very popular at first in France; and as Montaigne afterwards went to see him when he was shut up in a madhouse in Ferrara, they probably met and knew each other in the early part of 1571. It is a curious circumstance, illustrative of the condition of literature in those days, that although Tasso's

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expenses were paid during this journey, he was left so poor that he was obliged occasionally to borrow a few francs of his French friends, and went back to Italy, after a year's residence, with the same coat in which he came.

Montaigne seems always to have remained a favourite of Catherine de Medicis, as he had been a favourite of her husband. She introduced and recommended him to the three kings, her sons. This is the most obscure passage in the life of Montaigne. We almost shrink from examining it too closely, for fear of coming upon facts too disagreeable. The statement that Montaigne once acted as the queen's secretary is now refuted, after having formed part of his biography for more than a century; but that he was on good terms with the queen and her court is proved by many circumstances.

Montaigne probably came in contact with Charles the Ninth, both at the Louvre and at the Academy of Baïf; and had opportunities of appreciating his private character, and observing the good qualities that have been concealed from the eyes of posterity by the bloody vapour which he afterwards cast about himself. It is necessary to insist on these suppositions, because the reputation of Montaigne is directly interested. He never mentions the Saint Bartholomew, which his master Muretus and his friend De Pibrac approved of; and it is certain that some powerful motive must have existed to make him keep silence on such a subject. No mere inadvertence can account for the omission. The true reason seems to me that, during a great part of the reign of Charles the Ninth, Montaigne was closely connected with the court, and attached by ties of friendship and gratitude both to the queen-mother and the king. He was also publicly a member of the Catholic party; an intimate friend of the old Maréchal Montluc; a friend of the young Count de Brissac, the pupil of Buchanan, who was killed by a Huguenot shot at the siege of Muçidan;—and, indeed, was every way compromised to approve of the policy which he had no influence to alter, and which led to the famous day of massacre. We should very much misunderstand his character indeed, and confound him with those complete men who, in classical times, from philosophic or patriotic enthusiasm, in modern times from Christian faith or republican convictions, have been ready to sacrifice their lives for the truth, if we did not recognize in him occasionally the time-server and the egotist. These skeptics

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have always been remarkable for the zeal with which they have taken care of their persons.

Among the proofs of Montaigne's favour at court about this period, we must count his admission into the Order of St. Michel. He tells us, that when young he had desired above all things to receive this Order, because it was then the extremest mark of honour of the French nobility, and very rare; but that he did not receive it until it had utterly fallen off in public estimation, in consequence of the immense number of unworthy appointments made. It had come to be called "the collar of all beasts." Of course, however, the appointment was intended as a compliment. The truth seems to be, that when Montaigne retired from court and public affairs, his friends reminded the king that he had not received any reward; in consequence of which, about eight months after he had taken up his residence at Montaigne, he received the following letter:—

"Monsieur de Montaigne,—For your virtues and merits I have chosen and elected you among the number of the Chevaliers of my Order, to be associated with them; and that your said election may be notified to you, and that you may receive the collar of the said Order, I have written to my cousin the Marquis de Trans, to whose presence you will repair for the purpose. This is to augment more and more the affection and good-will I bear you, and to give you occasion to persevere in your devotion for my service. Praying God, &c.

"Written at Blois, the eighteenth of October, 1571.

(Signed) "CHARLES."

The most careful researches do not seem to have established the exact date of an appointment which Montaigne received between the years 1569 and 1580, that of Gentleman in Ordinary of the King's Bedchamber, an office to which many privileges and some emoluments were attached. He rarely fulfilled his duties, but the appointment was useful to him when he came to court, as it gave him free access to the king, and enabled him to take up a position that was no doubt satisfactory to his vanity.

THERE still exists in the Château of Montaigne the following inscription:—

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"In the year of our Lord 1571, aged thirty-eight, on the eve of the Kalends of March, (the last day of February,) the anniversary day of his birth, Michel de Montaigne, having long been weary of the slavery of courts and public employments, takes refuge in the bosom of the learned Virgins. He designs, in quiet and indifference to all things, to conclude there the remainder of his life, already more than half past, and he has dedicated to repose and liberty this agreeable and peaceful abode, which he has inherited from his ancestors."

Some persons seem to have taken this inscription as a proof that, from its date forward, Montaigne generally lived the life of a hermit, and kept almost utterly apart from the world. This is an exaggeration. But, despite the attempts made recently to convert him into a public man, it is quite evident that, whether at home or abroad, in his château or in the Louvre, Montaigne from this time forward lived the life of a literary man; and looked upon the world and upon himself almost exclusively as materials for Essay-writing. Previously he had had literary tastes, and had studied a good deal; but his existence had been noisy and public. It is difficult, therefore, to say what was the amount of his knowledge when he turned his back on the court and the house of law and took up his pen. We know, however, that even then he could write well; and no one writes well by instinct, nor without long and painful experience. We can pretty well appreciate, also, Montaigne's character, and find in his experience the type of his impressions.

I have endeavoured to trace Montaigne through his early experiences in the Louvre, the camp, the law courts, the college, the boudoir, the arms of friendship and of love, because everywhere he must have been subject to influences that reappear in his speculations in after life. It is not necessary to describe the intellectual chemistry to which his experiences were subjected in order to produce the result we see. We all feel how such influences work, and can watch, if we please, the transformation of fact into sentiment and thought. There was nothing very wonderful in the adventures of Montaigne's youth. As we have seen, his life was that of a tolerably commonplace gentleman, born to move in good society, with a little more knowledge than gentlemen thought necessary at that time. The only very remarkable incident is his friendship for La Boëtie. There are but five or six such recorded

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instances since the beginning of the world, and unrecorded instances cannot be taken into account; for in the friendships of celebrated men who have influenced the world, the world herself is interested. Influence comes to us from that friendship. In a brief life of Montaigne up to this period it would be necessary only to say: He lived as other men of his rank lived in those times, and he was the friend of Estienne de la Boëtie. For my part, I find two men in Montaigne, such as he appears to me at the prime of life—the man of wide capacity of mind, of vivid imagination, humorous, but solid character, nimble judgment, and natural faculty of expression, who would have made himself remarkable in any age or country, and who supplies that part of his Essays which makes him kin to the whole world—but also the man of his age and country; the somewhat ungrateful heir of Rabelais, the forerunner of Bayle and Voltaire; the experienced courtier, who despised kings because he knew their manners, but had no enthusiasm to object to the institution of monarchy; the lawyer, who cared too little for law to espouse its prejudices, and sat half apart, like a quiet man in society, observing absurdities which others hotly and unconsciously acted; the half-convinced Catholic, who looked upon reform as a disturbance, but who, when like an honest man he turned round to examine his own convictions, saw them vanishing in the distance; the stern thinker in morals; the cheerful and somewhat lax actor; the incomplete savant, who despised pedantry; the eloquent writer, who felt that his idiom was not formed, and disdained to form it; idle and industrious by turns; of prodigious memory, yet fond of accusing himself of want of memory when he forgot anything; the easy-going Gascon gentleman, who from fear of shipwreck in the storm he saw gathering—for the Saint Bartholomew was then darkening the air as it approached—retired to his comfortable home in an out-of-the-way district, and, partly as an excuse for his timidity, set to work philosophizing, under the protection of powerful friends and a long-established reputation for probity.

In speaking of La Boëtie, I have been incidentally led to allude to the state of literature in France, when Montaigne was likely to receive his most vivid and lasting impressions of that kind. He was, as it were, present at the submerging of the few gentle and native reputations—that flourished, like little oases, amidst the desert of ignorance and barbarism,—by a sudden flood of

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learning disguised as genius, or genius disguised as learning, that burst from the monastery of Coqueret. During the whole time of his residence at court this deluge covered the earth. There was no sign whatever of the subsiding of the waters. He felt, it would seem, a feeling of despondency and discouragement. It was impossible for him, he thought, to know so much, or to express himself so well. Never till the latest hour of his life did he cease to look with awe upon the genius of the men who at that time won his admiration. It would, indeed, have been a sort of insult to La Boëtie to have done so. He always spoke of Ronsard and Du Bellay with profound respect, and never ceased to admire "the rich descriptions of the one, or the delicate inventions of the other." According to him, these two men "were little removed from the perfection of the ancient poets"—the highest praise that could be given at that time—and in so saying he ratifies the prediction of his friend.

That was the golden age of learned men in France. They acquired reputations in the strangest manner, and for the strangest reasons. The country had so recently been barbarous from excess of ignorance, that extravagant respect was paid to knowledge of every kind, but especially to knowledge of antiquity. Even the greatest poets stood little chance by the side of "the Great Turnebus;" and the merest collector of quotations from ancient authors was placed on a level with the most eminent writer. Feron, a lawyer, published "The Armories of Universal History," and began with the escutcheon of Adam, bearing a device from Ovid; and, no doubt, would have been offended at not being considered a more important man than the ignorant Marot. The epithet, "bold ignoramus," was applied by Scaliger to Montaigne himself. It was, certainly, more on account of their immense display of learning than their genius that the new school of poets achieved their success.

We must remember that literature was not in those days, properly speaking, constituted. Scarcely any one wrote as a profession; but every one who felt the influence of the culture that was spreading, wrote more or less. Almost all royal personages of the sixteenth century had pretensions to poetry. We have verses of all the kings, from Francis the First to Henry the Fourth. Marguerite of Navarre, and Marguerite of Valois, have eft most interesting works,—the "Heptameron" and the "Me-

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moirs." Mary Stuart was a poet. René de France wrote poetry, and encouraged the learned. Nearly all the celebrated courtiers, diplomatists, lawyers of the age, wrote. Few celebrated books had for authors men who in their time were not far more celebrated for something else than writing.

At the courts of the kings and queens of France, and in the houses of princes and noblemen, there were always, it is true, certain pages or parasites, whose principal claim to notice was their skill in inditing amorous and other poetry, and who were helping to found the modern literary class, which lived so long on patronage. Jean Marot had been private secretary and poet of Louis the Twelfth. Clement Marot, Victor Brodeaux, and Jean Chapuis, were valets-de-chambre of Francis the First. Saint-Gelais, and a few other elegant writers of that stamp, were, it is true, courtiers. But nearly all who studied form, merely for form, were at that time in a humble or menial position. Ronsard was a page and a retired soldier. The learned were mostly professors, and laboured under the accusation of pedantry. Amyot was a servant at college, and studied, like Ramus, by the light of burning charcoal from want of candles; but his translations earned him a mitre as well as renown. Duchatel rose from being reader in a printing-office to be grand almoner of France; and was paid by the king to talk to him during his meals. Other learned men were only too happy to accept printers for patrons, and have recorded with gratitude their dinners with the Plantins, whose proofs they corrected. It is easy to understand that at such a time Montaigne determined to devote himself to letters; and not yet having his philosophical object clearly in view, was at first puzzled what form to adopt. Once he thought of writing the history of his times; but he was not industrious enough to collect the facts, and indisposed by nature to lay out a vast framework. He talked to a friend, probably Pasquier, on the best shape in which to put his desultory thoughts, and was advised to write letters. He would have done so, he says, if he had known to whom to have addressed them. How he came to adopt the form of Essays we shall see in due time.

MONTAIGNE, as we have seen, was thirty-eight years of age when, professing to be weary of the slavery of courts and public employments, he retired to dwell in the mansion of his forefathers,

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and devote himself to study and meditation. We shall presently note that his retirement was neither so absolute nor so prolonged as he expected. He knew the world by experience, and found it to be full of annoyances; but he did not yet know solitude and the painful yearning for variety which visits the soul when too long becalmed in the domestic haven.

The castle of Montaigne, with which the philosopher has, to a certain extent, identified himself and his works, was the place of his meditations, as the court and the world formed the place of his experiences. Curiosity and veneration have made it the goal of pilgrimage. Visitors, few and choice it is true, every year demand admission at its gates, or linger modestly on neighbouring heights. They are not led thither by that passionate fondness, that mysterious and almost sinful affection, which converts into valuable property every place where Rousseau suffered or was eloquent; but by a calm sympathy, an honest admiration of worth.

The valley of the Dordogne, though without any very marked features, is by no means unpleasant to behold. The villages are towards the tops of the uniform hills, or crowd amidst trees at the narrow entrances of valleys. St. Michel de Montaigne, say the biographers, is near Ste. Foi. Properly speaking, it is near to Castillon. In besieging Castillon our great Talbot fell. It was a fortified place in Montaigne's time, when it stood a long siege. At present it is an open, straggling place, suggestive of dreary agricultural and provincial content. The road, for a short time, is the same as that to Ste. Foi; but soon it turns off, and we see the castle on the shoulder of a hill to the right, overlooking the undulating country. The approach to it is circuitous, for the Didoire is not bridged in many places. The road ascends diagonally along a steep, wooded slope, that rises to the terrace in front of the château. Now, as in ancient times, it winds round to the rear, and leads to the semi-fortified entrance, guarded by Montaigne's own tower, at one of the angles of the great court-yard. The principal part of the building, an irregular but picturesque pile, though doubtless nearly in the same state, considered as a mass, as in Montaigne's time, suggests no remark, except that the walls are extremely thick, and the apartments very spacious. The imagination, however, is naturally excited by its aspect; and we remember, not without a certain feeling of sadness and awe, that some of the most celebrated men

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of the sixteenth century came thither full of life and learning, ambition and business, and are now the objects of elaborate research.

Pierre Eyquem, as his son often tells us, was fond of building and made many additions to the château. Perhaps it was he built the great tower called the Tour de Montaigne that overlooks the entrance, and the small tower at the other angle called the Trachère, which tradition, for no reason except its own love of completeness, makes the special habitation of Montaigne's wife. The most interesting traces of old times are to be found in the Tour de Montaigne, which is now no longer inhabited, but preserved as a relic of genius. There are two stories to the tower, which is round and massive like a dungeon, and attached to a square tower, smaller, but of about equal height. On the ground-floor, which Montaigne counts as a story, we find the chapel alluded to in the Essays. There we are shown the altar, and an aperture communicating with a recess on the first floor, where Montaigne, according to local tradition, used sometimes to sit and hear mass; perhaps with a Seneca slyly in his hand, or a night-cap on his head. On the summit of the building may still be seen the little chamber where hung a huge bell, which every day, morning and evening, used to ring the Ave Maria with such violence that the tower itself was "astonished." On the first floor, reached by a winding-staircase, there is a large circular chamber and a small square one, which formed Montaigne's bedroom and dressing-room, when he chose to sleep alone. Above, exactly on the same plan, determined by the shape of the two contiguous towers, are another circular room and another square cabinet. The rafters of this great room, which was Montaigne's library, are quite bare, as they have always been, and covered with inscriptions carefully cut under Montaigne's own direction. Not very long ago a little set of shelves was shown as having contained the philosopher's books, and a table "on which he wrote his Essays." These have been removed, and need not be regretted; for the shelves, at any rate, were apocryphal. Montaigne's books were ranged on shelves attached to the wall in five rows, all round the room.

On the sides of the little square cabinet, which was capable of a fire in winter, still remain the traces of the fresco paintings, which the philosopher himself mentions He tells us that he had a

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painter whose way of working he desired to follow. I observe, he says, that he chooses the clearest and most central part of each wall, in order to place there a completely elaborated picture, whilst the empty spaces around he fills with grotesque or fantastical paintings, whose only grace is variety and strangeness. These elaborated paintings consisted, oddly enough, of a portrait of Eleonore his daughter, and a series of sprightly, or rather erotic scenes; as, for example, Venus surprised by Vulcan with Mars. They have been carefully daubed over by a successor, perhaps by Eleonore's own command, and all we can distinguish is a head here, a leg there, and a few vague flourishes, remnants of the grotesques, the women ending in fish-tails, which Montaigne pretends he succeeded better in imitating in his style than the finished works.

From the three windows, looking out of deep embrasures, in the great circular room, a very extensive view can be obtained over the estate and the distant hills of Perigord. Now, too, as in Montaigne's time, you can see the garden, the farm-yard, the court, and obtain a glimpse into most of the rooms of the house. A fine position for a master! It was in two sides of the square room that Montaigne thought of opening doors to communicate with two terraces; or "proumenoirs," each a hundred feet long and twelve feet wide, which he wished to establish. The walls were already finished, being the great outer wall, and an inner one built for some purpose not known to him; and there was nothing to do but to lay down the flooring. He shrank, however, from the trouble and expense, although often sadly at a loss—in spite of his great room, sixteen paces in diameter—for a place to stretch his legs, and thus relieve his ideas. His thoughts slept if he sat down. All who study without books, he says, are in this predicament. Without books! This is a bold expression for a man to set down in the midst of a well-furnished library. We shall examine presently what he means by it.

Even in the present day Montaigne is quite an out-of-the-way place. There is no town in sight, even on the extreme horizon which everywhere is high, undulating, forested. The remains of the château de Gurson—situated on a hill, which Montaigne often uses as a term of comparison in his Travels—indent the sky towards the north. In his time it was inhabited by a family with

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which he was on constant terms of intercourse—the family of the Gaston de Foix, Marquis de Trans, whom I have already mentioned. Around, as now, amidst the meadows and fields, were a few villages or hamlets, the residence of the peasantry. Society was rare; merely depending on chance. Montaigne, who owes so much to reading, pretends that when he wished to write he kept as far as possible from the company and memory of books, "lest they should interfere with his *form;*" and even ventures to say, that it was in search of this kind of originality, so narrow and valueless, that he chose to write at home, in a savage country, where there was no one to help or correct him; where, as a rule, he frequented no one who understood the Latin of his Pater Noster; where French was even less known than Latin. As we shall see, however, Montaigne greatly exaggerates his isolation. We know his library; and know, too, that learned strangers were constantly winding up towards the château in quest of hospitality. And we know that Montaigne, despite the society that came to him, sallied forth from time to time to see how the world went, and returned with new stores of experience.

Still, the Essays bear many marks of having been written by a country gentleman. The murmur from the farm-yard sometimes resounds through Montaigne's sentences; and breezes from orchard, and hill, and valley, fan our cheeks as we flutter his leaves. He is no minute describer; he does not paint the roughnesses of tree bark or count the veins of a leaf; but the masses around cast impressions into his mind which he reproduces. "When I dance, I dance," says he; explaining how each pursuit absorbed him in its turn. "When I slumber, I slumber; and when I stroll alone beneath the branches of a fair orchard, if I allow my thoughts to commune awhile with things remote and foreign, some other while I recall them to my stroll, to the orchard, to the sweetness of the solitude, and to myself." This fair orchard belonged to him and still exists behind the château, gently spread on the eastern slope of the hill. All his illustrations of a similar kind seem gathered under the shadow of his castle, on the day he uses them. They are like fresh-picked flowers, which have not yet felt the warmth of the bosom on which they glow. He finds them in every corner of the valley: "We do not advance in this life, we are carried along, like trifles floating on a stream; now lapsing gently, now hurrying rapidly, as the water is lively or slow."

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La Boëtie had already humorously described a dog with a stick tied to his tail by village urchins. Montaigne has many of this class of observations. "It is a pastime to mothers," he notes, on returning from one of his villages, "to see a child wring the neck of a pullet, and eagerly attempt to wound a dog or a cat." Singularly enough, he was fond of hunting; yet his heart was touched by the sobbing of the hare in its agony when torn by the dogs, and he could never help feeling for the hunted deer. If he took an animal alive he restored it to liberty, like Pythagoras.

Most readers will remember a curious accident that happened to Rousseau, who, having been overthrown by a dog, took occasion thereon to found one of his most agreeable reveries. In his manner of relating the circumstance, he evidently imitates Montaigne; who has left a detailed account of a similar accident which befell him in the neighbourhood of his own castle. It was during the second or third troubles—he did not remember which. Feeling inclined to walk out, although in the very centre of the most disturbed districts of the kingdom, he ventured to the distance of a league. As he did not intend to wander far, or expect to have to ride for safety, he took with him a very easy-going, but not very steady horse, which one of his people led. Having finished his walk, he got into the saddle, and was jogging back in a leisurely manner, when suddenly one of his servants, a tall strong fellow, mounted on a powerful bay with a desperate mouth, fresh and vigorous, began to show off and gallop ahead of his companions. He so contrived as to follow Montaigne's path exactly, and came thundering like a Colossus "on the little man and the little horse." Down they both went, heels uppermost. Montaigne was thrown a dozen paces off on his back, his face wounded and torn, his sword dragged off, his girdle in tatters, without movement or consciousness more than the stump of a tree. The people with him tried in vain to bring him to himself, and then fancying he was dead, took him in their arms to carry him towards his house. On the road, after having been thought dead for two hours, he moved and breathed, and being set on foot brought up, as it were, a pail full of blood. He describes most minutely and admirably his return to sensation and thought. He was dead, and came to life again. When he began to see, his sight was so troubled, so feeble, that he could distinguish nothing but light—no object. The functions of the soul reawakened in the same progressive manner as

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those of the body. He saw that he was bloody, and his first thought was, that he had been shot by an arquebuss in the head; and it was true that he had heard several shots fired, not far off, as he fell. It seemed to him that life was fluttering on his lips. He says, that he shut his eyes to help it to go, and felt pleasure in giving way. The willingness to die floated superficially in his mind, like all other imaginations; but his feelings were not unpleasant, rather sweet than otherwise, like those who are sinking into sleep. This must be the sensation, he believed, of those who faint at the approach of death, whom we probably pity without reason, thinking them to be suffering from pain, or troubled with painful cogitations. "It has always been my opinion," he continues, "against that of many, and even of Estienne de la Boëtie, that those whom we see thus stupefied at the approach of death, though they may sigh and groan, are, in reality as it were, without feeling. If it were not so, I can imagine no state more insupportable or horrible than this,—to have the mind alive and afflicted, and no means of complaint."

On drawing near the château, Montaigne's wife and family, to whom report of the accident had been carried, hastened out with the cries customary on such occasions. Not only did he answer something when they spoke to him, but even thought of ordering a horse to be given to his wife, whom he saw stumbling in the steep road. But he was not yet exactly conscious. He did not know whence he came, whither he was going, or what had happened. He saw his house without recognizing it. When they put him to bed he felt infinite delight, for he had been terribly pulled about by the people who had taken the trouble to carry him in their arms by a very long and bad road, which tired several parties of them one after the other. All medicines offered him he refused, for he believed he had received a mortal wound in the head. According to his account, he was so near death and suffered so little, that he wished he had gone then. Two or three hours afterwards he woke back to complete life with pain; and suffered dreadfully for some nights. He never quite recovered from the shock. He notes, as curious, that the last thing he conceived clearly was how and when the accident happened. They tried to conceal what had caused it, in order to save the awkward servant from his anger; but on the second day he suddenly saw a vision, which flashed on him like lightning, of the man riding

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down upon him so rapidly, that not only had he no time to move out of the way, but not even to be afraid.

We see by these instances that the manuscript of the Essays, or even a printed copy, was always lying open on his table, and served him as a sort of journal, in which he jotted down, without dates, such curious things as he observed, and which happened to bear more or less on a subject he was treating, or had treated.

MONTAIGNE is looking at himself in the glass, and dictating what he observes, or thinks he observes. Perhaps his secretary is dozing over the desk in a corner, unconscious of the value of the words he is waiting to set down; and wondering whether there may not be a brighter and more profitable way of life than blackening paper with the twaddle of this egotistical master. We need not join him in his criticisms; for so far we have only to use the Essays as storehouses of fact, mere reports, in which we must allow, on some unvarying principle, for the bias of the reporter.

Montaigne was under the middle size, and considered his diminutiveness not only ugly, but inconvenient for one obliged to fill offices of dignity. In form he was sturdy, and even squat. His face, though not fat, was full; his complexion "varied between the jovial and the melancholy—was moderately sanguine and warm." Up to forty, that is, during his active life, he was of excellent health, having rarely been afflicted with maladies; but at forty, "when he began to be old," perhaps partly in consequence of the sudden change in his mode of life, he was no longer more than half himself. He had never been proficient in bodily exercises, except in running, in which he was tolerable. He had tried to improve in this exercise by adopting a bandage round the body, but found it of no use. In dancing, tennis, wrestling, he was but very moderately successful; and he could never learn to swim, to fence, or to leap, all which formed part of the military education of his time. His walk was rapid and firm. All these little communications suggest the picture of a quiet country gentleman, who would rather handle a book than a sword; and yet was fond of strolling and riding about, and might often be required to use his heels or his fist to save himself.

Montaigne, following the example of his father, always dressed in plain white or black, in opposition to the gaudy costume of his time. He liked to be tightly buttoned and braced up, yet pre-

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tends to consider dress a mere luxury that might be dispensed with. No gentleman, he says, should dress well at home. Nothing displeased him so much at the court as its absurd costume, which was imitated by the rest of France,—the ugly hose, ugly and indelicate; the huge *pourpoint*, swelling out the body and concealing its natural shape; the long, effeminate tresses worn in front, whilst the back of the head was cropped according to a fashion just introduced.

It is amusing to notice how peevishly Montaigne speaks of the decrease of the natural heat of his body as he grew older; and how triumphantly he announces that as to his legs, he covered them still at a late period of life with a simple silk stocking. It was true that, on account of his colds, he had consented to clothe his head and body more carefully. He had passed, by many degrees, from a simple cap to a double hat. The padding of his *pourpoint* at last only served to give him a shape; he was obliged for warmth to add the skin of a hare or of a vulture. "If I go on like this, what shall I come to?" he says. "I am determined I won't do any more. If I dared, I would retract the concessions already made." But he was obliged to persevere, especially as he could not comfortably support the heat of a fire.

All this is very characteristic and amusing. Indeed, as I arrange these little confessions—these puerilities, if you will—I begin to see the man, despite the interval of time that separates me from him. I see him fussy, hypochondriacal, pedantic, and good-humoured; and can understand why students who have pored long over the Essays, without much caring for the period at which they were written, and which they reflect as a mirror with a thousand facets, should be somewhat indignant when proofs are brought forward that Montaigne was a courtier, a diplomatist, and a soldier.

The fastidious writers of the seventeenth century, who rarely reached to Montaigne's waist, are very angry with his revelations. It is perfectly indifferent to them that the philosopher was fond of perfumes, and wore a *collet de fleurs*, or scented collar, even though he derives from his own experience curious observations on the dulling of the senses by habit. It is not, however, for his "improvements" that relishers of Montaigne are pleased with these confessions. They like them, because in an infinitely delicate way they paint the man; or rather, in him exhibit our-

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selves in our fondest Narcissus moods, admiring and loving ourselves, and carefully passing, as it were, a microscope, fitted to discover beauties, not blemishes, over our whole being. Montaigne loved good smells, and hated beyond measure evil ones. This is not the point. But the man comes completely before us, when he goes on to analyze and note all the circumstances dependent on his partiality. He likes simple and natural odours best. But odours of all kinds have a particular aptitude for clinging to him. It is astonishing how his skin absorbs them, and how, his moustaches being particularly large, they hang about them, so that if he puts up his gloves or handkerchief, all saturated with perfume, they preserve the smell throughout the day! These self-same moustaches, with their perfume-collecting qualities, were very tell-tales. They betrayed where he had been; and the close kisses of youth, sweet, eager, and adhesive, used to cling to them, and hover there for hours after! Is this mere twaddle? Or do we not feel drawn by sympathy towards this old philosopher, sitting up in his tower, and allowing his thoughts to meander backwards towards such tender moments, leaning his brow against his window-panes, with the shadows of past times flitting athwart his mind? Who will not subscribe, likewise, to his observation, that incense, wafted in silvery clouds through the dim religious light of cathedrals, rejoices the soul, awakens and purifies the senses, and renders us more fit for contemplation and prayer? Montaigne gives as a reason for liking less to live in Paris than he should otherwise have done,—the disagreeable smell of its mud.

It is in this tone that he tells us all about his personal habits, his prejudices, and his antipathies. He talks of people who affected to fear the smell of apples more than the detonation of an arquebuse, to be terrified at a mouse, to be ill at the sight of cream; he had cured himself of all these things, except an aversion to beer. Nothing concerning him does he think unworthy of being set down. He often felt inclined to abuse himself aloud; was awkward in many things; could not play music, nor sing; could scarcely dance, or fold a letter, or mend a pen, or carve meat, or saddle a horse. He could not remember his dreams; feared dew, but liked rain like ducks; was irritated if a slipper went wrong, or the thong of his saddle; liked to rest with his legs in the air, and was fond of scratching his ears!

Montaigne gives us the most minute account of his taste in

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cookery, which he calls "the science of the gullet." He liked fish, and observes that that aliment had always enjoyed the especial privilege of being attended to, and even cooked, by great people. He liked salt-meat, but would not allow salt to be put in his bread; which was baked, of course, at home. He liked meat underdone, but not hard. In wine he was very particular, and talks so much about it that he sometimes produces the impression that he must have been a bibber. Yet not so. He drank usually about three demi-setiers at a meal, but put a third, or half water. In imitation of his father, who had been ordered to this by his doctor, he had his wine mixed by his butler two or three hours before the repast.

Sometimes he has a fancy for red wine, sometimes for white. "What the deuce is that to us?" cries his friend Dupuy indignantly. Yet readers nowadays are not offended by these confessions, however much some may be by their critic. Montaigne knew a man who seldom drank anything, and when he was ill himself he disliked wine.

Montaigne says he was hungry only at table—uses the phrase *l'appétit vient en mangeant;* came to table some time after the others, because he did not like to sit long, and was averse to seeing many dishes on the table, thinking a crowd of dishes as bad as any other crowd; ate hastily, and often bit his tongue and his fingers. These are specimens of the minutiæ to which he descends; but it is useless to catalogue them all; for who would not rather read them in the Essays?

MONTAIGNE has been so copious in revelations as to his character, that we are at first sight inclined to believe that no man can be better known. This is not so. No man has been appreciated more differently. I have never read a character of him, however eloquently and copiously written, which did not leave an impression of incompleteness, as if the writer had indeed looked at him from one, two, many points of view, but had neglected some of the most essential. There is also a vagueness, a generality, in the qualities attributed to him, which arises from the fact that Montaigne, even when he uses the first person most perseveringly, oftener describes Man than his own individual character; yet his own statements are generally taken as the colours with which to paint, without any allowance for the errors necessarily incident to

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observations of self—errors, the amount of which a moralist should be able to establish with some precision.

It will be curious to collect the chief admissions, confessions, or boasts, that Montaigne makes about himself, in order to see how far they go to make a portrait. At the outset he te ls us that he was marvellously inclined to mercy and mansuetude; and the humane tone of all his writings assures us that he did not take credit where credit was not due. He writes against torture in an age when men were a prey to a sort of furious panic, produced by the discovery that they had been living in a fabric, all the foundations of which were not solid as a rock—that some of the chambers in which their souls were wont to take refuge were domed with vapour instead of marble, and that there was a heaven dimly blue and fearfully vast beyond. During this period of delusion the people, accustomed by the schools to divide men and things, and class them under names, against the definitions of which there was no appeal, seem really to have believed that to be called Albigeois, Atheist, Free-Thinker, Huguenot, Protestant, or Reformer, was equivalent to a sort of transubstantiation, according to which human flesh, that appeals to our love, becomes demon's flesh, to be lacerated and mangled at pleasure. It required great natural tenderness—the same feeling that made Montaigne, amidst brutal sportsmen, be touched by the sobbing of the hare in its agony, torn by the dogs, and feel like Jaques for the hunted deer, and suffer at seeing a pullet killed—to allow the idea that torture might be a sin to penetrate his mind in that violent time. He considered cruelty "the extreme of all vices," and says that public executions, however just they may be, he could never look firmly at. But we must remember with all this, if we would understand Montaigne and his time, that he was for many years member of a Parliament which had much innocent blood on its head, that he was a friend of the Guises and of the blood-stained Montluc, and always spoke with reverence and affection of those who carried out the Saint Bartholomew.

Montaigne informs us that he was exempt from sadness; but this was when in the prime of life, having as yet scarcely learned what illness or pain was, he was beginning to speculate in a high stoical tone. As we go on, melancholy strains gradually mingle with his triumphant music. In the third book we miss more and more the liveliness of the earlier Essays. He begins to complain

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painfully, hungers after variety, seems to grow querulous. Then a cheerful gleam breaks in: "One of my teeth has just given way," says he, "without pain, without effort. That was the natural term of its duration. God is merciful to those from whom he takes life by little parcels. The last death will be less disagreeable."

He was not subject to violent passions, and laboured to deaden what he had by reason—rarely or never wept, though he felt sometimes inclined to, not from sorrow, but imitation; yet, as we have seen, he was capable of being carried away by indignation, even in matters for which he pretended to have a contempt. In his household he was often heard to storm and scold, but his anger was easily appeased. Injuries left little impression on him. I think he was even too prone to forgive injuries against right and humanity. The ballast of his character seems to have been a kind of constitutional temperance. But he admits that he yielded to certain vices, whilst others he avoided as if he were a saint. He compounded for sins he was inclined to, not by damning, but by avoiding others. He was not revengeful, not resentful; inherited hatred of lying from his father; was not proud, though a little inclined to that vice from temperament; was not cruel, treacherous, a thief, or a drunkard; had never afflicted or ruined any one; nor exercised vengeance, nor been guilty of envy, nor publicly offended the laws, nor introduced novelty or trouble, nor broken his word; had never laid his hand on the goods or the purse of any Frenchman, either in war or peace, and had never failed to pay for services rendered; but he was somewhat rough, inclined to disdain politeness; indifferent to others not immediately attached to him by friendship, so as not to care even to open their letters; rather irresolute, a characteristic exhibited in his writings; inclined in his youth to debauchery, of which he cured himself in middle life, but relapsed towards it in inclination as he grew older. "I admire," he says, in his off-hand, impudent way, "the chastity of the Feuillans and Capuchins, just because they are different from me." In that age, for a gentleman to speak otherwise would have been looked upon as hypocrisy. As has been already remarked, Montaigne accuses himself only of those faults which few are offended at having revealed, and attributes to himself all the virtues which make a man honourable and respectable. His opinions on morals were early settled and fixed

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In consequence of this, he says,—setting aside certain temporary yieldings to great passions,—his course of life and his actions were uniform, and he therefore deemed he had little to repent. He would rather have been an angel or a Cato, but he cannot repent that he was not. His own conscience he thought sufficient arbiter of his own actions; to be just in one's own breast he deemed the highest degree of virtue—the next degree was to be just in one's own house. He evidently, despite the liberty he arrogated to himself, felt galled at times by the bonds of society. He would have accommodated himself easily to the careless life of savage nations, and every now and then shows a yearning for the new kind of existence which his friend had once pointed out to him. *His* heart, too, leaped towards Utopia in desponding moods! But anon we find him regretting the bustling life of court, and persuading himself that he was born to shine there. This is no contradiction. As he somewhere says: "If I speak diversely of myself, it is that I look diversely at myself." On the whole, perhaps, he was right when he said that his manners were far less intemperate than his speculations; his moderation in one licensed him, as it were, to be less fastidious in the other. When he did exceed the limits of what he considered propriety, it was far less than most people; and he judged more severely of his own actions than of those of others.

But, after all, descriptions of character are always unsatisfactory. However temperately written, with due sacrifice of antithesis, they ever produce the impression of a jumble or chaos—unless conceived in a tone of panegyric or vituperation, in which case they are worthless. The reason, of course, is in the irregularity and inconsistency of human nature; and the impossibility, in so vast and varying a subject as man, of seizing all gradations. In the most elaborately written portraits of St. Simon we have to proceed by breakneck leaps, as it were, and are frequently surprised to find ourselves now on a pinnacle, now in an abyss. Montaigne's character was more complete than that of most men, and more uniform. His was a sort of Mediterranean mind, with weak tides. There have been minds of vaster expanse, whose energies seem now to huddle down in the centre, like the ocean now to brim up to overflowing. He was more equable and constant, and almost deserved the title of a philosopher. But his character will be best understood from the Essays, if we notice

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less what he says of himself and more the tone in which he says it. We have but to read and the impression of worth will gradually be made, even if criticism discovers many faults and shortcomings. As to Montaigne's Egotism, it was of a peculiar sort. He loved himself, but felt kindly towards the world. I have no doubt he often did good, because doing good is an enjoyment. Ordinary selfishness repels; but the selfishness of Montaigne seems to make him more amiable. There is something feminine about it; but, more than this, we feel it to be a flattered portrait, that will bear public exhibition, of our own cruel indifference to the wants and sufferings of our fellow-creatures.

MIDDLE-AGE literature is filled with an almost unanimous condemnation of the character of women. But the world got tired at last of the monotony of this complaint, and reverted to romance. The satirical attack, at any rate, was suspended for many years. But at last the wrath of Genius turned again in its former direction; and not long before Montaigne sat down to write the war had recommenced against that inconstant sex. He was quite in the spirit of his times, therefore, when he spread through his Essays a number of the sharpest sayings he could invent or remember against women. I have already separated from these sayings what seemed to me allusions to Montaigne's own experiences of love. We have seen how he married; and it is not serious to talk of "the violence done to his inclinations." But there is really no ground for supposing that in any way Françoise de la Chassagne was the plague of Montaigne's life. In the Essays, it is true, there are allusions to scenes of domestic wrath; but these will astonish no one who has seen the interior of any family. "I have known hundreds of women—and Gascony is famous for such examples—whom you could have sooner forced to bite at red-hot iron than made give up an opinion conceived in anger; and I quite believe the story of the woman who, when she called her husband 'lousy,' and was ducked in the pond on that account, after having lost all power of speech, being brought to the surface made the sign of scratching her head in order to show that she did not mean to give in. . . . Those who have had to treat with obstinate women must have noticed into what fury they fly when silence and coldness are opposed to their agitation, and when we disdain to feed their anger." These allusions we know

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to have been derived from home experience, for a note has been found written in Montaigne's own handwriting, admitting that for once he has based an Essay on his wife; "an excellent virtuous woman," he says, "but who will not always listen to my advice. The sin is committed, God forgive it to me!" Those who derive inferences from such facts to prove that Montaigne was unhappy with Françoise, must have a singularly exalted idea of the person he might have married. What woman would have furnished an observer of his character with fewer caustic remarks?

I conceive, then, that all that has been said about Montaigne's *ennui* in his home is ill-founded—at least, if we make Françoise responsible for it. It was after six years of experience of marriage that he determined to shut himself up in his château, with this "frequent storm if not continual tempest of his life." If, after some ten years of solitude, he again felt an inclination to "rub his brain against other brains," if he became morose, discontented, uneasy, we can find ample reason for all this in the approach of old age, in the attacks of disease, in the uncertainty to which his speculations had brought him, the contrast of the stoical maxims he was so fond of parading with his own pettinesses and puerilities; in a word, in the approach of death, for which a man with his temperament, without religion, vainly endeavours to prepare himself. Half the attacks on women which his book contains were aimed in various directions, not all point-blank across the court at Françoise.

By his wife Montaigne had several children, but only one of them passed the period of infancy. He says somewhere "I have lost two or three children at nurse, if not without regret, at least, without repining; yet there is scarcely any accident that touches men more to the quick." The expression, "two or three," seems to one critic "odious;" but there is really nothing odious in it. Montaigne is stimulating himself to face the disasters of life. Among these is the loss of children; and, grateful for the one left him, he does not shrink from admitting or boasting that he had been deprived of two or three very young children without any great despair. Whilst defending Montaigne from the absurd charge of barbarity, it would leave a very incomplete conception of his character if we omitted to notice that he expressly disclaims all share in that mysterious affection, that yearning of parent for child

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which seems to be the real link of the great chain of humanity. Although he had little of real parental love, he was just the man to be accessible to the influence of qualities by which children, as they grow up, "render themselves amiable." He gradually became fond of Léonore, as he might have grown fond of the amiable child of any other person,—just as he became fond of the Demoiselle de Gournay, whom he adopted as a sort of intellectual daughter in his after-life. Like Henry the Fourth, he always made her call him papa; and he often patiently sat and listened to her reading to her governess, when she was of a marriageable age."

The occasion on which he mentions this is characteristic. He is complaining that women are brought up to think only of love from their very childhood; their grace, their decking out, their science, their conversation,—all their instruction, has that only in view. Their governesses make no other impression on them, even by continually warning them against it. "My daughter, my only child, is of a marriageable age; but she is of a tardy complexion, slight and soft, and has been brought up by her mother in a very private and reserved way, so that she is only just beginning to lose the naïveté of childhood. She was reading the other day a French book before me: a word capable of a coarse, double meaning, occurred; her governess instantly stopped her short, rather roughly, and made her skip the passage. I let her alone, not to interfere with their rules, for I don't meddle in that business. Feminine police works in a mysterious way, which we must let alone; but I am very much mistaken if intercourse with twenty lackeys would have been able to impress upon the girl's fancy in six months the intelligence, the use, and all the consequences of the sound of those rascally syllables so completely as did this good old woman by her reprimand and her interdiction!"

Montaigne professes not only not to regret that he had but one child, but denies that he possessed the common tie which is said to bind men to the future by the children which bear their name and their honour. To be without offspring seemed to him no defect; yet elsewhere he expresses himself desirous to find a son-in-law who would take care of his affairs and relieve him of their weight. "But we live," he adds, "in a world where loyalty in one's own children even is unknown." We find that he at last met with a son-in-law to suit him.

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MONTAIGNE entered late in life on the management of a household, and evidently had little real delight in it, though his love of order made him interfere. "I wish," he says, "that instead of some other piece of his succession my father had left me that passionate love which, in his old age, he had for household affairs." As for himself, during the eighteen years he had been the head of a house, he had never had courage to examine the title-deeds of his estate. His father had prognosticated that he would ruin his fortune, being too fond of wandering; but, in spite of his easy mode of proceeding, he had rather improved it than otherwise. The fact is, that during the first few years that he was the master of his fortune, he seems to have developed in himself, like Alfieri, a sort of artificial avarice. Afterwards he became much easier and looser in his money transactions.

Montaigne employed about a hundred men upon his estate; and his household seems to have been numerous for a mere country gentleman. In one place he says he could not remember their names, but only those of their offices. His character is developed in his account of the rules he observed in choosing his servants. His choice fell, he says, not on the chaste valet, or on the cook that did not swear, but on the diligent valet and the clever cook. He used to fly into a passion with his people, halloo at them, and call them "calves;" but his anger soon passed. His wrath was oftener roused, pedant that he was, by the bad reasons than by the bad actions of his household. That he was not a comfortable master, is proved by the admission that he knew many servants who would rather beg their bread than serve him. He makes the observation which was, no doubt, the origin of Catinat's bon-mot: "Few men have been admired by their valets-de-chambre."

As the whole valley of the Dordogne was studded with mansions such as Montaigne's, with here and there a vast château belonging to the great lords of the country, he had many neighbours of his own rank in life. His most frequent relations seem to have been with the château De Gurson, belonging to Gaston de Foix, Marquis de Trans, which rises upon a hill in sight of his house to the north. The Essay on the education of children is dedicated to the daughter-in-law of the Marquis, Madame Diane de Foix, Comtesse de Gurson. In his Essay, he tells us this Diana was of a lettered race; for there existed books by the ancient Counts of

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Foix; and François de Candale, her uncle, was still distinguishing himself as a writer. This De Candale was the great patron of science and literature in Guienne. He possessed many châteaux on the banks of the Garonne, and in one of them had laboratories, workshops, and forges set up, in order to indulge his taste for mechanics. We have already seen that Montaigne dedicated one of La Boëtie's works to another member of this great family, Paul de Foix. He moved, indeed, as a gentleman remarkable for learning and talent, and well-looked upon at court, in the highest society in the province.

To enumerate all Montaigne's distinguished friends would, however, be to enumerate the most distinguished persons of the day. Montaigne was constantly visited by learned and literary men in their voyages in Guienne, and received them as hospitably as his character would allow. On one occasion he deliberately omitted the compliment of riding out on the road to meet his guests; and this seems to have given great offence. He retired to his tower and wrote an Essay against the ceremonial part of politeness. He was never a great favourite with the learned class of his time, who did not like the airs of gentility he gave himself. Scaliger called him "a bold ignoramus," and said impertinent things about him. Tradition explains this by the compliments Montaigne paid to Lipsius, whom he called the most learned man that remained after the death of Turnebus. Lipsius, in return, though usually despising the French writers, called Montaigne the French Thales. Scaliger, a neighbour of Montaigne's, whose father had admired the verses of La Boëtie, may have been hurt by so misplaced a compliment; but it is more likely that his ire was roused by the affectation of contempt with which Montaigne spoke of the learned class of his day, whom he describes as issuing greasy, filthy, and *morveux*, from a garret where they had not been searching how to make themselves better and wiser, but seeking to discover the measure of the verses of Plautus, or the true orthography of a Latin word—that is, labouring to render study more easy for Montaigne and other ungrateful fine gentlemen.

Although Montaigne had many noblemen and gentlemen among his neighbours, we must not suppose that he was, therefore, wrong in saying that he had little intellectual intercourse. The nobles of his day were almost all ignorant; and it was, indeed, considered so essential to the sword to be ignorant, that Montaigne through-

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out his book, even when he most eloquently insists on education, affects a sort of gentlemanly contempt for learning. He must have been always rather out of place among the rustics and squires of his neighbourhood whose chief subject of talk was genealogy. He tells us he was not fitted, like some of his friends, to entertain the ears of princes with chat, or a company with tales; but in animated conversation he produced a powerful effect. Malebranche complains of the contagious influence of his imagination. This was, no doubt, observable as much in his conversation as it is in his writings. He spoke loud and in an eager manner when interested, otherwise he was cold and reserved. He rather made speeches than conversed. He ridiculed the learned language usually employed in conversation, even by women, whom he recommends to eschew it. When he argued he was obstinate and persevering, but he was also full of anecdote and advice, and sentences and sayings. He lays a great deal of stress on his method of argumentation, and, whatever he may say to the contrary, must have been not only a good talker, but a great talker, and, no doubt, had a reputation as such.

In describing the present state of Montaigne's château, I have sketched the great tower overlooking the entrance to the court-yard, which he reserved entirely for his own use, and which was the chief scene of his meditations, his studies, and his writings. We shall acquire a new insight into Montaigne's character, and better understand the Essays, by penetrating once more into the upper story of his tower, and taking a more accurate view of its contents. We already know its plan and present state. In Montaigne's time it was, no doubt, well furnished, according to the fashion of the day. On the rafters were carefully inscribed in black letters verses from the Bible, with Greek and Latin sentences. In Greek there were written the following maxims:—

"*It is not so much things that torment man, as the opinions that he has of things.*" "*Every reasoning has its contrary.*" "*Wind swells bladders; opinion swells men.*"

The Latin inscriptions are:—

"*Mud and ashes, what have you to be proud of?*" "*Our understanding wanders blind amidst darkness, and cannot seize on truth.*' In large letters on the central rafter is seen this device: "I DO NOT UNDERSTAND. I PAUSE. I EXAMINE." But the chief or-

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naments of this chamber were the books. The nucleus of the collection was the library of La Boëtie, which he left by will to his friend. Montaigne tells us somewhere that he possessed above a thousand volumes—a great many for those days of folios; and elsewhere, returning to the charge, he says, "My library is one of the finest in any village."

"The form of the room"—he goes on—"is circular, and the only straight piece of wall is where I place my table and my chair. As I sit I can take in at one glance round the curve all my books, ranged on shelves, five ranges one above the other. Three windows give me three wide and rich views over the country. The room is sixteen paces in diameter. In winter I am less continually there, for my house is perched on a hill, as its name imports, and none of its rooms is so exposed to the wind as this one. Yet it pleases me because it is somewhat difficult of access, and retired, as much on account of the utility of the exercise, as because I there avoid the crowd. Here is my seat, my place, my rest. I try to make it purely my own, and to free this single corner from conjugal, filial, and civil community. Elsewhere I have but a verbal authority, merely essential and confused. Wretched is he, who in his own home has really no home of his own, where he can pay court to himself and hide himself when he pleases! Ambition must recompense its followers well to induce them to remain ever in view, like the statue in a market-place. *Magna servitus est magna fortuna!* They have not even their wardrobe for retreat. Verily, I would rather be ever alone than never alone."

We must observe, however, that when Montaigne retired to his library, he was not always necessarily alone. "I turn over the leaves now of one book," he says, "now of another, without order or design, disconnectedly. Sometimes I meditate, sometimes I sit down, or dictate as I walk about these dreams" (his Essays). Montaigne employed one of his servants as secretary. It is difficult, however, to understand how any part of the Essays could have been dictated. They are so personal! Elsewhere Montaigne says, that though he wrote an insupportably bad hand, he preferred writing his private letters to dictating them.

Montaigne made it, as it were, a business to think at his castle. He was ever on the look-out for ideas and images. A thought would suddenly strike him in the family part of his house, and he would often, not having his tablets at hand, hurry across the court

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and climb his tower, in order to set it down. Experience, however, had taught him that the thought might be lost on the way, whisked out of sight, by some sudden gust of sensation; so he used to take care before setting out to tell it to his wife, his daughter, or anybody else who might happen to be at hand. Imagine a gaping servant-girl of Perigord being intrusted with such valuable deposits! What an amusing revelation is there in all this of Montaigne in his literary character—Montaigne the maker of books. His Essays were never out of his mind! He seems ever to have been employed in meditating and carefully inscribing his thoughts in his brain, so that his manner of speaking to others was constrained, dry, and brief. He hastened back, as it were, to his own thoughts, for fear he should lose sight of them.

Montaigne sometimes passed the night in his tower, sleeping in the room on the first floor just under his library. He mentions that he was often annoyed as he wrote by the falling of slates, and says that he would feel less the fall of a tower absent. We can imagine him awakening from his philosophical speculations, laying down his pen, throwing away a half-finished Essay, and beginning to fret and fume about the dilapidated state of his house, calculating the cost of repairs, cursing the expense, and regretting that he had not inherited the constructive mania of his father. Perhaps, for a day after, he would be in a state of nervous excitement; as when the bridle of his horse got out of order, or a small strap flapped insolently against his leg. Another time the chimney would smoke, or a drain stink, in spite of the care he had taken to have them set to rights as soon as he became master of Montaigne. At other times, the horrible howlings of a tempest made him shiver with terror at the idea of being exposed out in the country. He evidently kept his imagination in an excited state, the peculiar advantages of which none perhaps but a literary man can appreciate.

We have not got a complete list of all the thousand volumes which filled Montaigne's shelves. If we had, the collection would probably appear strange enough. But we must remember, in order to understand his choice and his preferences, that, with the exception of Italy, no country, whatever antiquarians and enthusiasts may say, had produced what could be called a literature in modern times. At any rate, the masterpieces of France, England, and Germany, existing in 1571, when Montaigne retired to

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his tower, may be counted on the fingers of one hand:—Rabelais, Calvin, Luther, Sir Thomas More, Chaucer. What more? How few of the names which come trippingly to the tongue when we talk of the genius of modern times! The joints of the printing-press had indeed, so to speak, only just begun to move easily. In the sixteenth century, printing, instead of being merely a trade, was so new and wonderful as to be considered a learned and most responsible profession. Some of the ablest minds attended to it. The "Great Turnebus," and the Estiennes of illustrious origin, took to it with enthusiasm.

It is probable that Montaigne bought almost all the good editions of classical works that appeared. He was an indefatigable reader or rather skimmer through of books. We are accustomed to hear him spoken of, on the hint given by himself, as a compiler from Plutarch and Seneca—an improver on their maxims; but he ransacked all classical literature for gems of thought, and generally used them in so new and startling a manner, that the original owners would no more have thought of claiming them than so many separate words. In Montaigne they become words of vast extent and complete meaning, in which he clothes his speculations. In his first book alone there are quotations from above sixty Greek and Latin writers. Sometimes mere quotations are concealed in the text, though they may be discovered, as Montaigne too modestly says, by any one of judgment, as "flowers too rich for such a field." To the general reader he offers them as traps, or rather as checks "on the temerity of those hasty judgments which are passed on all sorts of writings, especially of living persons who use the vernacular." He warns people that they may give a fillip to Plutarch on Montaigne's nose; and in that time, to speak ill of an ancient was almost sacrilege; at any rate, great ingratitude; for the ancients had taught them all they knew, waked them up, set them on their feet, and prepared them for fresh discoveries. As for order, Montaigne pretends to have none. Chance decides the arrangement of his ideas; they sometimes come in crowds, sometimes one by one. As they come, he sets them down. For his object is to paint himself under his various aspects; and he is too tender of his reputation to endeavour, like some more modern Essayists, always to be epigrammatic and startling.

In reading books, Montaigne says that if he met any difficulty

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he did not bite his nails over it, but after one or two attempts passed on. If one book wearied him, he threw it aside. He never obstinately fixed his attention when it was disposed to wander. He only read at hours when the weariness of doing nothing seized him. "I rarely use modern books," he says, "because the ancients seem to me fuller and loftier; nor Greek books, because I never sufficiently mastered the language." His principal reading, then, was of Latin, and of some few translations of the best Greeks. His dear Plutarch he principally read in Amyot; and it is curious to notice that the date of the publication of the "Moral Works," (1572,) from which he chiefly drew, coincided almost exactly with the commencement of the Essays. "The books I chiefly use to form my opinions," he says, "are Plutarch, since he has become French, and Seneca." Both these moralists had that notable convenience for him, that they wrote in a broken manner, and did not require any obstinate reading. The "Opuscules" of Plutarch, and the "Epistles" of Seneca, he considered the finest and most profitable part of their writings. Their instruction is the cream of philosophy, and is presented in a simple and pertinent fashion. Plutarch is more uniform and constant; Seneca more undulating and diverse. This one troubles himself, and makes violent efforts, to arm virtue against weakness, fear, and the vicious appetites. The other seems not to estimate the danger so greatly, and disdains to hurry his step and take up a posture of defence. Plutarch has Platonic opinions, gentle and accommodated to Civil Society; the other has Stoical and Epicurean opinions, further removed from common use, but in Montaigne's opinion more adapted to private use, and firmer. "It appears in Seneca, that he gives way a little to the tyranny of the emperors of his time, (for I hold it as certain that it was by a forced judgment that he condemned the cause of those generous murderers of Cæsar,) whilst Plutarch is free everywhere. Seneca is full of points and sallies; Plutarch of things. The former warms us and moves us more; the latter gives more content, and repays us best. He leads, whilst the other pushes." Elsewhere Montaigne says that his Essays are built up with the spoils of Plutarch and Seneca. Never was author so scrupulous in acknowledging his general obligations to others as Montaigne. Indeed, he far exaggerates them. He rarely, however, gives references, and sometimes melts extracts so completely into his own speculations that we are not aware they

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are not original. Writers have been accused of plagiarizing the Essays, who have merely imitated the ancients.

Cicero's philosophic works pleased Montaigne best, but he was bold enough to say—and in that age of classical superstition this was bold indeed—"Cicero's style of writing seems to me tiresome; his matter is stifled by his long rhetorical preparations. I know what death and volupty are, and do not want him to anatomize them. What I want is reasons by which I may sustain their attack. What is the use of crying 'Oyez, Oyez,' fifty times, like our heralds?" Even Plato's "Dialogues," to Montaigne, who could not appreciate their Attic style, and was always impatient, looking only, as it were, for the facts of philosophy, appeared very wearisome. We need not be surprised, therefore, that the preparatory flourishes of the Roman orator were unpleasant. The letters to Atticus being, to a certain extent, biographical, were agreeable to Montaigne, "who had a singular curiosity to know the minds and the spontaneous judgments of his authors."

It may be imagined that history was a favourite reading of Montaigne. In it "man in general, of whom he sought the knowledge, appeared more living and complete than elsewhere." But the part of history which he preferred was biography. Plutarch was his man; and he would have liked a dozen such writers as Laertius. He was as anxious to know the lives and fortunes of philosophers, those great preceptors of the world, as "the diversity of their dogmas and phantasies." In this department of study, he thought that all authors, ancient and modern, whatever jargon they used, ought to be consulted. He expected historians either to be very simple or very excellent—very simple, like Froissart, who related without criticism, was not ashamed to correct in one place what he had misstated in another, and thus even represented the diversity of the reports current, and the diverse interpretations made;—or very excellent, by men capable of judging the events related, and of penetrating by the force of their intellect through the outward crust of events, finding out the springs of action, and laying them bare; but these he thought were very few. He mentions Macchiavelli, but rather as the author of the "Prince" than of the history of Florence; and evidently assumes the common opinion as to the intention of that writer.

Montaigne, in his Third Book, tells us that, against his custom when younger of sitting scarcely an hour at each book, he had

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just read right through, at once, the "History" of Tacitus, at the recommendation of a gentleman "whom France esteemed greatly as much for his own value as for that of his brothers." He calls Tacitus a nursery of ethical and political discourses; and it was natural to expect him to admire so sententious a writer. "His lessons," says Montaigne, "are good for troubled and diseased states like ours; it seems that he paints us and pinches us." Montaigne blames Tacitus for not speaking more boldly of himself. His whole criticism is acute and striking. But Cæsar's "Commentaries," the favourite book of Strozzi, was the Latin history which Montaigne placed highest, an opinion in which I discern the traces of some military pedantry. However, his admiration of the literary merits of Cæsar does not prevent him from calling him "a brigand," for having trampled the liberties of his country underfoot. "I have read in Titus Livius," says Montaigne, "a hundred things that others have not read; and Plutarch probably read a hundred things more—even more than the author meant."

Montaigne used often to take up as new a book which he had some years before covered with notes. He absolutely forgot its contents, he says, and what he had thought of them. On this account he adopted a plan of writing at the end of each book he read, without intending to do so again, the date at which he finished it, and the opinion he had formed. Some of these criticisms he has preserved; as, for example, those on Guicciardini, Philippe de Comines, and Du Bellay the memoir-writer. Specimens of autograph notes of this kind exist in the possession of the Duc d'Aumale.

Montaigne read the literature of his day constantly, though he admired little save the productions of the new erudite school of poets. He read in order to keep pace with opinion and doctrine —the chief matter of his criticisms. "I was turning over two Scotch books, for and against monarchy," says he in one place. He read Bodin, quotes him, and evidently held him in unusual respect. Whilst refuting some of his criticisms on Plutarch, he calls him "a good author of our time, accompanied with much more judgment than the rabble of scribblers of his age, a man meriting to be judged and considered." Montaigne's references to contemporaries, however, are generally disrespectful. He ridicules certain writers who exercise their ingenuity in discovering

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petty causes for the great actions of antiquity, and, indeed, of all time.

The truth is, that when Montaigne formed his literary tastes, French literature, despite the innumerable titles of books that can be disinterred, was composed almost entirely of memoirs, commentaries, pamphlets, and bad poetry. The only remarkable literary fact—except the appearance of Rabelais, who was scarcely recognized, and Calvin, whose reputation as a writer has been made since—was the foundation of the school of Erudites, so interesting from their furious studies of antiquity. Montaigne, in literary taste, was far in advance of his age; and though he extravagantly admired Ronsard, in reality began the reaction in the whole field of literature, afterwards carried out in part by Malherbe,—then a young gentleman writing epigrams, about the time of the appearance of the Essays, with so many other pedants, on the Flea that invaded Mademoiselle Desroches' bosom.

Montaigne, however, was unjust to the pedants. When he wrote, for some half a century France had been occupied in studying the newly-discovered classical literature, and learning that the ancients were not answerable for that crabbed doctrine which, under the name of Aristotelism, had formed their intellectual food for ages. In the absence of grammars, dictionaries, translations, or correct copies of the ancients, whom people had a fierce eagerness to read,—because, with few exceptions, native books were mere rubbish,—all men with literary taste and appreciation passed their time in studying and commenting the ancients. They mistook often their own intense pleasure and admiration for genius, and wrote; but they wrote generally about the objects of their love, and with a sort of unconscious modesty, preferring quoting to criticizing. Thus they made books that are unreadable now; and were unreadable by fastidious scholars such as Montaigne even then. But it was they civilized Europe.

WITHOUT referring to Montaigne's self-alleged want of memory, M. Villemain somewhere says, "His inexhaustible memory placed at his disposal all that men ever thought." This is, perhaps, an exaggeration; but we may certainly reject much of what Montaigne states as to the failures of his memory, without accusing him of want of sincerity. Whenever he happened to forget anything, especially towards the latter part of his life, he com-

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plained, as old men will, that he remembered nothing. He sometimes forgot where he had hidden his purse, and at once began to fear that he was tiring his readers by repeating himself.

I may as well here describe what may be called the material nature of the Essays, into the construction of which, and their tendency, we are now about to examine. The Essays consist, in their present state, of three books, each containing a certain number of chapters, entirely disconnected one with the other. The most important in length is the twelfth chapter of the Second Book, known as the "Apology for Raymond de Sebonde;" but, in general, the longer Essays are to be found towards the end. The first book contains fifty-seven, the second thirty-seven, and the third only thirteen Essays. Montaigne explains somewhere why he lengthened his chapters as he went on. The real reason, however, was probably that he wrote them with more preparation, and constructed their plan beforehand; although he never desisted from his habit of digression, apparently without cause. Many of the Essays consist simply of an anecdote, or two or three anecdotes, from ancient or modern history; but principally from ancient history, with consequences deduced more or less directly therefrom. At other times, but rarely, Montaigne treats a subject completely; as in the "Apology," the "Essay on Friendship," and the "Essay on Education." Sometimes he professes to treat of one subject, and treats of another. His attack on miracles is contained in an "Essay on Lame People," and so on. In the first edition of the Essays, comprising only two books, there was much more sequence than now appears. Montaigne added and added sentences and paragraphs without number, but scarcely ever altered what he had already printed. Nearly all the quotations from Latin poets were added after the first edition. It cannot be denied that this process has often obscured his meaning and injured his literary fame.

As we know with what kind of books Montaigne's library was furnished, we may imagine him, if we please,—with the piece of glass he talks of laid, according to his habit, on the page to deaden its whiteness; but "never with spectacles"—engaged in the search after knowledge. As poetry furnished him with forms and expressions which he unhesitatingly adopted, so the philosophers, moralists, and historians, all the mute teachers who surrounded him, furnished him with ideas which he used as postulates or prin-

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ciples, and by means of which he carried on the work of speculation. He rarely read a book from beginning to end, but preferred fluttering the leaves under his hand and allowing his attention to rest here and there. He cared not where he got his quotations—at first or second-hand—and with pleasant self-sufficiency says: "I have but to stretch out my hand and take down a dozen books, consisting of extracts strung together, if I want to give an appearance of reading to this 'Essay on Physiognomy.' A single German preface would supply me with a store of learning. The Germans had the same reputation then as now.

No man had more contempt for compilers, for men who were proud of "alleging the thoughts of others;" but no man more than he made use of the labours of his predecessors. He was afraid, if he did not read, that with infinite labour and thought he might contrive at last to say just what another had said before him. He absorbed all past knowledge, and when he knew what had been done and said, tried to say and do something more,—that is, carried on the work of human reasoning. In order to do this, he felt it to be necessary to avoid, above all things, the persevering search after originality. Having conceived his general plan, the theory he wanted to establish, or the duty to enforce, he tried, not to say something of his own, in his own way, but to say something apt, whether it was an old idea in a new dress, or a new idea in an old dress.

Montaigne, then, was essentially a reader; and this is why I have thought it necessary to describe his library so carefully before coming to the history of the composition of the Essays. The idea of those Essays did not occur to him at first. He was wealthy, and in as high a position as he chose to aim at, and therefore really studied to improve his mind without at first any intention to address the world. He was led to write partly by the love of fame which he affected so much to despise; partly by the mere superabundance of thoughts, that filled his mind as soon as it was withdrawn from the bustle of the world; and partly, perhaps, in truth, as he once pretends, by sheer melancholy—though this, I suspect, was a special cause of industry at particular moments, not a primary cause. The silence of his château was so great, contrasting with the noise of the court, that he heard his own heart beat, and listened to it, and was led to study "how strangely and wonderfully we are made."

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We may easily suppose that the first rough note of an Essay was thrown upon paper some evening when Montaigne, finding his worldly prejudices settling down, as it were, discovered that there was something else in his mind. The first time he exercised his critical power independently, and laid aside the formula with which all minds were so plentifully furnished in that age, must have been, as it were, a revelation to him. We have no reason to suppose that the first Essay now published was the first Essay written. Who knows? Montaigne, looking over his dedications of La Boëtie, may have been struck by the tyrannical manner in which he had himself defended the love of posthumous fame, a sentiment entirely of Pagan origin; and observing that, in spite of his efforts to thrust it aside, the veil of forgetfulness was inexorably descending over the head of his friend, and threatening to muffle it forever, may, half in earnest, half in sport, have sought for reasons of consolation. This would account for the "Essay on Glory," in the First Book, in which Tasso is quoted describing Fame as—

"Un' eco, un sogno anzi del sogno un' ombra."

What may be called the official explanation of the origin of the Essays may be found in the address of the author to the reader, published at the beginning of the first edition. "This book," he says, "has a domestic and private object. It is intended for the use of my relations and friends; so that when they have lost me, which they will soon do, they may find in it some features of my condition and humours, and by this means keep up more completely and in a more lively manner the knowledge they have of me." We have here the origin of the famous traditionary preface, according to which all bad books profess to have been originally intended for a few friends; but we shall see from the care which Montaigne took in publication, how much stress we may lay upon this assertion. Elsewhere he better expresses the truth, when he says that he wrote "to be read in the corner of a library to amuse a neighbour, a relative, or a friend."

But this refers to a time when he had clearly a literary object in view. The student would like to be present in spirit, if it were possible, when the seed within him was first quickened. He appears to have been always successful in writing letters; and indeed, first used his genius, as we have seen, in the service of

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love. Perhaps his power was originally revealed to himself by that admirable letter on the death of La Boëtie, which I deliberately compare, on account of its constrained but evident emotion, its philosophical tone, its lofty way of relating the minute incidents of the death-bed of a great and good man, to the "Phædo" of Plato. "If I were a bookmaker," he says, thinking of the success of his letter, "I would write a commented register of various deaths." The influence of La Boëtie is as evident in the earlier Essays as the influence of the classics. It is there we find most of those lofty and stoical maxims, those defiances addressed to death, those professions of insensibility, which make Montaigne so much resemble a classical writer of the sonorous and declamatory school. He wears a buskin at first, and treads loftily; but as he goes on forgets that he is playing a part, and soon moves with all the ductility of nature. He imitates Seneca because La Boëtie admired him. It is in the earlier Essays that we find the declaration that popular government seems to him the most natural and equitable; and indeed in them, especially as originally written, we find little that is characteristic of our Conservative moralist, who in some later moods would have had all the world, aye, and nature itself, stand still and be hushed, that he might be able to overthrow his own religious belief, and that of others, in peace.

Some one who had read and admired the letters of Montaigne, both private and published, advised him to adopt the epistolary form, in order to pour out his thoughts. Letter-writing, for the sake of publishing, had become fashionable in that age. But it was the custom to address either imaginary persons, or indifferent persons, or strangers. There was no real necessity or object in writing. This sham displeased Montaigne. If he had still possessed, as he once did—he here again refers to La Boëtie—a friend to sustain and stimulate him, well and good. He would have been more attentive and sure of himself, addressing a single strong and friendly man, than with the diverse countenances of a crowd before him. But he would not create a sham correspondence for the sake of publishing it.

Montaigne was probably diligently engaged in reading and making notes, and may not have definitively adopted the form of Essays, when Amyot published his translation of Plutarch's Moral Works in 1572. "We were lost but for them," said he, and I have no doubt he partly refers to his own case. He determined

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at once to select a form midway between Seneca and Plutarch and at once set to work to arrange and coördinate his materials 'Fifteen days ago," says he in the nineteenth chapter of the first book, "I passed my thirty-ninth year." This must have been in March, 1572. It would be impossible, as I have said, with any certainty, to establish what he wrote first; for he always, before publication and after, went on adding here and there. He seems to have intended at the outset to make a sort of gathering of stoical maxims, by the help of which he might struggle against his own too easy and pliant and feminine nature. But the calm character of his mind is indicated by the very title of the first Essay. "By diverse means we arrive at the same end." And soon the skeptical tone comes on, and then the humane tone The man who sets out with godlike maxims on contempt of death, ends by recording all the petty experiences of a valetudinarian lover of existence. His factitious fierceness melted by degrees; and only after speculating for twenty years does he seem perfectly to comprehend the nature of unsophisticated man, and see that it is not wise, even if possible, to stilt him on maxims. By recognizing this as the development of his mind, any one will be able, as far as is necessary, to chronologize his Essays, considered as moral revelations and studies, irrespective of a temporary object.

MONTAIGNE had opinions, but no doctrine, properly so called. He did not come forward with any new theory, religious, moral, or political. His opinions on men and things were the combined result of the egotism on which so much stress has been laid, and of a sympathy with humankind, which has sometimes been lost sight of. When he published, it was with the definite idea of checking fanaticism and enthusiasm, of leaving man's body to be dealt with only by the civil law, and of confining the Church to the use of spiritual weapons; of enabling, in fact, Catholicism and Protestantism to live side by side together, just as he himself lived with his brother Beauregard.

Naturally, at first, Montaigne had not full consciousness of his mission. Like most persons who have influenced their age, he began his march blindfold and uncertain, amidst clouds and vapour through unmarked paths; and the air cleared around him, and his step became firmer as he advanced. We may imagine his joy

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when the sun first struck on the shining goal in the far distance it was like seeing the sparkle of that white tomb that marked the well in the desert. Whilst seeking merely to put a drag on the rapidity of enthusiasm, to fashion some of his contemporaries to his own indifference of thought and action, the idea of toleration rose in his mind; not merely religious toleration, but universal tenderness and mansuetude, the necessity of gentleness of man towards man, the greater value of your neighbour's little finger than your own most deep-rooted convictions, which may be absurdities. He was not the first to conceive this idea in the sixteenth century. Rabelais had preached it in his jovial way; but without any other result than admiration; for immediately after his death the rack, the gibbet, and the stake set to work, not to rest for thirty years. The discovery of the idea of toleration was easier to Montaigne than to any other. He is usually rebuked for his egotism and skepticism; but it was to a certain extent because he was an egotist and a skeptic that this truth became apparent to him.

But it little matters how low Montaigne stooped in order to pick up this pearl of great price, the idea of toleration, which is the capital one of his book, but which he conceals under various forms, and mixes with a thousand different ingredients, in order to make it suit the palate of his times. It would not be important, biographically speaking, to trace its origin, if we did not know its immediate practical influence, and that, though trial drew it bias and thwart, it led within the lifetime of its preacher to a very definite and appreciable historical result. Montaigne, indeed, much by his writings and something by his personal influence, was one of the chief agents in forming that party of mild and tolerant men, who prepared the advent of Henry the Fourth—that is, the only termination possible, at the time, of civil war and religious discord—the compromise of indifference and bigotry. Every party must have its man of doctrine, as well as its historians, its pamphleteers, its libellers, and its songsters. The moderates, who were allowed to save France because a few remained uncorrupted, had De Thou, Pasquier, D'Aubigné, and the authors of the *Satire Menippée*. Montaigne supplied its philosophy, and accommodated himself as well to its licentiousness and indifference, as to its humanity and love of peace. France was guided, by him and his friends, from fanaticism, mingled with the most horrible debauchery

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on one side and repulsive sternness on the other, it to a sort of half-way house, where toleration could lead an easy life with Henry the Fourth and the Belle Corisande, and not be too much shocked when the Belle Corisande made way for the Belle Gabrielle.

The subject of the Essays is ostensibly Montaigne himself; but this is because the writer regarded each man as an epitome of human nature. They are a series of sketches of the attitudes, physical, moral, and intellectual, of the man with whom Montaigne was always in company. His great difficulty was to find the proper limit for his confessions. He did not at first profess, like Rousseau, to tell all. He only revealed as much as he dared, but the older he grew the bolder he grew. At last, I suspect, he keeps very little in the background. He told things, he says, in print which he would not confess to friends, and sent those who wanted to know his most secret thoughts to a bookseller's shop. Montaigne determines to set down all his thoughts, in order that for once he and posterity may be able to contemplate the inside of a man's mind, in its most lofty aspirations as in all its meannesses.

Montaigne admitted that there was something "supernatural and divine" in man, which was called into play on great occasions, and formed, as it were, his essence and differential character. But these depths of our nature had been too much stirred, too much groped in by inquirers incapable of understanding even the surface. They had brought back nothing but maxims that served as manacles for mankind. We all have souls, and an interest in their fate; but we are not all equally qualified to discuss their qualities and destiny. Yet theologians, and men who borrowed their language, talked then, as now also they do, with flippant familiarity, of the inner mysteries of Being and the ways of God, as if they were dealing with their own especial property, and knew more about them than about their pantry or their till. Montaigne saw the immense and fatal consequences of this arrogance. Its direct product is bigotry, intolerance, and persecution; under its influence, interference with the occupations, pleasures, and general conduct of your neighbour, becomes the first duty of religion. The Essayist—more by instinct at first than deliberation—determined to combat it by an appeal to experience. Having looked around him, and found that the horizon is distant, and every object on it vague—to say nothing of what is beyond—he looks at his feet, and at things within reach of his hand. It is,

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indeed, in a sort of ironical spirit that he gravely directs attention to the most ludicrously minute particulars. When he tells you that experience teaches him that he likes to scratch his ears, and that the reason thereof is that they itch, he is thinking that profound philosophers can rarely connect cause with effect so certainly; and, yet, what are not their pretensions?

It is not so important for the estimation of Montaigne's character and doctrine as may at first sight appear, to decide what were the dogmas he held in his ordinary life and moods. His distinctive characteristic is the internal boldness, encouraged by indifference, with which he grapples with his own opinions, as well as those of others, and shakes them, as if to see that they are solid, but without much care whether he does not leave them ever after unsteady and tottering.

Though Reimmann classes Montaigne with the suitors of Penelope and every one whom he dislikes, in his catalogue of Atheists, it is certain that he believed in God, of whom he speaks with devout enthusiasm. He adopts the declamatory Ciceronian proofs of the existence of a Divine Being; and, against his usual custom, suggests no doubts.

Montaigne attacks idolatry, and, perhaps covertly, the Catholic worship of images, which he openly approved: "We cheat ourselves with our inventions, as children are frightened by their companion's face which they have blackened. We are very far from honouring Him who made us when we honour what we have made. Man is mad: he can't make a monkey; he makes gods by dozens;" and so forth.

The most considerable part of Montaigne's Essays is that which treats of Morals. It is by his maxims and developments of the duties of man that he has gained his world-wide reputation; and nothing can be more beautiful than his method of saying the best-known truths over and over again, striking his reader each time with some new turn, some new figure, some new application. He admired and imitated the Stoics and Epicureans in their loftiest demands on human nature; but it is impossible to disguise that he was himself, to a certain extent, an Epicurean in the modern and now proper sense of the word. Thus there is a constant war between the sentences which so thickly stud the Essays, especially towards the outset, and the confessions that accompany and drolly nullify them, chiefly towards the end. In a word, Montaigne,

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though a good, and by no means licentious man, if compared with his age, made larger concessions, in theory and practice, to appetite, than any ethical writer would now venture to approve of. This was partly matter of temperament, but in part flowed from his system. Like Rabelais, he was disgusted with the enormous contrast between the divine maxims of the "Imitation," and the practice of those who read and professed to admire them. "Let us aim at less and pretend less," he cried; "and perhaps our professions and our actions may be less far apart." Many men, of very pure manners, have sometimes felt a wicked delight in calling things by their right names in the presence of piety, that suggests the idea of hypocrisy. A great deal of Montaigne's obscenity is of this kind. But some is evidently introduced to make the Essays "a book for a parlour window"—even to bring them within that class the difficulty of reading which, in quarto days, a lady of the eighteenth century once deplored. Perhaps every heroic saying is counterbalanced by a little filth.

A wonderful book of maxims and moral thoughts might be made out of the Essays—at the risk, sometimes, of ascribing to Montaigne what had been said three thousand years before him—sometimes of appearing to borrow from the world's general stock of proverbial wisdom: "Our minds are never at home, but ever beyond home."—"I will take care, if possible, that my death shall say nothing that my life has not said."—"Life in itself is neither good nor bad; it is the place of what is good or bad."—"Knowledge should not be stuck on to the mind, but incorporated in it."—"Irresolution seems to me the most common and apparent vice of our nature."—"Age wrinkles the mind more than the face."—"Habit is a second nature," said Montaigne for the first time, we are told. —"Hunger cures love."—"It is easier to get money than to keep it."—"Anger has often been the vehicle of courage."—"It is more difficult to command than to obey."—"A liar should have a good memory."—"The world seems made only for brutal or divine minds."—"Ambition is the daughter of presumption."—"Reason is a pot with two handles, that you may take hold of right or left." —"To serve a prince you must be discreet and a liar."—"We learn to live when life has passed."—"The mind is ill at ease when its companion has the colic."—"We are all richer than we think but we are brought up to go a-begging."—"The greatest masterpiece of man is . . . to be born at the right time!"

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Montaigne once says: "We are, I know not how, of a double nature, so that what we believe we do not believe."

This sentence well expresses the state of uncertainty in which he himself seems to have remained on the most important subjects that occupy human speculation. In most men, perhaps, there is something of the skeptic and of the believer at the same time; and the opposition of these two characters may be the struggle of our animal and spiritual natures; but in Montaigne the coexistence of two apparently inter-destructive principles was, in general, most remarkably evident. This appears to me, at any rate, a sounder, at least a more humane view, than that which makes him to have been a mere hypocrite when he went to mass or uttered devout sentiments, and more sensible than that which represents him as a good Catholic, anxious to fortify the Church by confounding and humiliating the reason of man.

Montaigne's earnest desire to submit to the Church was nullified by his irresistible tendency to free examination. Naturally of an inquiring, doubting, balancing mind, he was forced to think, by the very Protestantism which he feared. When his father intrusted to him the task of translating and improving the arguments of Raymond de Sebonde, it is probable that some slight and fleeting hesitations on the great metaphysical facts which form the basis of religion—as the existence of an overruling Providence, and the immortality of the soul—had already disturbed him. These hesitations must have returned whilst the work was progressing; and we may be quite sure, that whilst the study of the "Natural Theology" gave to his mind and language a pietist hue which they never afterwards quite lost, it left him in a state of uncertainty from which he never recovered.

Whilst attacking dogmatism of all kinds, Montaigne was helping to carry out the great work of the sixteenth century, which I shall call the Naturalization of Man; in other words, a return towards the avowed dominion of the natural instincts, which had been theoretically too much suppressed and despised by the scholastic philosophy. This also was apparently an attack on Christianity; but in reality only a pedantic and sham Christianity was concerned.

To Montaigne we owe the first rational system of education propounded in modern times. It is needless to insist on the beauty and simplicity of his theory, or on the exquisite language in which it is conveyed. There is, probably, no Essay better known than

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that addressed to Madame Diane de Foix, on the "Institution" of the little Count who was soon to be in her arms. Every sentence almost is pregnant with wisdom; and if we take into consideration the difference between these times and those, and are confined in our object to the education of a young gentleman of property, there really is nothing to add or to subtract. The rash and indolent students, who will not study for fear of stifling their originality, may learn the whole theory of reading by reflecting on the following figure: "The bees fly here and there rifling the flowers, but of them they make honey which is all their own; it is no longer thyme nor marjoram."

Montaigne reminds the teacher of his duty. "It is not a soul, nor is it a body, you have to train, but a Man." He is indignant against corporal punishment inflicted on children, and, indeed, forestalls most of the reasonable ideas of Rousseau. Locke, too, was indebted to him for many hints. Indeed, not only on this topic, but on most others, Montaigne's Essays, being, from their form and substance, peculiarly susceptible of such treatment, have been used as a storehouse both of expressions and ideas—as often without as with acknowledgment.

Montaigne is full of contradictions, which can be explained in only one way. "If I paint myself diversely," he says, "it is because I see myself diversely." How imprison a judgment of such a man's productions in a few even and consistent sentences? Those who have endeavoured to do so, have generally been content to take a portion of Montaigne for Montaigne himself. For my part, I feel an uncertainty about some of his doctrines, which I should with regret see displaced by absolute conviction. When a definite critical conviction is formed, it is often put aside and allowed to grow rusty. Doubt keeps the mind active.—Was, then, the Essayist an absolute unbeliever, hiding behind the mask of false piety; or was he half a Christian, half a Pagan—an admirer sometimes of the Apostate Julian, sometimes a worshipper of "Truth itself?" Both opinions, as the Jesuits say, are probable; and I often feel inclined to lean towards the one, often towards the other. Morally and philosophically, however, it is a venturesome task to judge any man in the last resort; and, after some years' communion with a professed doubter, I have learned to doubt my infallibility as a critic. We must remember, finally, that Montaigne would not say "I am ignorant," or "I doubt;" for this was

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affirmation; but adopted as his device the interrogation, QUE SCAY-JE? And with this perpetual question on his lips he passed through life.

I BELIEVE the ordinary account, which makes Montaigne spend about eight years, chiefly in Perigord, after his retirement in 1571, to be the correct one. We cannot otherwise understand the production of the Essays. But although we may be quite sure that the two books of Essays first published—I mean the preparatory reading for them as well as the execution—were sufficient to occupy Montaigne the chief part of the eight years which Dom de Vienne says he spent in his château, it is not necessary to suppose that he absolutely shut himself up there and never on any occasion went forth. This would be too romantic a fact to be accepted, even if there were no positive proofs to the contrary; as, for example, where he says that he wrote bit by bit, and was sometimes interrupted by absences of several months. He accounts in this way for the disconnection of the Essays, their jerks and transitions. "I am no artist," he says, "but write as I feel the impulse." In one place he attributes the origin of the Essays to a melancholy humour, produced by the chagrin of the solitude into which he had cast himself for some years; but we know that he began to write at once in 1571, and dashed down the sketches of nineteen Essays in the first year. There is every appearance that he made arrangements for his retirement with the deliberate intention of writing. But he never meant to imitate his friend the Dean of St. Hilary, and put himself in perpetual quarantine.

We know that, in 1574, Montaigne was employed by the Duke of Montpensier, commanding one of the king's armies in Poitou about the time of Charles the Ninth's death, on a mission to the Parliament of Bordeaux. The secret registers of the Parliament contain, indeed, a statement to the effect that in May, 1574, it was announced that "the Sieur de Montaigne, a chevalier of the Order of the King, and formerly conseiller in the court, was in the hall of audience asking to speak to the said court, and that it was resolved that he should be admitted and allowed to take his place in the middle of the bureau of the Grand Chambre. When the said Montaigne entered, he presented the letters of the Sieur de Montpensier addressed to the court. After they had been read, the said Montaigne made a long speech."

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The "long speech" has not been preserved, and we do not know on what business Montaigne was engaged. It is pretty evident, however, that being a distinguished member of the Royalist and Catholic party, on whom distinctions had recently been bestowed, he was employed to carry a message of some importance to a Parliament in which he had many friends. That his mission, however, had little influence on the course of public affairs, we may infer from the fact that De Thou, who got all his information on the history of Guienne from Montaigne, never alludes to it. It is not necessary to suppose that this episode was of long duration, or distracted him very much from his studies. Whenever he sallied forth from his château, he must have seen new reasons, in the deplorable state of the country, to regret the absence from the world of the simple principle, "live and let live," which he was employing himself in illustrating and enforcing.

M. Grün has some very ingenious and almost conclusive reasonings to prove that Montaigne was at court about this time, employed in his famous negotiation between the Guises and Henry of Navarre. He cleverly argues, also, that Montaigne was at court during the early part of the reign of Henry the Third. At any rate we must necessarily suppose a journey to court to account for the title of *Gentilhomme ordinaire de la Chambre du Roi*, which we find Montaigne bearing in 1580. But this journey took place probably just before the publication of the Essays. The Gentlemen of the Bedchamber were then no longer called valets, and wore a gold key attached to their girdles. They were in every respect servants of the king. They became so numerous under Henry the Third, that, like the members of the Order of St. Michel, they ceased to be respected; and we can only regret that Montaigne, who, by the by, never received a title while it was worth having, consented, or was compelled, to take such an office. A debate has been opened as to whether he received any emoluments, but he himself boasts that he never got anything from a king.

It seems, at any rate, certain, that Montaigne's estate and château, being situated somewhat out of the way, suffered little or nothing during the various wars that took place between the Saint Bartholomew and the publication of the Essays. This may partly have arisen from his not coming forward in an obnoxious manner although he was universally known to belong decidedly to the

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Catholic interest. The identification of Montaigne with a party has not been sufficiently noticed. We have curious details on the state of Montaigne's house, and his way of life during this eventful period. He says, that in order to avoid attacks, he made a great show of not defending himself. He opened his doors, so that no one could have the excuse of being incited by the love of glory to attack him. Whoever knocked was admitted. The only defence was a porter, according to ancient use and ceremony, who served not to forbid his door but to offer admission more decently and graciously. No one mounted guard or was sentinel for him, save the stars over his head. He objected to the system of semi-fortification adopted by his neighbours. "Unless you are well fortified, it is best not to be fortified at all." He notices the increase of facilities for attack, and says that his house was considered strong in old times, but that he had not gone on fortifying it. He knew that when peace came he should be obliged to destroy his works. Besides, in civil wars, your valet may be of the opposite party, and even your relations. To be always ready for defence would ruin any private finances, and the only way would be to do as so many others did—to live on unprotected neighbours. Montaigne had seen many well-guarded houses provoke assault and be taken "As for me," he says, "let danger come, I will not call it. This is the retreat in which I rest from the wars. I try to relieve this corner from the public tempest as I do another corner in my soul. Our war may change its forms and multiply our parties if it pleases. I will not budge. Among so many armed houses I am the only man that I know in France, of my condition, who has confided purely to Heaven the protection of mine. I have never sent to a place of safety neither vessel of silver, nor title-deed, nor tapestry. We shall see, however, further on, what happened as times became worse and the country more demoralized.

During the whole of his first retirement Montaigne was almost unmolested. Several important events occurred in the neighbourhood. But, unless some new documents are produced—and this is not likely—we may safely consider Montaigne to have been almost exclusively occupied from 1571 to 1580 with his Essays.

At length the reward of Montaigne's exertions came. His manuscript was in a fit state to be delivered to the printer. It must have been curious to look at. Montaigne dictated a part of

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the Essays; and probably had all copied. This is why he says, with gentlemanly ease: "My secretaries must answer for orthography and punctuation" He very probably, indeed, at first, did leave this care entirely to others. With good reason; for, in spite of his elaborate education, the specimens we have of his own writing show that he generally spelt like an ignorant soldier. Afterwards, finding himself forced to attend to these things, he drew up a list of directions for the printer, which shows that he had good common-sense notions about orthography, mingled with some crotchets.

We have very few facts to record with reference to the preparations made for publication. Sterne has said, that Montaigne feared his Essays would become "a book for a parlour-window." Montaigne had, certainly, the ladies much more in view when he wrote than any other author of the day, except the poets and romancers. And this although he pretends, with Molière, that he would confine women to the wardrobe and the kitchen! The influence of the sex on style in France began in the sixteenth century. Montaigne felt it, tried to resist it, said coarse things in order to show his independence, but yielded, nevertheless, in a great measure. Mr. Emerson, in his "Representative Men," curiously enough remarks, that the coarseness of Montaigne is explained by the fact that such writings were never intended to be read by ladies. This was so little the case, that not one of the Essays is dedicated to a man. Montaigne seems to have forgotten the cluster of noble friends to whom he inscribed the works of La Boëtie. This is an observation that has not been made, and yet is particularly illustrative of his character. He tells us himself that the translation of Raymond de Sebonde had been much read by ladies, who had been puzzled by the meaning, and had come to him for enlightenment. He therefore wrote the "Apology," addressing it to Marguerite of Navarre. The "Essay on the Love of Fathers to their Children" is addressed to Madame d'Estissac; the collection of La Boëtie's "Sonnets" to Madame de Grammont; the "Essay on Education" to the Comtesse de Gurson, and now, in the midst of the last Essay of the Second Book—that is, of the last Essay published in the first edition—we find interpolated a dedication to Madame de Duras, another lady belonging to the Grammont family.

All the external incidents of this part of the life of Montaigne

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are but very obscurely known. The first edition of the Essays was printed and published at Bordeaux; but we have no statement as to the kind of success it met with. Philarète Chasles observes that the works of Tabourot, "who never wrote six pages exempt from madness and bad taste," had a greater vogue in that day than the Essays. This is possible. Montaigne himself has said that his book was not fitted for the loftiest or the humblest minds, being too learned for the one and not enough for the other; but was made to live in a humble way in the middle region. I believe his popularity among the best intellects was immediate, although we have no trace of criticism at first. The people of Gascony, who knew him personally, thought it droll, he says, to see him in print. But as his book went further off it was better appreciated; he had to pay printers and publishers in Guienne; elsewhere they were eager to buy him. However, it is evident the book sold and was read. The favourable reception of the first edition it was that encouraged him to go on, though he feared to tire the public, as a learned man of his age had done. He set to work at once to improve and polish what he had already published.

As to the opinions of his personal friends, he seems to have cared little about them; for in his case, as in most others, personal friends were the last to perceive his value. "Really very clever for an illiterate country gentleman," was at first the judgment of Pasquier and his learned colleagues. This was partly because of the absence of quotations from the classical authors. In subsequent editions Montaigne determined to repair this defect, and sometimes inconveniently crowded his margin, whence the notes ultimately were merged into the text. The irregular, fragmentary, but pregnant work thus created, is, or should be, in the hands of all serious readers.

ABOUT the year 1579, immediately before the publication of the first edition of the Essays, at the age of forty-seven, Montaigne wrote in substance: "I am now seven or eight years older than when I commenced writing, not without gaining something new, for I have now got the colic (he means the nephritic colic, produced by the stone) from the liberality of years. It is difficult to have much to do with them without some such fruit. But I wish they had given me anything else. This was the disease which

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from early childhood I most feared. However, during about eighteen months which I have suffered, I have already begun to get used to the pain, and even find grounds of consolation and hope; so apt are men to cling, under no matter what circumstances, to this wretched life. . . . . In truth, my fear was greater than the pain. *This strengthens in me every day the belief that most of the faculties of our souls, as we employ them, rather interfere with than assist the repose of life!*"

We have no ground for thinking that Montaigne gives other than a true account of the way in which he met the first attacks of the disease which troubled him all his life afterwards. It would, indeed, have been surprising if, after studying so long how to receive pain, and preparing himself for death so diligently, he had shown less fortitude than this.

Montaigne's father died of the stone, which seized him a few years before his death. The Essayist takes for granted that the disease was hereditary, though none of his brothers had it, and does not note that it attacked him when he went to live at Montaigne under the same circumstances as his father. I have read in Coray's "Commentary on Hippocrates" that the stone is very frequent in some parts of France, where it is caused by not drinking sufficient water.

"My aversion to medicine," says Montaigne, "is hereditary, like my disease. My ancestors detested medicine by some occult and natural inclination. The very sight of drugs was horrible to my father." Montaigne goes on to say that experience made him doubt of physicians. None were so easily ill or cured with so much difficulty as those who were under their direction. In fact, all the general arguments directed by homœopathy against positive medical science are to be found in Montaigne. "These doctors," he says, "don't know anything about the police of this little world. Because they would not stop a dysentery for fear of bringing on fever, they killed me a friend, who was worth more than them all put together!"

As Montaigne had many doctors among his friends, he thinks it necessary to say that he has seen many honest men in the medical profession worthy of being loved. It is not them he attacks, but their art; and he does not think them very wrong for taking advantage of human stupidity, for on these principles the greater part of the world was governed. He even called them in when

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he was ill, if they happened to be near, talked to them, and paid them like other people. But he never complied with their directions, unless they agreed exactly with his own common sense.

It is in the midst of this Essay on his disease that Montaigne introduces the dedication to Madame de Duras, of which I have already spoken. Writing to her he says that the doctors, when they despair of their patients, send them on a pilgrimage, or advise them to go to a watering-place. "Do not be angry, madame," he adds; "this does not allude to the watering-places in this country, which are all under the protection of your house—all Grammontoises." Montaigne himself was, to a great extent, a believer in medicinal baths. Many of his absences from his château, between the years 1571 and 1580, supposed by some to have been caused by political motives, were really employed in visiting the various watering-places in the Pyrenees. He preferred going to the baths where much company assembled, which were prettily situated and comfortably arranged for visitors, and mentions among these Bagnères. But he seems to have tried them all; as Aigues Caudes, on the mountain of Ossan, in Béarn; Barbotan, in the county of Armagnac; and Pressac, near Acques, in Gascony. It was partly because he felt no relief from these baths, though chiefly, perhaps, because he wished to see the effect of his Essays in Italy, that in the year 1580, immediately after he had done printing, he began to make preparations for the longest journey he had yet undertaken. He was a traveller, however, by nature; and, as we have seen, must have spent a great part of his time in moving to and fro. We must now, therefore, before accompanying him to Italy, make acquaintance with his manners on the road.

In Montaigne's days, despite the want of our modern means of communication, there was much moving to and fro; and France, although by no means equal to Germany in that respect, was tolerably well furnished with that essential thing to wayfarers—good hotels. In the sixteenth century there were a good many excellent roads in France, constructed principally by means of forced labour, in true Egyptian style, though sometimes out of the revenues of the provinces. But, once these high roads abandoned, the country was traversed by means of tracks. We learn a good

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deal from the Itineraries of the day, which tell you where on such a road the pavement commences or finishes, and where there is no road at all. The great difficulty in travelling was the passage of rivers. There were comparatively few bridges—one of the most noted in France was at Bergerac, near Montaigne—and even ferries were not always found. A traveller often had to ford, or even swim a river. Montaigne mentions that he had swum rivers on horseback, and thought it not dangerous when the horse could get easily into the water, and there was a good landing-place.

Montaigne's Essays, from the very beginning, are full of allusions to his travels, and the benefit he derived from them. He tells us that when on the road, in order to profit by communication with others—one of the best schools possible—he always took care to bring those whom he met to talk about the things with which they were best acquainted, about their trade and occupation, not about general subjects.

Elsewhere he ridicules the travelling of the nobility of his days. "Our French nobility," he says, "come back and tell us how many paces broad is the Sancta Rotonda, and what a beautiful pair of drawers the Signora Livia wore, and that the face of a Nero in such a ruin is longer or broader than in such a medal; but they never think of studying the manners of the nations they pass through." There is no point upon which Montaigne so much insists as on the advantage of travelling. He seems to think that there was no school so good; but admits that one of his own reasons for leaving his home was a vague and unquenchable desire of the unknown. As he grew old, indeed, he became restless and uneasy; and even persuaded himself that he should have liked to start away and travel all his life over the world, seeking a place of repose, but without feeling the obligation to return to his château. If any one asked him the reason of his voyages, he always replied: "I know well what I am, but I do not know what I seek."

Montaigne, as I have said, always travelled on horseback. He iked to have a considerable suite, and did not care much for expense. He intrusted, indeed, all money-matters to a servant, in whose honesty he had confidence—apparently the same who acted as his secretary. When he started for Italy he admits that he felt some pain at separating from his family; but he did not flinch, for he had not only to struggle for life but to enjoy his fame.

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There is some obscurity about his first movements. He left his château on June 22, 1580; and seems to have gone straight to Paris. Probably he there learned that his Essays were likely to give great offence to bigoted Catholic partisans, and in order to conciliate them he actually went and joined the army of Maréchal Matignon, which was besieging La Fère. On this occasion, at any rate, he acted as a soldier of the Ligue. He found many of his friends in the camp—among others the husband of the famous Corisande d'Andouins, the Count of Grammont. This gentleman was killed by a cannon-shot on the sixth of August, and Montaigne and many other persons set out for Soissons to accompany his body. The Essayist notes that the pomp and solemnity of their procession moved the people of the places through which they passed even to tears, although no one knew the name of the deceased.

After having shown his good-will to the cause, Montaigne, exercising the privilege which gentlemen arrogated to themselves in those days of joining and quitting an army when they pleased, returned to Paris; and determined at once to set out for Germany and Italy.

The Journal of Montaigne's Travels was in part kept by a confidential servant, who noted down, sometimes in his own language, but generally under dictation, all the incidents that occurred, and all observations made. We left Montaigne at the siege of La Fère. The Journal takes him up at Beaumont, whence he had just sent his brother, Mattecoulon, to inquire after the health of a certain Count, who had been wounded; but, as it appeared, not mortally. Here M. d'Estissac joined the party, accompanied by "a gentleman, a valet-de-chambre, a mule, a muleteer on foot, and also two valets." The gentleman appears to have been M. de Hautoy. Montaigne had the same suite, and it was agreed to share expenses. Leaving Beaumont on the fifth of September, 1580, they went to sup at Meaux. Two or three days afterwards he was at Espernai, seeking, in the church of Notre Dame, for the tomb of Strozzi, whom he had seen killed when young at the siege of Thionville. After passing Bar, "where M. de Montaigne had formerly been," the traveller suffered a good deal, and determined to hasten to the Baths of Plombières. At Domremy they learned that "the descendants of Joan of Arc" had received

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letters of nobility. Further on a visit was paid to the nuns of Poussay, of an order established for the education of daughters of great families. At Plombières Montaigne resolved to stay some time, drinking the waters and taking baths. He lodged at the sign of the "Angel," which was near the two baths; and commends the good cookery, the comparative cheapness, and the comfort of the place. Montaigne remained ten days at Plombières. On departing, he commanded his secretary to leave an escutcheon of his arms in wood,—which a painter of the place had executed for an écu—in the charge of the hostess, who undertook to have it fixed carefully to the wall of the bath outside. This was "according to the humour of the nation"—not, of course, to satisfy Montaigne's vanity. At Remiremont was found good treatment at the "Unicorn." At Bossan Montaigne and d'Estissac, dressed in linen garments lent to them for the purpose, visited some deep silver mines belonging to the Duke; and afterwards, having been shown the eyries of the vultures on inaccessible rocks, and passed the sources of the Moselle, entered Germany at Than.

THE extent of the vineyards was the first thing that struck the Gascon travellers on their way to Mulhouse. At Bâle, the government showed that they knew how to appreciate the distinguished strangers who had come among them. An officer was sent with a present of wine, and made a long speech to them as they sat at table; to which Montaigne replied also in a very long speech, in presence of many Germans and Frenchmen who happened to be there. The landlord acted as interpreter! Montaigne went afterwards to Baden, where he found magnificent hotels. There were three hundred mouths to feed daily in the one where he lodged. On leaving Baden, Montaigne observes: "the natives are a little tyrannical in exacting payment; as, indeed, are all nations—among others the French—towards strangers." Continuing his journey, Montaigne noticed the cataracts of the Rhine, which he compared to those of the Nile; avoided Zurich because the plague was reported to be there; and came to Schaffhausen, where he invited the burgomaster to dinner. "Constance," he says, "is Catholic, though it was held for thirty years by the Lutherans, who were dislodged forcibly by Charles the Fifth." . . . . . "We noticed that we were quitting the Swiss country, because a little before reaching the city we saw many

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gentlemen's houses, of which there are few in Switzerland." Montaigne was lodged "very badly" at the "Eagle," whose landlord gave them a specimen of "German freedom and barbarian pride," on occasion of a quarrel of one of his foot-valets with the guide from Baden. Next day he removed to the sign of the "Pike," where he was well treated. Having passed Smardorff, "a little Catholic town," on the 10th of October, the traveller was induced, by the beauty of the weather, to change his design of going to Ravensberg that day, and turn aside to Lindau. At Lindau two religions were followed, and Montaigne visited the Catholic and Protestant places of worship, both of which he calls churches. At the "Crown," Montaigne tried, as an experiment, a *coite*, or bag of eider-down, as a covering for his bed, and highly approved of the custom. The party now turned direct towards Trent, and passed through Isne, where Montaigne, "according to his custom," immediately called on a doctor of theology, and invited him to dinner. Kempten, the Essayist compares to Sainte-Foi. This name makes his thoughts revert quite home, and he pays a tacit compliment to his wife; for he says that the pewter plates were "as well scoured as at Montaigne!" Montaigne turned away once more from the direct road to Trent at Frienten, and determined to make a circuit and see some other German towns. At Lanspergs, belonging to the Duke of Bavaria, "if any one thought of any other religion than the Roman, he was obliged to hold his peace." The country of toleration was now past. As if for their reception, all the towns had just been newly painted! Augsburg was reached by a broad plain, like that of the Beauce. It was esteemed the handsomest city in Germany. When the presence of Montaigne and D'Estissac became known the corporation sent to them, for their supper, fourteen great vessels full of wine. These were carried by seven sergeants in livery and an honourable officer, who was invited to supper, as was the custom. Winter was now rapidly coming on, and it became necessary to think of passing into Italy. Montaigne would have gone, however, to see the Danube at Ulm, but that he should have been obliged to retrace his steps a portion of the way. The party stayed a day at Munich, and proceeded on their journey. After having passed over the Yser, the party began to ascend; and at last "penetrated into the very entrails of the Alps by an easy road, excellently kept. The weather was fine and clear." A beautiful little moun-

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tain lake attracted their attention. Here and there, amidst the rocks, were pleasant fields with châlets. Thus they entered the Tyrol. Montaigne was much struck by the aspect of this province. The Valley of the Inn appeared to him "the most agreeable passage he had ever seen—sometimes narrowing, the mountains almost touching, and then widening, now on the left of the river where the road was, now on the other, so that there were slopes, more or less steep, to cultivate." In due time Montaigne reached Innspruck, where he finds little to note the first day, except the bed-curtains, the sheets, and the price of fish. Proceeding on his way, Montaigne insists again on the picturesqueness of the scenery, and records the minute physical incidents of the journey. The women were dressed so like the men, that the Essayist, pretending to make a mistake, went up to a beautiful young wench in a church and asked her if she could speak Latin! At Brixen the country is described. Montaigne's description of the Tyrol is excellent. He constantly recurs to the peculiarity of mountainous countries, which most strikes a dweller in plains—the ledges of cultivation one above the other, all inhabited; and mentions a castle on a lofty mountain, which belonged to a baron who had a fine estate and hunting-ground aloft. From Bolzan, an ugly, ill-built town, "which showed they were beginning to leave Germany," Montaigne wrote to Francis Hottoman, whom he had seen at Bâle. He said that "he had taken great pleasure in visiting Germany, that he abandoned it with great regret, though it was to Italy he was going."

On leaving the Tyrol, Montaigne entered Italy at Trent. As might have been foreseen, there is no trace in his journal of the enthusiasm, real or affected, which most travellers bring with them to that land; and which is oftener the echo of modern romantic literature than connected with classical reminiscences. On leaving Trent, the party followed the widening valley between lofty uninhabited mountains, with the Adige on its right hand; and continued travelling until late at night. Up to this time Montaigne had arranged the journey so methodically, that he and his companions were out on this occasion after dark for the first time. At Rovero they found German neatness in rooms and furniture and not only German windows, but German stoves also. Montaigne seems here to have given a singular instance of the un-

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certainty of his resolutions, unless we suppose the working of some secret feeling—perhaps of fear, lest the reception of the audacious skeptic in the stronghold of Catholicism might not be agreeable. On the very threshold of Italy he talked of going back towards Cracow, or turning aside to visit Greece! Here the secretary, no doubt setting down the substance of what his master spoke, says, that if Montaigne had been alone with his suite, he would certainly have undertaken some such bold journey. From Rovero the whole party, leaving all their servants, started with hired horses to visit the Lake of Garda. They slept at Torbole, and next day crossed in a boat to Riva, where they saw nothing but an old tower and, by accident, the lord of the place, Signor Hortimato Madruccio, brother of the Cardinal of Trent. On returning, they talked much of the wonderful prospect of the lake, shut in by the aridest mountains they had yet seen. Next day all their baggage was put upon rafts, to float down the Adige to Verona; and Master Secretary had charge thereof, so that he parted company with Montaigne. His master, however, gave him afterwards a summary account of what took place during their ride to Verona.

The travellers had been obliged, on leaving Trent to take "bills of health," without which they would not have been allowed to enter Verona. Yet there was no danger of plague. The thing was done in obedience to custom or to swindle travellers. The secretary does not allude to the plague that ravaged Trent after the breaking up of the Council, seventeen years before, and which was no doubt the origin of this precaution.

"A level, broad, straight road, with a ditch on either side, and somewhat raised above a very fertile plain, the mountains being still visible in the distance," took the travellers to Padua. Leaving Padua, the travellers proceeded along a handsome raised road by the river-side. On all hands spread fertile fields of wheat, shaded with trees, regularly planted and festooned with vines. At the "Chaffousine," a solitary hotel, the travellers embarked for Venice in a gondola, and arrived at last in that island city.

Montaigne found Venice somewhat different from what he had expected,—even a little less admirable. He examined it thoroughly with the greatest diligence; hiring a gondola for his use night and day. Its police, its site, the Arsenal, the Piazza San

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Marco, and the throng of foreigners, seemed to him the most remarkable things. Montaigne was not satisfied with his brief stay at Venice and its surrounding country, and intended to visit it once more. After a stay of eight days, the party left that city and returned to Padua by water, although Montaigne usually avoided a boat when he could use the saddle. Having visited the Baths of Aborno, where the sulphureous waters filled the air with vapour; and passed by San Pietro, where the water was purposely neglected by the Signoria, who cared not much for the visits of foreign gentry: and seen the villa of Signor Pic, where the gouty Cardinal d'Este was residing, partly for the sake of the water, but more on account of the neighbourhood of the Venetian ladies; the party arrived at Bataglia, near which were other baths which Montaigne visited. On arriving at Ferrara, there was the usual fuss about passports and bills of health. Over the door of every room in the hotel, moreover, was written: "Ricordati della Boletta." As soon as a traveller arrived, his name, with the number of his servants, was sent to the magistrates, who decide whether he is to be received or not. They were "paternal," then, in those days, likewise; and yet we travellers continue to complain as if of a new evil!

The city is described to be large as Tours, situated in a plain, with many palaces, broad straight streets, and few people. Next day after arriving, MM. d'Estissac and de Montaigne went to "kiss the hands" of the Duke, Alfonso d'Este, so famous in the melancholy history of Tasso. The whole formalities of the visit are described. The secretary, who is particular in recording this interview, and who mentions that the party went to see in a church the bust of Ariosto, "who died aged fifty-nine, on June 6, 1533"—which bust they found fuller in the face than the portraits prefixed to the poems,—forgets utterly to note that his master, not unmindful of unfortunate genius, went also to visit Tasso in his prison. There has been a great discussion as to where the poet was confined in 1580. Vulgar tradition points out a dark, damp hole, in which the gigantic Tasso would scarcely have had space to turn. But the erudite have combated this statement, however, alleging any probable counter-statement. It is, therefore, only safe to say that Tasso, who was sent to the Hospital of St. Ann as a madman, in March 1579, was still there in November, 1580, when Montaigne came to Ferrara. That was a strange

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madness which allowed him to revise his poems and compose philosophical dialogues! Montaigne, however, never doubting that his reason had given way, and making no allusion to his loves, his austerity, his persecution, in a well-known passage of the Essays, explains everything by the excess of genius. But our Essayist, admitted to court, would naturally take the courtly view of the case. Alfonso d'Este outlived him; and he was not the man to meddle with the domestic concerns of a reigning sovereign. The secretary, in a manuscript not intended for publication, observes, that his master went to see the Bucentaur which the Duke had made, in imitation of that of Venice, for his new wife—"beautiful, and too young for him."

They saw people walking on stilts, as in the Landes, of Gascony, on the way to Bologna—a great and populous city, where they met the young Seigneur de Montluc, just arrived from France to study arms and horsemanship there. A German having reported that he had been robbed by the Banished Men, or brigands of the duchy of Spoleto, Montaigne, instead of now going straight on to Rome, turned aside to Florence. The secretary, in the name of his master, makes long lamentations of the extortionate treatment of the hotel-keepers of Loiano. Beyond was the first really difficult road they had met on their journey, which led them to Scarperia, where Montaigne was mightily amused by the eloquence of rival innkeepers, or rather "touters." The party turned aside to visit the magnificent palace of the Pratellino, its galleries, gardens, and grottos, of which a minute description is given, full of interesting details; and afterwards crossed the hills to Florence, which was then without a moat.

Curiously enough, Montaigne's first visit was to the Duke's stables; he then examined a menagerie; then went to the church of San Lorenzo, and saw the French standards which Pierre Strozzi lost at the battle of Marciano, as well as "some excellent statues by Michael Angelo." On the whole, Florence did not please Montaigne. "He cannot tell," he says, "why it is called Beautiful above all others. It is not superior to Bologna, not much to Ferrara, and immeasurably inferior to Venice."

Messrs. d'Estissac and de Montaigne were invited to dinner by the Grand Duke. In the place of honour sat his wife, the famous Bianca Capello; next to her the Duke; then the sister-in-law of the Duchess; then her brother. Montaigne knew the infamous

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story of Bianca and the Grand Duke, but his allusion is very slight.

The party left Florence on November 24, and went in one day to Sienna, which Montaigne examined carefully because of the fine defence of his friend Montluc. After passing La Paglia the travellers crossed a bridge built by Gregory the Thirteenth, the then reigning pope, and entered upon the States of the Church. The beauty of Montefiascone so struck Montaigne that he would have stopped, had not the baggage-mule been far ahead. The manners of the Pontifical States pleased him altogether—I suspect he had a secret dislike for the Medicean form of government.

THE party started next day, three hours before light; "so great was Montaigne's desire to see the walls of Rome." The nature and source of his enthusiasm is not described, but we may suppose that the country of Seneca had more of his sympathy than the country of the Papacy. The city of Rome was visible once fifteen miles off, but disappeared again for a long time. Far on the left of the road rose the Apennines, but the aspect of the country was unpleasant, covered with eminences, full of deep crevices, and "quite unfit for regular military movements." At the gates of Rome the travellers were delayed some time, on account of a plague reported at Genoa. This difficulty over, they went to lodge at the sign of the "Bear;" but on the 2d of December they took private lodgings in the house of a Spaniard, opposite Santa Lucia della Tinta. The house possibly still remains, and I recommend it to the attention of ciceroni.

The city of Rome, says the secretary, generally using the third person, but writing under dictation, is situated on both sides of the Tiber. The steep quarter, which was the seat of the ancient city, and through which Montaigne made innumerable excursions every day, was cut up by some churches, and a few houses and gardens of cardinals. "In multitude and splendour of public places, and beauty of streets and houses, Rome surpassed Paris by much." At first sight, Montaigne judged the government of the city to be inferior to that of Venice. His list of grievances is curious enough.

References to the traveller's disease begin now to be frequent; and we find him at last, despite his theories, conquered by pain,

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and consenting to put himself in the hands of a doctor and take medicine—cassia and turpentine!

On Christmas-day the party went to hear the Pope's mass at St. Peter's, where Montaigne had a convenient place assigned him. "On the 29th of December, M. d'Abein, at that time ambassador, a studious gentleman, who had long been a friend of M. de Montaigne, was of opinion that he should go and kiss the Pope's foot. M. d'Estissac and he got into the carriage of the said ambassador, who went in to see the Pope, and had them called in by his Cameriere.

Then follows in the journal an elaborate account of a dinner given to Montaigne by the Cardinal de Sens, and the ceremonies observed thereat. All little circumstances that showed special respect for the traveller are carefully noted. After having paid his visits of ceremony and business, Montaigne began "to amuse himself by studying Rome." At first he had taken a French guide; but this man, from some fantastical humour, gave up the job, and so the traveller was piqued, and determined to get through himself. For this purpose he studied maps, and had books read out to him in the evening. The next morning he went and applied what he had learned, so that in a few days he says "he could easily have guided his guide." He endeavours to reconstruct for himself a picture of that wonderful city when in its might and its majesty. His observations may be read with fruit by moralists and antiquaries even now.

After some descriptions of banqueting and festivals, the journal kept by the secretary comes abruptly to a close, and the remainder is entirely written by Montaigne himself. He begins by an elaborate description of the exorcism of a devil, who had taken possession of the body of a Notary. The scene occurred in a little chapel, and was elaborately ridiculous; but the narrator manages to preserve his gravity. The common people seemed to Montaigne less devout than in the good cities of France, but more ceremonious, being extremely so.

The Essayist visited the library of the Vatican, and describes its curious contents. Few travellers have been more industrious in seeing everything, or more judicious in mentioning the most remarkable things.

On March 15th the young Montluc called, according to appointment, at Montaigne's lodgings, and they started together for Ostia.

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On the way they came to a place where it was necessary to cross the Tiber in a ferry; but there was no boat for horses, and they were about to return, when the Sieurs du Bellai, Baron de Chasai, and Marivau, rode down to the opposite bank. An exchange of animals was effected, and the journey was continued. Montaigne's observations on this trip are curious, but it would be too long to repeat them.

On the 17th of March there were roses and artichokes to be had in Rome; but the traveller did not suffer from the heat. He went about every day visiting churches and observing curious customs, and has succeeded in producing the best picture I know of Rome under Gregory the Thirteenth. Yet how rarely, if ever, is his testimony referred to by historians! It is worth while quoting his opinion of the Jesuits. "How marvellous is the place their College holds in Christendom! I think there never was a brotherhood or body among us which held such a rank, nor which has produced such fruits as these will do if their designs continue. They now occupy nearly all Christendom. They are a nursery of great men, of all sorts of greatness. They form the greatest menace for the heretics of our time!"

Montaigne's journal, though desultory, is fuller of fact and observation than most descriptions of the Holy Week at Rome. He saw the heads of St. Paul and St. Peter, with flesh on, and beards, and complexion, "just as if they were living;" and describes minutely their appearance and the formalities with which they were shown, adding, however, that they were placed rather high, and seen through iron bars.

Montaigne was very anxious to obtain the citizenship of Rome; and bestirred himself for the purpose among his Italian friends, avoiding to use the influence of the embassy. The authority of the Pope was brought into play, by means of Filippo Masotti, his major-domo, who had conceived a singular affection for the Essayist, and took great pains to have his wishes accomplished. The letters of citizenship, full of complimentary phrases—the same which had just been applied to the Duke of Sero, the Pope's son—were delivered finally on the 5th of April, and are given at length in the Essays.

After a visit to Tivoli, Montaigne prepared for his departure from Rome. It is necessary here to repeat, that on his arrival all his books had been seized; among others, a copy of the Essays

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Some time after, his work was returned to him with the observations of the monkish doctors. The Maestro of the Sacred Palace had only been able to judge of it by the report of a certain French brother, as he did not understand the language. He had an interview with Montaigne, and showed himself very lenient, contenting himself so well with the excuses put forward in answer to each article of the animadversions written by the said French monk, that he left it to the Essayist's conscience "to rewrite what he should see to be in bad taste!"

What a strange farrago must the criticism of this stupid monk have been! The Maestro, who was an able man, took the part of Montaigne, and did his best to impress on him that he did not much agree with the proposed alterations, by pleading very ingeniously for him in his presence against another Italian who took the opposite view. The really dangerous parts of the Essays escaped them altogether. It is curious to remark that that dutiful and exemplary daughter of the Church, Catherine de Medici, often uses the proscribed word "Fortune," or Chance, in her letters.

The Romans seized a French version of a Catholic book because the translator was a heretic; but on the whole, they seem to have been very lenient with Montaigne. When he went to take leave of the Maestro and his companion, they begged him to pay no attention to the censure of his book, in which censure some other Frenchmen had warned them there were many absurdities; and assured him that they honoured his intentions, and his affection towards the Church; also his talent; and had so high an opinion of his frankness and conscientiousness, that they left it to him to take out of his book, when he wished to reprint it, whatever he thought too free-spoken, and, among other things, the word Chance!

With such golden opinions did this great Free-thinker depart from Rome; and proceed in a devout spirit to the miraculous shrine of Loretto.

MONTAIGNE left Rome in the afternoon, and was accompanied as far as Ponte-Mole by Messieurs de Marmoutiés, de la Trémouille, du Bellay, and other gentlemen. Nothing worthy of remark occurred as far as Spoleto, where the party had to show their bills of health; not for fear of the plague, which was then nowhere

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reported, but of Petrino, a citizen of that place, the most noble bandit of Italy, of whom the most famous exploits were related, and by whom that and all neighbouring cities feared to be surprised.

Leaving the plain, Montaigne began to enter the mountains, and crossed a series of level valleys and lofty table-lands. "But early in the morning," he says, "we had, for some time, a brief view of a thousand different hills, clothed everywhere with the fine shadows of all sorts of fruit-trees, and the finest wheat possible, often growing on such steep and precipitous places that it seemed a miracle how horses could have ever reached there. Most beautiful valleys,—infinite number of streams,—throngs of houses and villages everywhere.

After passing La Muccia, Montaigne showed that philosophy had not quite repressed in him the overbearing manners of the French gentleman, of which he elsewhere complains. "I gave a box on the ear to a vetturino," he says. "This is a great excess, according to the usage of the country—witness the vetturino who killed the Prince of Tresignano—and as I saw that he remained behind, and was a little uncomfortable lest he should make a complaint or do something else, instead of going on to Tolentino I stopped and supped at Valchimara."

Next day, this adventure having no sequel, the party proceeded to Macerata. It was easy now to see that they were on the way to Loretto, so full were the roads of comers and goers; many, who were not mere private individuals, but rich persons with followers, travelled on foot dressed as pilgrims; some with a standard and then a crucifix preceding them, they themselves being dressed in a suitable livery.

They reached Loretto in the evening. It was a little village, fortified against the incursions of the Turks, on a slight elevation, overlooking on one side a beautiful plain, on the other the Adriatic sea. The natives said, that in fine weather the mountains of Sclavonia could be descried on the eastern horizon.

Loretto had few inhabitants, save those in the service of the shrine, directly or indirectly; as, for example, hotel-keepers, who supplied very dirty lodgings; and dealers in waxwork images, Paternosters, Agnus Dei, Salvators, and "such like wares;" for which there was a great number of fine shops, richly furnished. "*I laid out for my part fifty good crowns,*" says Montaigne, who

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seemed determined to exhaust every possible contradiction, and prove that the Skeptic who comes out of the Catholic Church, may not only look on Protestantism with almost priestly jealousy and dislike, but wear a cross over his coat and a holy relic under his shirt.

At Loretto, all the priests, the churchmen, and the College of Jesuits, resided in a great modern palace, where also lodged a Governor, an ecclesiastic under the authority of the Legate and the Pope. The place of devotion—the *Santa Casa*—was a very old and mean little oblong house, built of brick. About a fifth was divided off, as especially holy. The image of Our Lady hung against one part of the wall was in wood; all the rest was covered with rich ex-votos; so that not one inch was there that did not shine with gold and silver. In the great church outside were many ornaments, but less than Montaigne expected. "I think," he says, "they melt the old ones and use them for other purposes. With great trouble," he continued, "and much favour, I could scarcely find a place to lodge a framed tablet with four silver figures attached, representing Our Lady, myself, my wife, and my daughter. At the foot of mine there is inscribed on the silver: '*Michael Montanus, Gallus Vasco, Eques Regii Ordinis*, 1581;' under that of my wife, '*Francisca Cassaniana, uxor;*' under that of my daughter, '*Leonora Montana, filia unica.*' All these are in a row kneeling before Our Lady."

In the retired part of the chapel, to which no light of day penetrated, there was no ornament, no bench, no painting, no tapestry on the walls; no arms were allowed to be worn by those who entered; and no respect was paid to rank or persons: "We kept our Easter in that chapel, *a privilege not allowed to all.* It is necessary to bespeak places beforehand. A German Jesuit said mass for me, and gave me the communion." To this passage M. de Querlon appends a triumphant note: "Such acts of piety allow no doubt to subsist on the religion of Montaigne; therefore the incredulous and the skeptics, who have often claimed him, may scratch him out of their catalolgue!"

HAVING performed his religious duties, Montaigne determined to attend to his body, and to proceed to the baths of Della Villa. Leaving Loretto, he went first to Ancona. By way of Fano and Urbino, he returned hastily into Tuscany and reached Florence

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But here he stayed only a night, and proceeded on his way When they had passed Pistoia they found the cherries ripening and villagers came and offered them bunches of strawberries for sale. By way of Lucca the Essayist at length reached Della Villa, where he proposed to make a considerable stay. "The country is hilly," says he. "By the river side there is a plain of some two or three hundred paces, beyond which, along the slope of the mountain, rises the bath. There are thirty or forty houses fitted up for the service; the chambers are handsome and private. I visited them nearly all before making a bargain, and chose the handsomest, especially as to the view, which included the valley, the river, and the mountains around, all cultivated and green to the very summits; covered here with chestnut and olive-trees, there with vines planted upon the mountains, as it were in circular steps. From my chamber I could hear all night the gentle murmur of the river. Between the houses is a clear place for walking, open on one side like a terrace, with trees that form arches through which you can see the little plain I have mentioned; and some two hundred paces beneath you a pretty little village, also used by the bathers when there are many."

Montaigne lodged with a Captain Paulini; and was supplied with a parlour, three rooms, a kitchen, and a sort of attic for his servants. His host allowed him, as he minutely records, "salt, a napkin every day, a table-cloth every three days, all iron utensils for the kitchen, with candlesticks,—the whole for eleven écus, which made some sous more than ten pistoles, or fifty francs, for a fortnight." Does not this confirm the view that Michel de Montaigne was likely to meddle in household matters at his château far more than he chooses to confess? He proceeds: "Pots, dishes, and plates of earthenware, we had to buy, also glasses and knives;" and so on.

Let us lightly pass over this residence at Della Villa, which occupies nearly all the rest of the journal. It is chiefly devoted to records of the taking of medicine and the waters, of their effects, and of the poignant physical sufferings of the writer. Many of the notes have all the effect, for a time, of humour; but at last become pathetic from sheer *naïveté* and earnestness.

It is an amusing illustration of Montaigne's character, that about this time he determined to cease writing his journal in French and to try the Italian. The least said about his proficiency in that language the better. However, his meaning is always tolerably

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clear. For some time he has little to say except about his drugs his baths, and his regimen.

Getting tired of the baths, Montaigne made a trip to Florence, and saw some chariot races which pleased him, "because they reminded him of the ancient games." Again he notices the absence of beautiful girls at these public assemblies. Still restless and ill, he determined to return to Della Villa. On his way he passed through Pisa, and visited the cathedral, where it is interesting to reflect that he may have elbowed Galileo, at that time aged eighteen, and preluding to his great discoveries by watching the regular oscillation of a lamp swinging from the roof. Leaving Pisa at length he returned to Della Villa, where he was received with infinite caresses; and resumed his baths at once. The increase of his sufferings is developed before us in many pages of familiar writing. At one time he seems to have been on the point of death. A dreadful toothache coming in addition to his other ills, he was not able to support the pain, and took to his bed.

At last Montaigne was wearied of the baths of Della Villa, and thought of going to finish his cure elsewhere. Early in September (1581) the toothache and neuralgia returned, with such fury, that "he passed the cruellest night he ever remembered; he was almost mad." Brandy, held in the mouth, allayed the pain. All the gentlemen at the baths paid him visits of condolence in his bed. The world was on the point of losing the Third Book of the Essays, the crowning part of the work.

But on the 7th of the same month news came that seems to have helped to effect a cure, by occupying Montaigne's imagination. By letters from M. de Tausin, dated Bordeaux, August 2, he learned that "the preceding day he had been elected by unanimous consent to be Mayor of Bordeaux." His correspondent begged him to accept the post for love of his country. Although he seems to have hesitated, yet he set off at once for Rome to receive the official letters, the despatch of which was announced to him, and packed up on his way, at Lucca, two great cases of goods for France.

Montaigne reached Rome on October 1, and received there the despatches from the Jurats of Bordeaux. He had now, at any rate, made up his mind to return immediately to France. He sent off a heavy trunk to Milan, containing many precious things; among others, a magnificent chaplet of *Agnus Dei*, the finest in

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Rome. It had been made expressly for the Ambassador of the Empress, and one of his gentlemen had got the Pope to bless it."

Montaigne left Rome on the 15th of October, being accompanied as far as the first post by MM. d'Estissac, de Morens, and many other gentlemen. Others, as MM. du Bellay, d'Ambres, d'Allegres, wished to go forth, and had hired horses; but Montaigne made haste in order to save them the trouble. He evidently enjoyed all this worldly respect, paid in part to the Essayist, in part to the new "Mayor and Governor of Bordeaux."

The return-journey was performed with comparative rapidity. Yet the traveller, although he gave up seeing Genoa, turned aside to visit the field of Pavia, where Francis the First was defeated; and went to Milan, "the most populous city of Italy," which he compares to Paris. Thence proceeding by way of Turin, he passed the Mont Cenis (where only he ceased to write Italian), reached Chambery, crossed the Mont du Chat which overhangs the western bank of Lake Bourget, and having paid a visit to Madame de la Fayette, arrived at Montaigne on the last day of November, "having been absent seventeen months and eight days."

Montaigne alleges that he at first positively refused the honour voted him by his fellow-citizens who elected him as their Mayor, being sure, he says, that he was only chosen on account of the memory of his father's mayordom; but remonstrances being made to him, he accepted. Soon after arriving at Montaigne, indeed, he received the following letter from the king:—

"Monsieur de Montaigne,—As I hold in great esteem your fidelity and zealous devotion to my service, I have been much pleased to hear of your election as mayor of my city of Bordeaux. I have confirmed the more willingly this election, because it was brought about without intrigue in your absence. Therefore I order and enjoin you expressly, without delay or excuse, to return as soon as you receive these presents, and exercise the office to which you have been so legitimately called. By so doing you will be very agreeable to me, and the contrary will displease me greatly. I pray God, M. de Montaigne, to have you in his sacred keeping.

"HENRY.

"*Paris, Nov.* 25, 1581."

The mayorship of Bordeaux was a high dignity in the sixteenth century. None but gentlemen following the profession of arms could legally exercise it. Bordeaux, in fact, was the third city in

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importance of all France, and had many peculiar privileges. The mayor took precedence, not only of all nobles in the province, but, with few exceptions, of all nobles in the kingdom. His office was military, and he often commanded armies. There was no other city where the magistrates held so great a state. When they went forth, forty archers, with scarlet casques, marched before them and the officers of the town. The mayor, dressed in a robe of white and red velvet, with ornaments of brocade, moved two or three paces in front of the Jurats, who were dressed in white and red damask.

Montaigne gives his own account of this high dignity. The office, which was merely honourable, without any emolument whatever, was held for two years; but a magistrate who made himself popular could be continued for two other years. This happened rarely. It happened to M. de Lansac and M. de Biron, and it happened to Montaigne. In a tone of grave irony, which some critics have mistaken for puerile boasting, the Essayist compares his own conduct, in first refusing, then accepting the appointment, with the conduct of Alexander, who refused at the outset the freedom of the city of Corinth; but when he was informed that Bacchus and Hercules had formerly been citizens, accepted!

When Montaigne reached his château on the last day of November, 1581, despite the reception of the king's letter, he exhibited no hurry to go and take the oaths and inhabit the splendid mairie of Bordeaux. When he did so at last, he seized every opportunity to be back at his château, where he had to write more Essays and prepare a new edition of the first two books.

MONTAIGNE, however, entered on his functions as mayor early in 1582; and though he did not profess any great zeal, gave great satisfaction. "As soon as I arrived," he says, "I told them what they had to expect of me,—no memory, no vigilance, no experience, no vigour; but also no hatred, no ambition, no avarice, and no violence." A magistrate with these qualities, and the quiet wisdom of Montaigne, was well suited for the time in which he had to serve at first. It was quite calm. There was nothing to attend to but municipal duties. He came to pacify, but found the task not easy. One of the first acts committed under his government was the unlawful seizure of the city of Perigueux by the Catholic lords and gentlemen of Perigord.

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The early part of Montaigne's mayorship was quiet enough, however. Although the Ligue existed, it had not yet commenced its abominable public career. There seemed a chance that discord might cease. Among the articles agreed to at the Conference of Fleix was the sending of what was called a Chamber of Justice into Guienne—that is, a number of judges selected from the Parliament of Paris, in order to replace a chamber chosen half by one party half by another, from the Catholic Parliament of Bordeaux, which had shown itself unjust and partial in its decisions. This commission was presided over by Antoine Seguier, and contained among others Claude du Puy and Jacques de Thou; the latter gives us the history of its movements. Its advocate was Loysel, and its Procureur-General Pithou.

The Commissioners intended first to establish their court at Libourne, but reflecting on the poverty of the lawyers who would have had to come thither from Bordeaux,—the pleaders did not occur to them—they made up their minds to go to the capital. It was on Jan. 26, 1582, that they held their first sitting at the Convent of the Jacobins. Montaigne was present as mayor. A vast crowd had collected to welcome the new judges—a way of expressing hatred of the old ones. The first sitting was occupied with a discourse or remonstrance by Loysel, who displayed so much eloquence that Montaigne paid him a special compliment. He spoke of equal justice in a manner that caused some excitement at court. The session of Bordeaux lasted six months, during which time the members of the commission spent their time in the society of the principal men of the province; and formed friendships that in many cases were lasting. It was then that De Thou made the acquaintance of Montaigne, who appears to have received hospitably at his splendid "Mairie" all these strangers. "The Mayor," says De Thou, "was a man of great frankness, disliking all constraint, who entered into no cabal. He was very learned in our contemporary history, but especially in that of Guienne, his country, which he knew perfectly."

The Session of the Court lasted six months. At its conclusion, Loysel made a second long speech, in which he alluded to the illustrious lawyers who had practised in Guienne, particularly mentioning among others, Pommier, La Chassagne, La Boëtie, and Montaigne, with great praise. The Court then transferred its sittings to Agen, whence Loysel sent a copy of his second speech to

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Montaigne, with a letter, in which he called him "one of the principal ornaments, not only of Guienne, but of all France." This letter, which was, in fact, a dedication, called forth a present of a copy of the first edition of the Essays in quarto, which still exists with the autograph of Montaigne.

Montaigne was not present to hear Loysel's second Remonstrance. The fact is, that in August he had been sent to court "for the affairs of the city, with ample Memoirs and Instructions." What were these affairs, however, has not been noted. We merely know that his mission was important, and was quite successful. We may refer to this visit to Paris, Montaigne's chief experience of the absurd and licentious devotion of Henry the Third, to which he more than once refers, and which was then in its full paroxysm.

MONTAIGNE seems to have been quite satisfied with his own conduct during the period that elapsed between his first election and August 1, 1583; and most of the people of Bordeaux evidently agreed with him, for he was reëlected. "They did more for me in giving me the office again," he says, "than when they gave it me at first." He does not mention, however, that at the second election there was great opposition. The validity of the proceedings, indeed, was attacked before the Parliament of Bordeaux; and this move proving unsuccessful, an appeal was made to the Council of State, on the plea that the renewal of Montaigne's term of office was contrary to the ordonnance of 1550. The election was confirmed; but in the Registers of the Council of State it was expressly stated, that this was done on the understanding that it should not be taken as a precedent. Montaigne and the Jurats, however, sent up a strong protest against this minute (it is preserved, dated March 5, 1584); and they appear to have gained their point.

In 1583 a rather curious incident, illustrative of the state of communications in France at that period, occurred. The chief trade of Bordeaux was carried on by the rivers, and it was very important to it that they should be free. But in this year the inhabitants of Mas de Verdun threatened to stop the loaded boats hat plied between Bordeaux and Toulouse, in consequence of which Montaigne was sent to remonstrate with the King of Navarre; and his instructions have been preserved.

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A remonstrance was addressed in 1583 by Montaigne, as mayor of Bordeaux, and the Jurats of the city, to Henry the Third, full of humane and wise suggestions. It set forth, that according to ordonnances "conform to reason, all taxes should bear equally on all persons, the strong supporting the weak; it being reasonable that those who had large means should pay more than those who lived on chance and by the sweat of their brows;" and then went on to complain, that even the sons of Presidents and Conseillers were declared by the Parliament exempt from taxation, so that the whole burden fell upon the poor. Further, it had been the privilege of the city of Bordeaux to appoint sworn Taverniers and Cabaretiers to sell wine, "the only source of revenue of the inhabitants;" but now edicts had been passed, making these posts venal in order to obtain money for the court. "Moreover, in consequence of the misery of the time, so great since the misfortune of the civil wars, many persons of all sexes and qualities are reduced to mendicity, and nothing is to be seen in the cities and the fields but an unlimited multitude of poor. This would not happen," says Montaigne, "if the edict issued by the late King Charles of good memory, whom God absolve, were executed,—to the effect, that every parish should be obliged to support its poor, and not allow them to wander elsewhere." Montaigne also complains that the city was infested by crowds of pilgrims to St. Jacques of Compostello, and other shrines; who begged, to the great scandal of the public; whilst the priors and administrators of hospitals, mostly of royal foundation, neglected or refused to feed them; the remedy proposed for this latter grievance is a threat, that if the pilgrims were not properly attended to by the charities instituted for that purpose, their property would be seized. We are left to conjecture the success of this remonstrance.

But the aspect of the times was now changing. The comparative tranquillity which enabled Montaigne to gain so good a reputation as a magistrate was beginning to be disturbed; and it was evident that his post would not much longer be a sinecure. The first year of his office had scarcely passed away, indeed, before he seems to have been disgusted with his dignity. He tried afterwards to persuade himself that he had never heartily entered into his work: "The Mayor and Montaigne were always two persons." This is in a passage which may have suggested the famous "Al.

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the World's a Stage." . . . . "Most of our occupations are farcical: *Mundus universus exercet histrionum:*"—

"Le monde universel sans fin joue une farce,"

to use the words of Mademoiselle de Gournay's translation.

Towards the end of 1584 Montaigne, wearied of the city and its busy life, started off for his château, where he seems to have passed the winter, not expecting, doubtless, to be honoured by a royal visit. I have alluded more than once to the connection, more or less intimate, that existed between Montaigne and the Court of Navarre. It began, possibly, by his acquaintance with Marguerite, which was of early date—before her marriage and before the St. Bartholomew. But the Court of Navarre, held now at Pau, now at Nérac, now at Agen, now shifting over the country, was so completely neighbouring Montaigne and the places where our philosopher was accustomed to be, that we may suppose the connection to have existed from a very early period. Our Essayist, however, was a strict royalist; and not only in time of war publicly declared against Henry of Navarre, but actually fought against him on many occasions. All these facts are singularly obscure, and cannot be understood if we do not remember the peculiar nature of a civil contest, in which the combatants were sometimes not divided even by animosity, and were with difficulty kept from stopping in the midst of a battle to talk of their private affairs with their enemies for the day.

By his acquaintance with Corisande d'Andoins, who at last had become the declared mistress of Henry the Fourth, Montaigne could get at the private key to favour, whenever he chose to use it. Henry was, politically speaking, a favourite with him, though judged calmly and without passion.

Our Essayist, now negotiator, had, in May, 1584, been on a mission from M. Maréchal de Matignon to Henry the Fourth at Nérac, and brought back a letter of compliment, ending with the words, "M. de Montaigne will tell you the rest." We do not know the subject of these negotiations; but the king and the philosopher were on excellent terms. Perhaps it was then that Montaigne received the honorary title of Gentleman in Ordinary to the King of Navarre's Bedchamber, so that thenceforth he served two masters.

At any rate, in December of the same year, the truant mayor,

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occupied th his beloved Essays at his castle, received news that Henry of Navarre was about to visit him. Writing to the Jurats of Bordeaux, he said, two days before: "All the court of Sainte-Foi are on my hands, and have appointed to come and see me." Henry made a détour through the country, and having dined at Gurson, came to sup and sleep at Montaigne. This event was very pleasing to its owner's vanity. In his journal we find the following:—

"*December* 19, 1584. The King of Navarre came to see me at Montaigne, where he had never been before. He remained there two days, served by my people, without any of his officers; he allowed no assay, (against poison,) and slept in my bed. . . . At the king's departure I had a stag started for him in my forest, (the forest of Saint Claud, or Bretanord,) which led him a chase of two days."

Early in February, 1585, Montaigne wrote to wish a happy new year to the Jurats of Bordeaux, and vaguely hints that as soon as it is convenient he will return to his duties!

We cannot now expect to meet with public events that much influenced Montaigne intellectually. The formation of his mind and opinions has been seen. We have, therefore, only to trace his personal movements, and observe his conduct in the position to which—in part his literary reputation, in part the respect entertained for his family—had raised him. I have not thought it necessary to insist much on the negotiations carried on between the King of Navarre and the Maréchal de Matignon, although the name of Montaigne, as mayor, now and then occurs in the correspondence; and even the long despatches of Duplessis-Morny, addressed to the mayor on the subject of the capture of Mont-de-Marsan, seem to me, as I have said, scarcely to add anything to Montaigne's biography.

Montaigne returned to Bordeaux in the spring, and found it in a state of great excitement. The Duke of Guise had already begun his famous enterprise, and was raising an army for the Ligue. Montaigne was waking and watching over the safety of the city committed to his charge; but how anxiously he begs the Maréchal to come and relieve his anxiety! True lovers of the Essayist will not be sorry to find him shrinking from the repulsive duties of a subordinate office during a civil war, which compels him to apologize for having meditated "gentle measures," instead

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of proceeding to the summary execution of some suspected person. We can never feel so comfortable in his society when serving the despicable Henry the Third, no matter from what motives, as when meditating new sentences in his tower, or jogging along the highways of France and Italy in search of health and experience. The picture, however, would not be complete if due importance were not given to what is known of "the public life" of Montaigne.

The Château Trompette had been in danger of being betrayed to the Liguers, and Montaigne assisted Matignon in his vigorous measures to preserve it for the king. M. Grün conjectures, that about this time it was that it was thought necessary to make the great display of troops which is mentioned in one of the Essays. There was some fear that the troops would mutiny and murder their officers. On this account it had been proposed to restrict them from firing a salute, but Montaigne advised that no suspicion should be shown, and the whole affair in consequence passed off well.

In April, the Mayor had been on another mission to the King of Navarre, who was at war with the partisans of the Ligue, but not exactly with Henry the Third; and in June we find him on a similar service; but all we know of these journeys is that Henry placed as much confidence in the ambassador as did those who sent him, and that he naturally assumed the character of a mediator.

About this time the whole province of Guienne was in a state of frightful disorder, and Perigord especially. The King of Navarre and his partisans occupied many strong places, whence they made incursions for subsistence on every side, whilst the Catholic bands in the service of the Ligue also overran the country. From March to August, says Palma Cayet, the soldier lived upon the peasant; but there was no fighting, only pillage. To this Montaigne alludes, where he writes: "An increased weight of our troubles during several months fell right upon me. I had, on the one hand, the enemy at my gates; on the other the Picoreurs, or Marauders, a worse enemy; and suffered all military outrages at once." That was a time of absolute anarchy, in which plunder was carried to such an extent that Montaigne feared complete ruin. "I suffered all the inconvenience which comes from moderation in such cases. I was spoiled on all hands. To the

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Ghibeline I was a Guelf, and to the Guelf a Ghibeline." Matters went so far, that Montaigne began to look out among his friends for one with whom he could find shelter for his "needy and dishonoured old age." But he cast his eyes around in vain. At last he perceived that the only sure way was to depend upon himself. The weapon he found most useful was patience; and he doubts "whether he can decently acknowledge" *how* patiently he bore the sufferings of others as well as his own.

Montaigne appears suddenly to have abandoned his official duties to go and take care of his family and property. At that time a terrible plague burst out in Bordeaux, supposed to have been engendered in a filthy bog to the west of the city; and some biographers seem to believe that he fled away in alarm, with so many other of the healthy inhabitants. But he very clearly implies that he was engaged in protecting his estate, as well as he could, when the pestilence reached that district and entered his very castle. Never was there so vehement an attack. Contagion had often approached, but, such was the salubrity of the air round his castle, had never before reached it. Now it did so, and strange effects were produced. The sight of his house became frightful to him. No further guard was kept; everything was abandoned. "I, usually so hospitable," he says, "was obliged, painfully, to seek out a retreat for my family. We were a wandering family, fearful to our friends and to ourselves, creating horror wherever we went. Whenever one of us felt a pain, even in the little finger, we were obliged to decamp; for at such time every disease is supposed to be plague. Not a hundredth part of the people of the neighbourhood escaped. . . . No one appeared to care for aught save sepulture. It grieved them to see corpses strewing the fields, at the mercy of the wild beasts that flocked thither at once Healthy men dug their graves in time; others got into them living. One of my workmen, with his hands and feet, drew the earth over him as he was dying."

The "caravan," of which Montaigne speaks, was composed of his mother, then aged seventy-seven, his wife, his daughter, and his servants. One of the first places he took it to was Libourne. He wished to be as near as possible to Bordeaux, whither, however, he declined proceeding, for the plague continued to rage there with terrible intensity. The Maréchal de Matignon, expressing the wishes of the Jurats, wrote to him, with the request that he

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would come and preside over the election of his successor. This was in July. Montaigne at once made up his mind not to go. He knew the terrible state of the city. No one who could go elsewhere remained within the walls. There was nothing either heroic or bad in the act of Montaigne. It was exactly in accordance with his easy character, that moved in the middle region. The period of his office was to expire the next day. What was asked of him was a mere formality.

The election took place in the absence of the Essayist, and M. de Matignon was named as his successor. Great must have been his joy at finding himself once more free at length from the burden of public employment. Despite some short-comings, he retired with honour, and the period of his administration was always referred to with respect, although it was generally felt that a more vigorous hand was required to replace his cautious one.

As soon as the pestilence had ceased its ravages, Montaigne returned to his château and spent his time in concluding the Third Book of the Essays, in preparing a new edition, and in endeavouring to restore order to his affairs. That was one of the most difficult periods through which he had to pass. The civil war was never more fierce, nor carried on in a more cruel and irregular manner. Up to that time Montaigne's residence, though undefended except by his reputation, had remained unmolested. As we have seen, he had boasted of the absence of all precaution, and its excellent results; but the times were past when such security could be indulged in.

A certain person—*un quidam*—laid a plan for surprising Montaigne and his house. He arrived alone at the gate, and impatiently begged admission. Montaigne knew him by name, and had reason to confide in him as a neighbour, and something even of a relative. He ordered the gate to be opened, as he did to all. The man entered all affrighted, his horse blown and much harassed. The story he told was, that he had just been met, about half a league off, by one of his enemies—Montaigne knew this other also, and was aware of their quarrel—that this enemy had given him hot chase; that he had been surprised, and being with a party inferior in number, had been obliged to seek shelter; that he was very much troubled about his people, who must be either killed or prisoners. Montaigne very simply comforted, reassured him, and

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gave him to drink. Soon after, four or five of his soldiers presented themselves to enter; and then others, and others besides, all well-equipped and armed; so that at last there were twenty-five or thirty, all pretending to have the enemy at their heels.

This mystery began to excite Montaigne's suspicions. He was not ignorant in what kind of age he lived, and how his house might be envied. Many examples presented themselves of such adventures. However, thinking it to be of no use to have begun to be civil if he did not go on, he continued his former behaviour, and received all hospitably. The party remained in their saddles, forming a menacing group in the court. The chief was in the house with Montaigne. He had refused to have his horse sent to the stable, saying that he must go further. He had now nothing more to do but to murder his host, and take possession of the château. Suddenly he rose, went forth, and putting himself at the head of his men, who looked wonderingly at him, galloped away across the court, passed the little triangular space between the tower and the out-buildings, and had soon disappeared. Some time after he boldly related the story, and acknowledged that Montaigne's confiding countenance and frank manner had restrained him.

During all this period Montaigne occasionally, despite his age and infirmities, sallied forth, as all loyal gentlemen were bound to do, and joined in the partisan warfare carried on in Perigord against the Protestant lords. The allusions to these adventures, scattered through the Essays, especially towards the end, leave no doubt on the matter. We have here an additional touch to Montaigne's portrait, quite neglected by most of his critics. He lays down the pen from time to time, puts on the cuirass, girds on the sword, mounts his horse and sallies forth, not actuated by any enthusiasm, but partly from a sense of duty, partly from a love of that kind of life, its freedom, its excitement, its very danger; even the sound of warlike music was an attraction to him. That he continued these episodes in his old age is certain. He says he often forgot the watchword which he had "given or received" a few hours before; mentions being present at the storming of little forts; and, in fact, leaves no doubt that he did not wear the sword as a mere ornament. All attempts, however, to discover in what "affairs" Montaigne engaged have failed.

It may easily be imagined, that amidst such circumstances it was

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an effort of philosophy in Montaigne to continue the preparation of his Essays. He worked on, however, and at length completed the thirteen additional Essays which form the Third Book, all very important for their length and matter, and determined to go to Paris to superintend their publication. This was early in 1588.

On the way he met with another adventure, of a similar kind to the one already related. There had been a truce published, but the country remained in a most insecure state. Montaigne was advancing by way of the Limousin towards Orleans. His being abroad became known, and at once two or three "cavalcades" from various points set out to catch him. One of these joined him on the third day; and he was charged at once by fifteen or twenty masked gentlemen, followed by a wave of *argoulets*. He seems to have resisted a little and then surrendered. They led him into the depths of a neighbouring forest, dismounted him, robbed him, searched his coffers, took his money-box, shared his horses and baggage. Then began a discussion as to ransom, which they placed so high that he saw they did not understand his worldly position. There was a moment when they were on the point of putting him to death. But Montaigne did not flinch, and appealed to the truce; saying, moreover, they ought to be satisfied with what they had got; and would promise no ransom. After two or three hours, they put him on a horse incapable of running away, and set a guard of fifteen or twenty arquebuss-men over him. His people were given to others in charge; and the party started off with their prisoners, by different roads, through the forest. But Montaigne had not ridden three shots' distance when the chief came back to him with gentler words, stopped the troop, searched for his property, and restored it all to him, even his money-box. He could never quite understand the reason of this sudden change—for his enemies were of an opposite party, and he had boldly admitted his opinions. The chief, taking off his mask, told his name; and said the good countenance and firmness of language of Montaigne had influenced him; but it is probable that his reputation as author of the Essays may have had something to do with saving him.

However, he was set at liberty, and warned that further on he would be again attacked. But he escaped these other dangers with his life, although he appears to have been again robbed of his

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money, this time definitively—unless we suppose the return of his "box," mentioned in the Essays, to have been one of those little ornaments which we know he was sometimes fond of adding to his stories. However this may be, after many escapes he arrived penniless at Orleans, where he stopped, fearing to go further.

We have been obliged to follow Montaigne for some time so closely through the active scenes of life, that we have almost forgotten the valetudinarian speculator. During all this time, whither were his speculations tending? More and more towards doubt and uncertainty. Vanity of vanities—such was his estimation of the world. Having scoffed at Reason, he scoffs at Experience. Man was made to seek, but not to find knowledge. "There is no quality so universal, in this image of things, as diversity." He casts another rapid glance over the objects of all researches, and is astonished, more than ever, at their infinite variety. What hope was there of any definite conclusion? "Nothing but our weakness," he says, "leads us to be content with what others, or we ourselves, find in this *hunt after knowledge*. . . There is no end to our inquisitions: our end is in the other world. . . What a swarm of commentators! how few authors! . . Our opinions are grafted one on the other; the first serves as a stalk for the second, the second for the third." . . . "Our contestation is verbal: I ask, what is Nature, Volupty, Circle, and Substitution? the question is in words and is answered in words. A stone is a body; but what is a body? A substance. And what is substance? So on to the end of the chapter. They exchange one word for another, often less known. I know better what a Man is than what is Animal, Mortal, or Reasonable. To appease one doubt they give me three."

These discussions, and others more directly bearing on practical life, annoyed Montaigne. The "hunt after knowledge" began to seem wearisome to him. "The wisest plan is to follow nature as simply as possible. Oh, what a soft and delicious pillow, and how healthy, are ignorance and incuriosity, for the repose of a well-formed head!" This is the last result of Montaigne's philosophy.

Partly in a spirit of raillery against the magnificent doctors who "rode cockhorse on the epicycle of Mercury," and treated our body as a rag in their discourses, partly in the indulgence of a playful licentiousness which had nothing to do with his manners,

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Montaigne sat down one day to comment the famous Virgilian passage:—

> "Dixerat, et niveis hinc atque hinc diva lacertis
> Cunctantem amplexu molli fovet," κ. τ. λ.

The Essays would not have been complete without this extraordinary lucubration, which has raised the ire of monks and puritans ever since. How many must have thrilled with dangerous fear as they read—fear followed, we must suppose, by anger; for great is the number of copies found in public and private libraries with these hundred leaves or so torn out by some convulsive hand! One is disposed to imagine, at first, that this mutilation is the punishment of one or two coarse passages, and some few very daring Anacreontic notes here and there sounded. But such cannot be the case; for many as audacious flights are allowed to pass untouched elsewhere.

The truth is that Montaigne, having arrived at an age when he can no longer be suspected—especially considering the known gravity of his manners—of desiring to apologize for personal excesses, took pleasure, whilst indulging his wanton imaginations, in making one more assault on asceticism, which would convert this world into a hospital, filled with emaciated patients, lying racked on narrow beds, or wandering drearily about the wards in expectation of a discharge, instead of one vast source of delicious sensation. As usual, he went too far, did this moderate man. What horrified the anchorites or the hypocrites who expurgated him was the utter disregard of moral obligation which this Essay in certain parts affects, the utter forgetfulness that we are not so many animals placed here to devour so much pleasure and have done with existence. We must reflect, however, that Montaigne is travelling over that boundless region Man, and describing it province by province. The real charge is, that he lingered somewhat too long here.

"Few people will object to the license of my writings," says Montaigne, "who ought not to have more to object to in the license of their thoughts: I agree with their courage, but offend their eyes. . . . At any rate. I have ordered myself to dare to say what I dare to do; and thoughts that cannot be published displease me. The worst of my actions and conditions does not seem to me so ugly as the cowardice of not daring to confess it.

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. . . He who should undertake to tell all, would undertake to do nothing which would not bear telling. . . . . If it be indiscretion thus to publish one's errors, there is no great danger that it should pass into an example and custom; for Aristo used to say, that the winds men fear most are those that uncover them. Up with this stupid rag that hides our manners! I am weary of seeing my Essays used by ladies merely as a common piece of furniture in their parlours: this chapter will introduce me to their private society." We expect great confessions; but, setting aside the vague sentimental reminiscences of early loves I have given, there is nothing to reward the curiosity of scandal-mongers, and nothing worthy the indignation of those who can tolerate Marguerite of Navarre.

The "Essay on Experience," the last published by Montaigne, is one of the most pregnant of all, and one of the most varied. Here we have some of the sharpest sayings by the side of some of the most familiar revelations. He runs over his whole life, and epitomizes all his doctrines. Here we find a last fling at the doctors; a last glance of regret towards the court—where he *might* have been of some use as a councillor;—a curious expression of fondness for warfare—"There is no occupation so pleasant as the military"—all manner of communications on the progress of his habits, his crotchets, his diseases,—and some more fond allusions to his loves in early life, few but steady.

He does not, however, endeavour to make himself appear in any romantic light. "What an indecent fellow I am to eat so gluttonously as I do! I often bite my tongue, and sometimes my fingers, in my haste." It is useless to disguise it: Montaigne had become a *bon vivant*, and lived for the pleasures of the stomach as well as of the imagination. No matter. Who does not wish he had given us some particulars of the three dinners he remembered with such delight as having occurred in his happy time? Everything in its place, he says: "Shall we seek the quadrature of the circle whilst we are kissing our wives? I hate to be ordered to have my soul in the clouds whilst my body is at table. I don't want the mind to be nailed down there, nor to wallow in the dishes; but I want it to apply itself to them—to sit before them, not lie in them."

In reality, the whole of this Essay is an apology for his moderate way of viewing things—very sensible and reasonable—but show-

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ing in its details somewhat too great a relish for material enjoyments. When he comes to state his doctrine, this "sickly Egotist," who has been described as weary of his existence—he sometimes pretends that he was—begins one of his concluding paragraphs thus: "For my part then, I love life, and cultivate it, such as God has been pleased to grant it to us. I don't regret the necessity of eating and drinking, and should think myself wrong in desiring that necessity to be less." He regretted nothing, he goes on to say in somewhat too plain language, that gave pleasure. "It is ungrateful and iniquitous to complain of the desires and capacity of enjoyment given to our body. . . . . We wrong the great Giver in refusing his gift, in annulling and disfiguring it." Nothing stronger was ever said against the exaggerations of Asceticism and Puritanism.

"They want to emerge from themselves, and escape from Man. Madness. Instead of transforming themselves into angels, they transform themselves into beasts; instead of raising, they lower themselves." To the last he carries on his war with supernaturalism; and how much more openly than in the earlier Essays! It cannot be denied that, however humane his object, he was here tending to abase and vulgarize us. Not that his interference was altogether uncalled for in that age. But he should have thought that he wrote for all ages. Yet are there not still enthusiasts and bigots who require this check?

"We may mount upon stilts if we will, for on stilts we are still obliged to use our legs; and on the highest throne in the world we place what we place on the lowest stool. The finest lives, to my mind, are those which agree with the common and human model, with order, but without miracle, without extravagance. Now, old age has somewhat want of more tender treatment. Let us recommend it to the gay and social God who protects at once health and wisdom:—

> 'Frui paratis et valido mihi,
> Latoë, dones, et, precor, integrâ
> Cum mente; nec turpem senectam
> Degere, nec citharâ carentem.'"

Thus cheerfully do the Essays conclude. But, as I have said, amidst all this, at times we see traces of profound melancholy and dissatisfaction. The journey to Italy seems to have improved Montaigne's health; his hereditary disease was less violent in its

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attacks. But other sources of personal discomfort were opened. The approaches of old age were now unmistakable. He thought he was old at forty; and in the midst of his full vigour began to prepare for death whilst enjoying life. When death really approached, though we see no traces of childish fear, he was evidently less prepared than he expected—less prepared than he would have been many years before. Some great yearning of his life remained unsatisfied. He had sought what he wanted by the road-side and in foreign lands; he had sought it at court, in the city, and at home amidst his family or his books. But he found it not. He was devoured by passion for the Unknown.

PERHAPS Montaigne was made more inclined to complain, or, at any rate, to sink deeper into melancholy, by the idea that his labours were not duly appreciated. He had printed at Bordeaux, and found that no man was a prophet in his own country. He went to Paris, in order to appeal at once to a wider public. No doubt he exaggerated his disappointment; his book had sold well, but he had the weakness—if weakness it be—not to be content with the applause of unknown readers. He had announced in his Essays that one of his objects in publishing was to incite some congenial minds to offer themselves to his friendship. He scarcely expected the void left by La Boëtie to be filled up. But he wanted disciples, not to say admirers. He was approaching the term of his career, and this solace was still denied by fortune. The pedantic, patronizing approval of such men as Pasquier, did not satisfy him. It was but fair, indeed, that the world should depute to him, as it were, a representative of the class that was to honour and cherish him evermore. Otherwise, he who doubted so much might have died doubting his own value.

A messenger came to him one day in his lodgings at Paris, bearer of high-flown and enthusiastic compliments from a lady totally unknown to him, but whose name has since been inseparably united with his. Mademoiselle le Jars de Gournay was born in 1566, at Paris. She was the daughter of a respectable Picard gentleman in the king's service, and of Jeanne de Hacqueville. Her mother had several children, but was left early a widow. The family fell into comparative distress, and was compelled to leave Paris and return to its native Picardy. Here, at Gournay-sur-Aronde, near Compiègne, in somewhat penurious style, lived

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Jeanne with her children. Marie, the eldest, early showed a taste for learning; and, whilst her mother would have had her pay attention only to the accomplishments of a housewife, secretly mastered the Latin language, and almost succeeded in triumphing over the last difficulties of the Greek. From the latter, indeed, she translated the Life of Socrates by Laertius, to please a worthy neighbour desirous of knowing something about that Athenian gentleman, whose name recurred so often in the enthusiastic talk of the erudite.

Marie de Gournay was not yet twenty when the reputation of the Essays of Montaigne reached her. The edition of 1580 came into her hands. It decided her fate. She was his disciple from that day forward, and yearned for nothing so much as to see the man who could write such wise words. A sort of passion, "a fatal sympathy," took possession of her.

For three years the mind of the poor girl was agitated by this feeling, and no opportunity presented itself for satisfying her desire. At length, in 1588, she happened to visit Paris with her mother. Montaigne, as we have seen, was there. No sooner had she heard this news, than she dispatched the messenger I have mentioned to declare the esteem she felt for his person and his works.—We can imagine what emotions fluttered the bosom of the learned virgin whilst she waited for a reply.—Montaigne, above all men, was accessible to such attentions. He came himself on the morrow to thank her for her admiration—there is nothing that more excites our gratitude—and at once offered her the affection of an adoptive father. From that time forward she became his intellectual child, and no filial reverence ever surpassed hers.

Mademoiselle de Gournay was then twenty-two years of age and, although wags have defended her virtue at the expense of her charms, must have been of agreeable personal appearance. She was of middling height, well made; as to complexion, a clear brunette; with an oval face set off with chestnut hair. Intellect gave character to a physiognomy in itself not strictly beautiful. It is necessary to insist on these circumstances, for we may be sure that not even adulation could have reconciled Montaigne to a very ugly disciple. He would as soon have had an ugly doctor.

Montaigne was so pleased with his new acquaintances, Marie and her mother, that after interchanging visits with them for some time at Paris, he accepted their invitation to repair to Gour-

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nay. Here he remained a long while in their house—three months in all, with the interval of a short journey back to Paris on business,—and enjoyed the delights of disinterested flattery.

Few, perhaps, will appreciate the triumphant delight of Marie de Gournay when she found herself fixed in the affections of Montaigne. To doubt for a moment the purity of their relations would be mere impertinence. Marie may have felt her young breast warm with an attachment which she did not quite understand; and we know that she never afterwards loved anything but letters, her maid Jasmyn, and her cat *Piaillon*. But this passion took the form of literary enthusiasm, and was sheltered under maternal care. Moreover, although Marie never visited the château of Montaigne during his lifetime, she went to mingle her grief with that of Françoise afterwards, and was not repulsed.

Whilst the Essayist was at Gournay, Marie composed or began a work which seems to have been the first effort of her pen. The idea was suggested in a manner which shows that in her conversations with Montaigne she sometimes trod on dangerous ground. They were walking together some evening when the sun had ceased to glance between the tall trees on the green plains of Picardy—he, no doubt, enjoying the devout admiration of this young girl; she, perhaps, thrilling with mysterious emotion; and they began to talk of the dangerous results that follow ill-regulated passion! Marie understood those dangers better than the philosopher, and the result of her meditations that night was the "Pourmenoir de Montaigne." It is a sentimental romance, dealing with the adventures of Alonda the faithful and Leontin the faithless; and culminating to a terrible catastrophe—a projected murder and a double suicide. It seems to form a link between the chivalrous romances, so much in vogue towards the middle of the sixteenth century, and the sentimental narratives, in a sort of poetical prose, of the seventeenth. The book was published, with a dedication to Montaigne, in 1589. It achieved a great success; and although serious critics, not knowing the secret history of the young lady's heart, reproached her with choosing so amorous a subject, and dwelling at such length and with such elaborate minuteness on the miseries of unrequited passion, the public generally were pleased. With reason; for the "Pourmenoir" is no contemptible production; and Montaigne's pro-

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phecy concerning the talents of his *protégée* was already in part accomplished. I should add, that the title of *fille d'alliance* was formally bestowed on her, and she ever afterwards used it, being "no less proud of it," she says, "than if she had been mother of the Muses themselves!" This "second father" aided in the development of her mind; and by verbal counsels at Paris and Gournay, and no doubt by correspondence afterwards, enabled her to wield her pen with more confidence. Some old château of Picardy may still contain letters addressed by the Essayist to his accomplished adopted daughter.

He at length, however, found it necessary to return to Paris definitively. The parting must have been a pathetic one. We can imagine the passionate grief of Marie. Perhaps in some unguarded moment she confessed her most intimate feelings, and vowed eternal maidenhood in honour of her adored master. At any rate, there is a very singular passage in the Essays. It begins in an absurd manner, unless we suppose, as I do, that Montaigne wished first to conceal the part of France where the incident he mentions happened, and then, from inadvertence or vanity, admitted it for the benefit of keen posterity. "When I *came from* those famous Estates of Blois, I *had seen* a little while before in Picardy a young girl, who, to testify the ardour of her promises and also her constancy, (or courage,) drew out a bodkin she wore in her hair and gave herself four or five good stabs in her arms, which made her skin crack in good earnest." Was it likely that Montaigne could have been present at such a scene between two strangers?

When Montaigne returned to Paris he went to lodge in the Faubourg St. Germain, whence no doubt he made constant journeys to the printing-office of Abel l'Angelier, where his Essays were going through the press. I have not thought it necessary to say anything about his relations with the court at this period, because there are absolutely no facts known. He was still "gentleman in ordinary," and, of course, did his duty occasionally as long as the court was at Paris. He alludes frequently with contempt to the absurd conduct of Henry the Third and his penitential processions through the streets.

Montaigne's friend, De Thou, was at that time at Paris, and gives an animated account of its condition. All was excitement

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and agitation. The Ligue had at length assumed a menacing aspect. The King temporized, and gave time for the Duke of Guise to arrive. Then the sedition began. De Thou went on foot to the Louvre, accompanied by two or three persons unarmed but known. Silence reigned everywhere; the solitude was frightful; and alarm, which had reached the cabinet of the king, suggesting a new plan every moment, prevented any plan at all from being adopted. De Thou next hastened to the Hôtel de Guise, guarded by soldiers and surrounded by people; and saw the chief of the day with a countenance of wonderful serenity, which showed how sure he was of success. Then the historian endeavoured to return home, but found the principal streets embarrassed with barrels, (*barriques*, whence barricades,) which were being rolled into them from various directions. Every bell in Paris was ringing the tocsin. The king soon afterwards fled, never to return.

Montaigne, who had always been in the Duke of Guise's good graces, feared nothing, and remained in Paris, or returned thither, although well known to belong to the royal party. He even occasionally paid a visit to the court at Chartres and Rouen, despite the hostility between it and the governors of Paris. His confidence, however, was too great. Returning once from Rouen, he was seized with an attack of gout, which kept him three days in bed. Between three and four in the afternoon of July 10, a crowd came before his house, and, as he relates, he was made prisoner "by the captains and the people of Paris," and instantly taken away on his own horse and lodged in the Bastille. When he came to inquire the reason of this violence, he found that the Duke of Elbeuf had incited it by way of reprisals for the arrest of one of his relatives, a Norman gentleman and Liguer, whom the king held prisoner at Rouen. It happened fortunately, however, that the report of what had taken place reached the Queen-mother whilst she was at the Council with the Duke of Guise. M. Pinard, Secretary of State, came and told her. She instantly begged the Duke to intercede, and sent a message herself to the Provost of the Merchants. M. de Villeroy, another Secretary of State, also gave his assistance. Consequently, about eight o'clock in the evening, a maître d'hôtel of Catherine de Medici came to the Bastille, bearing a written order of release from the Duke of Guise and the Provost; and so, by "an un-

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heard-of favour," he obtained his liberty from "the first prison he had ever known." The boast in the Essays that he had never seen the inside of a prison was not, however, erased after this. I have already remarked, that the intercession of the Queen-mother proves the high esteem in which Montaigne was held by her and the court generally.

Having escaped from the Bastille, the Essayist seems to have hastened his departure from Paris, and to have joined the court in its wanderings from Rouen to Blois. Here we find him again in company with De Thou, who calls him his "particular friend," and says that he was pressed by him very much to think seriously of the embassy to Venice, which was offered to him. Montaigne himself was meditating another journey to Venice, and promised to stay there during all the residence of De Thou.

They talked of the causes of the troubles, and Montaigne said that formerly he had acted as mediator between the King of Navarre and the Duke of Guise, when those princes were at court; that the latter had made all manner of advances to gain the friendship of Navarre, but having discovered that he was played with, and that, despite all he had done, the other remained his implacable enemy, he had recourse to war as the last resource to defend the honour of his house. If this report be true, we must necessarily suppose that personally Montaigne leaned rather towards the Duke than towards Henry, whose duplicity he admitted; whilst politically he preferred the triumph of the latter. He went on to say, that the private enmity of these two men was the origin of the war which was then waging; that only the death of one or the other could bring it to an end; that neither the Duke nor any of his house would believe in safety as long as the King of Navarre lived; and that the said Duke, for his part, was persuaded that he could never assert his right to the crown during the lifetime of the Duke.

"As for religion," Montaigne added, "which both put forward, 'tis a fine pretext to get followers; but religion touches neither one nor the other—nothing but the fear of being abandoned by the Protestants prevents the King of Navarre from returning to the religion of his forefathers; and the Duke would have not much repugnance to the Confession of Augsburgh, which was recommended to him by his uncle the Cardinal de Lorraine, if he could follow it without prejudicing his interests. Such are the

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sentiments which I have perceived in these princes, when I have had to do with their affairs."

These observations prove that few better than Montaigne understood the characters of the personages towards whose acts all attention was then directed. He came to Blois with a kind of presentiment of what was going to happen. Some have tried to make him out to have been a Deputy to the *Etats;* but it is certain that he was there as a mere observer and courtier. It is the belief of every biographer that Montaigne remained at Blois until after the assassination of the Duke of Guise. This event is recorded in his Journal as follows: "December 23, 1588.—Henry, Duke of Guise, in truth one of the first men of his age, was killed in the king's chamber."

HOWEVER, in February, 1589, Montaigne returned to his château, where he was present. According to Mademoiselle de Gournay, it would appear that some of Montaigne's projected expeditions—as, for example, his visit to Venice—were prevented by political reasons. "When he returned to Guienne," she says, "the war of the Ligue, which then raged over all France, tied him there by the command and for the service of the king." It is not surprising that so wise a head on the shoulders of a man of landed property should have been considered a useful addition to the royal party in Guienne. But we do not know that Montaigne, during the remainder of the reign of Henry the Third, was engaged in any very important transactions. After remaining some time in his château he went to Bordeaux, to assist his successor, the Maréchal de Matignon, mayor, with his advice. His absence from home is known, partly from the report of Schomberg, an envoy from the king to Germany—compelled to go round by way of Guienne to find safe roads—who having visited the battle-field of Coutras, stopped at Montaigne. "The owner was then at Bordeaux," says the narrator; "but his wife (sister of Pressac, who accompanied Schomberg,) received them very politely."

Montaigne, however, never very anxious to display zeal in public matters, was kept at Bordeaux for a reason similar to that which attracted him to Gournay. In the year 1586 there visited him at his château an Abbé named Charron, who was gaining considerable reputation as a preacher. The national library of Paris possesses a copy of a work, entitled "*Il Catechismo, overo*

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Institutione Christiana, di M. Bernardino Ochino, da Siena, ir forma di Dialogo: in Basilea, 1561." On the title-page is Montaigne's signature, with the words, "a prohibited book;" and a little below the following words, written by Charron: "The gift to me of the said lord of Montaigne, in his castle, July 2, 1586." But the great intimacy of the gentleman-philosopher and the philosophical theologian did not begin until the year 1589. Then Charron, having preached all through Lent at Angers, came to Bordeaux, where he "formed a friendship and lived very familiarly with Montaigne."

The relations of these two men were very peculiar. Some seem to believe that Charron received from Montaigne a confession of his esoteric doctrines, and stated plainly in his solemn didactic works what his master merely insinuated in his Essays. If this was the case I do not understand the Essays, which, despite a little piece of disingenuity here, a bold statement provoked by timidity there, some few palpable hesitations, appear to me on the whole "a book of good faith," as they claim to be. Montaigne was not the man to load a blunderbuss against Christianity, and leave half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to fire it off after his death. He had no consistent, obstinate theory on matters philosophical. The dogged materialist, who pretends to be a skeptic, who is sure and pretends to doubt—because the world is sick of the insolent paradox it once received with wondering favour—is a production of modern times. Montaigne treated spiritualism as a jealous lover might his mistress. He yearned towards it and sought it, but found it surrounded with so many equivocal circumstances and companions that he turned away, and endeavoured to immerse himself in matter; but was never able to forget. The conflict within him was a serious conflict, from which he came out scathed and suffering. The positive philosophers, who are now so certain on matters which touched him so near, point to his doubts and hesitations as evidences of weakness,—as if any one was exempt from doubt save fools and martyrs.

I shall not here, near the last limits of this study, endeavour to develop the doctrines of Charron. Their tendency is more material far than the desultory speculations of Montaigne. We find neither his passion nor his high spiritual flights; but we find his common sense, his pure morality, and especially his language, deprived somewhat of its gay step and brilliant ornaments

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Charron *was* Montaigne's disciple, but could only receive a portion of his teaching. This depended on the construction of his mind, and on its narrower capacity; also on the absence of that amiable, though somewhat cautious, sympathy with mankind, which is our Essayist's chief characteristic.

Montaigne returned two or three times to his château during the year 1589, but hastened back to enjoy the conversation and respect of Charron. He had now found two minds which to a considerable extent understood and appreciated him—Charron and Marie; and the declining years of his life were much cheered. He set to work with extreme diligence to polish and improve his Essays from beginning to end, but especially to add new observations, anecdotes, and illustrations, which largely increased the bulk of his work.

HENRY THE THIRD was murdered by Jacques Clément, in July, 1589; and from that time forward Montaigne considered Henry the Fourth as his lawful king. He had given up all connection with the Ligue as soon as that body became disloyal. The state of things which he now saw to be possible was that which he thought to be best,—Catholicism, the religion of the State; Protestantism living unmolested under the guardianship of the laws. He would have drawn up the Edict of Nantes.

But Montaigne did not wait for the victory of Henry to communicate with him, and assure him of his support. He wrote a letter of allegiance at once, and received an answer from the king's secretary on the 30th of November, making an appointment to meet him at Tours. The rejoinder was not sent until the next year, on the plea of a delay on the part of the royal courier or secretary. Probably, Montaigne had no desire to leave his comfortable château in quest of new adventures, and quietly let the appointed time pass by. It is unnecessary for me to sketch the political state of France in the beginning of 1590. The Valois branch had been extinct six months, and Henry the Fourth was fighting for his crown with the Ligue. Montaigne was at his château; and, remembering that an answer to the king was due, sat down and wrote, with more care than usual, an epistle which is characteristic of his character and position.

Later in the same year, Henry the Fourth wrote to Montaigne requesting him to do something for his service—apparently to in-

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fluence or encourage Matignon,—and afterwards to come to Paris and, it would seem, apologizing for not adequately rewarding him and offering him money for his expenses. The philosopher sturdily replied:—

"Sire,— . . . . . I have never received anything from the liberality of kings—nor have I asked nor deserved any present—and have received no payment for the steps I have taken in their service, of which your Majesty is partly aware. What I have done for your predecessors I will do still more willingly for you. I am, Sire, as rich as I wish to be. When I have emptied my purse in the service of your Majesty at Paris, I will be bold enough to say so; and then, if you think me worthy to be kept any longer in your suite, you will find me a cheaper bargain than the least of your officers."

The Essayist never performed his promised journey, and never enjoyed the pleasure, for which he so much yearned, of seeing Paris once more as he had seen it in his youth,—at peace, peopled by a brilliant court, the resort of learning and genius, which, if not too rudely repelled, are always ready to associate with splendour, luxury, and dissipation. Henry the Fourth did not purchase his capital with a Mass until subsequently to Montaigne's death.

After writing the above letter, indeed, Montaigne lived only two years, during which we have little information as to his movements. He appears to have spent his time chiefly at his château, but occasionally went to Bordeaux. In 1591 his daughter, Léonore de la Tour, had a daughter, who seems to have been born at la Tour. If so, Montaigne and his wife went there to the christening.

This is all we know of the last years of the Essayist's life, and we feel that no very important fact is left in the background. No doubt he was interested in the fortunes of the Bourbon branch of the royal house of France, because they were bound up with the interests of that mitigated toleration in favour of which he had written and laboured. With reason he could claim some share in the triumph of moderate ideas Words like his leave traces where they pass; and if we examine the writings, the orations, the sayings, the general tone of society under Henry the Fourth, we shall be convinced that the Essays had become the habitual

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intellectual food of the best minds. There were more violent doctrines abroad, preached sometimes by sterner and more virtuous men than Montaigne—men formed and developed in the fiery furnace of civil war and persecution, who made the mistake of seeking to prolong a struggle which had come to a natural end from sheer weariness on either side. When a violent quarrel is over, candid views, reasonable sentiments, tendencies to compromise, generally make their appearance. France learned to think and speak in this strain, in great part, from the Essays.

But Montaigne, despite his yearnings towards Paris, felt that his career was drawing to a close, and determined to spend the remainder of his time as easily as possible. Occasionally he went and tarried a month or so, perhaps during winter, in that quaint, quiet, snug little house at Bordeaux, which he had inherited from the thrifty and steady Pierre Eyquem; but more frequently he remained at his château, making the last corrections in his Essays He seems to have concluded his work in a way satisfactory to himself, and was ready to print a final edition, when, in September 1592, he was suddenly seized at Montaigne with a quinsy, which from the first threatened to be fatal. He had no La Boëtie near him to record the minute incidents of this crowning act of his existence. We know, however, one or two facts. For three whole days he lay perfectly conscious, but unable to utter a word. He was compelled to have recourse to the pen to express his wishes. The proper arrangement of his worldly affairs occupied him a good deal. He had already made his will; and one day he got up in his shirt, put on his morning gown, opened his cabinet, sent for all his valets and others to whom he had left legacies, and paid them in ready cash, "foreseeing the difficulties which his heirs would raise." At last, feeling his end approach, he begged his wife on a slip of paper to send for certain gentlemen, his neighbours, that he might say farewell to them. When they had arrived—just as the priest was elevating the host—"this poor gentleman," says Pasquier, "leaped forward as well as he was able on his bed, with his hands clasped; and in this last act gave up his soul to God; which was a fine mirror of the interior of his mind." It is worth adding, that when Charron suddenly died in the streets, he performed a similar act of adoration. The exact date of Montaigne's departure from this life was the 13th of September; and his exact age was fifty-nine years, six months, and

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three days. He was buried at first at Montaigne, but his ashes were afterwards removed to the chapel of the Feuillans at Bordeaux, where they still remain. What need is there to describe a tomb, or copy its pompous language?

I have already mentioned the marriage of Léonore, Montaigne's only daughter. She became a widow after some years; and in 1608 again married "at Montaigne, Charles de Gamaches, Vicomte de Raimont." Her daughter by her first husband was affianced in 1600, being only nine years of age, to a Dusa, and afterwards died in childbirth, leaving a son, killed in 1639 at the siege of Salse, without leaving any posterity. But in 1610, Léonore de Gamaches had another daughter, Marie, "held over the font," as she notes herself, "by her grandmother, Madame de Montaigne." Léonore died in 1616; but Marie de Gamaches lived until 1683, and left three daughters, the youngest of which she made her heir. This last, Claude Magdeleine de Lur-Saluce, was married to M. Isaac de Segur, and her descendants were lords of Montaigne up to the beginning of the present century. I think it unnecessary to trace the vicissitudes of the property, and shall only say that, as has been ingenuously remarked, "the heritage of this hater of law-proceedings gave rise to disputes which lasted more than a century."

As I have had occasion to mention, Antoinette de Louppes, wife of Pierre Eyquem, actually survived her son nine years. François de la Chassagne, on the other hand, survived her daughter Léonore eleven years, and died only in 1627. She seems to have been a good, amiable woman, who, though not capable of appreciating all the value of Montaigne, did her best to do honour to his memory. How different from Léonore, whose husband was the chief heir to the property! The first thing she did was to give away all his books, leaving not a single one at the château. Forty years afterwards this library was sold publicly; and a copy of the "History of the Kings of Poland" exists with the following note inserted: "Bought at Bordeaux from the library of the late Michel de Montaigne, author of the Essays, June 3, 1633." As might have been expected, many, perhaps most of the books have been dispersed and lost; but several dozen volumes have from time to time appeared, not only with Montaigne's signature on the title-page, but with manuscript notes by him, and even in one or two cases the elaborate judgments

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which he used sometimes to insert at the end when he had finished reading.

Montaigne would not leave to his daughter Léonore the right to wear his arms, but transferred that right to his faithful friend and disciple Charron. On the other hand—and this is a striking instance of how firm, though short, was the friendship between these two men—when Charron died he bequeathed all his property, with the exception of a few legacies, to the sister and brother-in-law of Montaigne,—M. and Madame de Camein.

Meanwhile, Mademoiselle de Gournay had been left an orphan in 1591, at the age of twenty-five. She inherited a very small fortune—some two thousand francs a-year—with which she came to reside in Paris, determined to devote herself to learned pursuits. Her best solace in her loneliness was correspondence with Montaigne. That correspondence suddenly ceased; and then a letter arrived from Françoise de la Chassagne, containing an account of Montaigne's death, and it would appear an urgent request, in compliance with his last wishes, that Marie should take charge of his literary reputation. He had forgotten to leave his books to her; and all his property was eagerly seized by his heirs. But he had pointed out to the good Françoise two copies of the quarto edition of the Essays, 1588, most elaborately prepared for the press, almost exact reproductions one of the other, and with about one third additional matter on the margin. These he had told her to submit to Marie, the only person he knew in whose literary judgment and devotion to his memory he could confide. Pasquier would have erased his Gascon phrases, and polished his periods!

As soon as Marie received this letter, she abandoned all her business and occupation in Paris; and though war raged over the country, and soldiers and marauders infested the roads, resolutely journeyed alone nearly across the whole of France to Montaigne. Here she found Françoise and Léonore. She was received most hospitably, and appears to have formed an attachment at once for "her sister by alliance," Léonore, whom she represents as somewhat touched by love of the Muses. But Marie was ready to be charmed with anything that belonged to Montaigne. When the first moments of grief had passed, she at once set about her duties as literary executrix. For fifteen months she remained at Montaigne, examining the materials left for the final edition of the

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Essays, translating the classical quotations, writing notes, preparing prefaces. Who can refuse to love this delightful young woman engaged in such a work? Her enthusiasm is contagious. The Essayist rises in our estimation when we see him the object of such posthumous worship. "Montaigne wrote this book; Apollo conceived it!" Such is the learned device which Marie selected to be engraved on the frontispiece of her edition.

Françoise de la Chassaigne, who, as I have said, if she did not relish the Essays, understood that her husband was a great man, and was resolved to do her best for his memory, gave one of the revised copies of the Essays to Marie, and deposited the other in the library of the Community of the Feuillans at Bordeaux. The latter remained unnoticed until the last century, when Anisson Duperron endeavoured in vain to obtain it from the monks, who would not part with it on any account. At the time of the Revolution it became the property of the city of Bordeaux, and still exists in the public library, where it has often been consulted with profit.

The copy given to Marie de Gournay, though it can be traced long after it left her possession, has now disappeared; but it was probably reproduced exactly in her edition. We may feel quite sure that she never wilfully altered a word or a letter that Montaigne had written. Immediately on returning to Paris she began to print a folio edition, which was not, however, ready until 1595. We do not know who defrayed the expenses, but it seems probable that the enthusiastic girl made the venture herself.

Marie de Gournay lived to be old. The wits and the débauchés of another age, neither understanding her nor Montaigne, satirized her, slandered her, and played off practical jokes upon her. She made the mistakes of remaining simple and virtuous, of living with a humble friend as a servant, and of having a cat. Consequently, she was fit to be a butt.

But she retains an undeniable claim on the gratitude of posterity. For more than half a century she fought for the reputation of Montaigne, and did much to establish it. One fervent disciple is worth ten thousand advertisements. Marie made the Essays known, and defended them against all attacks. Almost towards the middle of the next century, when any one ventured to criticize this work of another age, the indefatigable old maid was ready to come forward and say that she had seen and con-

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versed with Montaigne, and, despite all changes in taste, considered him the greatest man France had produced, and to announce that she was ready to defend his reputation at the peril of any hostile critic.

In 1635, forty years after the appearance of her first edition, Marie de Gournay brought out another in a magnificent style, dedicated to the Cardinal de Richelieu, who deserves more credit than has been given him for the protection he afforded to Montaigne's daughter by adoption. This was the twenty-fifth reproduction of the Essays, but most of the others had been pirated by the printers of Lyons and Paris, and were often full of gross errors. Mademoiselle de Gournay had been granted the exclusive right to print Montaigne in 1633, and by disposing of it to the publisher Camuset, she recovered some of the money she had spent. I think this is all that it is necessary for me now to say. I have endeavoured to describe the career of Montaigne from beginning to end, not in an antiquarian or bibliographical spirit, but in such a way as to throw light on the Essays, and prepare the student better to relish them.

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DIARY OF A JOURNEY

THROUGH SWITZERLAND AND GERMANY INTO ITALY

INTRODUCTION.

MONTAIGNE, in the third book of his Essays, chap. ix., speaks of his travels, and particularly of his visit to Rome. It being known, then, that our author had made journeys through Switzerland, through Germany, and through Italy, it was matter of natural surprise that so close an observer, a writer who had filled his Essays with such continual domestic and personal details, should have drawn up no account of his travels; but, as no trace of any such work was discovered for 180 years after his death, the matter was thought no more of.

Towards the end of the last century, M. Prunis, a Regular Canon of Chancelade, in Perigord, was making researches through that province relative to a History of Perigord, which he had undertaken. Among other places, he visited the old Chateau de Montaigne, at this time the property of M. le Comte de Segur de la Roquette, a descendant, in the sixth generation, from Eleanora de Montaigne, only daughter of our Essayist. Upon making an application here to inspect any archives that the family might possess, he was shown an old coffer, containing a variety of papers, long since laid by and forgotten, which he was informed he might make what use of he pleased. Among them he discovered the original manuscript of the Journey of Montaigne, in all probability the only copy in existence. He obtained permission from M. de Segur to take the manuscript away with him, that he might have an opportunity of giving it a mature examination. After

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having thoroughly convinced himself of its genuineness, he made a journey to Paris, for the purpose of corroborating his own conviction by the opinion of the men of letters there. The manuscript was carefully examined by several literary gentlemen of note, and more especially by M. Capperonnier, Librarian to the King's Library; and it was unanimously recognized as the genuine manuscript of Montaigne's Journey.

This manuscript forms a small folio volume, of 278 pages. The handwriting and the paper incontestably belong to the latter end of the sixteenth century. As to the style, there can be no mistake about it; in every page you recognize the *naïveté*, the frankness, and the force of expression, which stamp all Montaigne's writings as with a signet, marking them for his own. One part of the manuscript, rather more than a third, is in the handwriting of a domestic, who acted as secretary to Montaigne, and who always speaks of his master in the third person; but it is obvious that he wrote to Montaigne's dictation, for each page teems with our Essayist's peculiar manner and expressions; and here and there we come upon a touch of that delightful egotism which Montaigne so often displays, and which never sat so amiably and so well on any writer before or since. The rest of the manuscript, where Montaigne speaks in the first person, is in his own handwriting, which the greatest pains were taken, and successfully, to verify; and of this portion more than one half is in Italian. At the beginning of the manuscript one or two pages are wanting, and appear to have been torn off. The manuscript thus happily discovered had evidently not received any sort of correction on the part of Montaigne after it was once written; and it required much time and infinite pains to decipher it, so miserable was the handwriting of the Secretary, and so ludicrously inaccurate, irregular, and various, the orthography of the master. A correct copy, however, having at length been realized, the result of the joint efforts of M. Capperonnier and several other zealous and competent persons, this copy was placed in the hands of M. de Querlon, who, assisted by M. Jamet the younger, added a variety of notes, explaining the obsolete words and expressions, and giving historical notices of many of the persons and events referred to.

The object which induced Montaigne thus, at the age of forty-seven, to leave his family and undertake a journey of seventeen

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months' duration, seems principally to have been the improvement of his health; a desire to see whether the mineral waters of Lorraine, Switzerland, and Tuscany, would be more successful in removing his malady, the stone, than those of France had proved. The details which he is constantly giving of the nature and effects of these various waters are sometimes rather tiresome and distasteful; and had Montaigne revised the manuscript, for the purpose of printing it, he would, no doubt, have materially abridged much of this portion of his work. After all, it is interesting, as illustrative of the man; and, indeed, the other personal details which abound in the Essays, have been regarded by very many readers as by no means the least entertaining portion of that work.[1]

[1] We omit the copious extracts made by Mr. Hazlitt from M. de Querlon's *Discours Préliminaire*, because all the information they afford has been anticipated in the preceding Biography.

Besides this edition, and the edition of Mr. Hazlitt, there have been in French the following editions of Montaigne's Journey:—

1 *Journal du Voyage* de MICHEL MONTAIGNE en Italie par la Suisse et l'Allemagne, en 1580 et 1581, avec des notes par M. de Querlon. A *Rome* et *Paris*, *Lejay*, 1774, 4to. A fine portrait, engraved by Saint-Aubin. A magnificent volume, dedicated to Buffon. The notes are drawn up by Querlon, from materials supplied by M. Jamet.

2 and 3. *The same.* The same titles the same date. 2 vols. 12mo., or 3 vols. small 12mo. No portrait.—Ed.

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DIARY, ETC.

[The first two or three pages of the manuscript are missing, having apparently been torn off a long time before the work was discovered; but after all the loss is not very considerable, as regards the journey itself. Montaigne left his chateau, 22d July, 1580, as he tells us at the end of his journal, and stopped for some time in the camp of the Marshal Matignon, who was besieging the town of La Fere on the part of the League; a siege which lasted for six weeks, commencing at the end of July, 1580, and the place surrendering 12th September. The Count de Grammont being killed at this siege, Montaigne, with other friends of that nobleman, conducted his body to Soissons (see Essays, book iii. c. 4); and on the 5th September he had only got to Beaumont-sur-Oise, whence he proceeded on his route for Lorraine. The *hiatus*, however, certainly leaves us in ignorance of the circumstances of his departure, of the adventure and the name of the wounded count (perhaps wounded at the siege) whom Montaigne sent one of his brothers to visit; and, moreover, of the number and quality of his travelling companions. Those whom the course of the journal introduces us to are:—1st, the Sieur de Mattecoulon,[1] who, during his residence at Rome, was engaged in a duel (as related in the Essays, book ii. c. 37); but of whom no mention is made in the journal; 2. M. d'Estissac, the son, in all probability, of the Madame d'Estissac, to whom Montaigne addressed the eighth chapter of his second book; 3. M. de Caselis, whom the party left at Padua; 4. M. de Hautoy, a gentleman of Lorraine, who seems to have made the entire journey with Montaigne.]

. . . MONSIEUR DE MONTAIGNE dispatched Monsieur de Mattecoulon[1] post with the esquire to visit the count, and found that his wounds were not mortal. At Beaumont,[2] M. d'Estissac joined our party for the purpose of making the journey with us, accompanied by a gentleman, a valet-de-

[1] Montaigne's brother.

[2] Beaumont-sur-Oise.

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chambre, a sumpter-mule, and, on foot, a muleteer and two lackeys, amounting to the same number in all as our party, and who were to pay their half of the expenses. Monday, 5th of September, 1580, we set out from Beaumont, after dinner, and went on, without stopping, to sup at

Meaux, a small and pretty town, situated on the river Marne. It consists of three sections; the town and the faubourg being on this side the river, nearest Paris, and the third lying over the bridges. This latter, which is a very considerable place, and which they call the *Marché* (market), is surrounded on all sides by the river and a well-constructed fosse, and is thickly populated. This place was formerly well fortified with thick high walls and towers; but in our second Huguenot troubles, on account of the majority of the inhabitants belonging to that party, all these fortifications were demolished. This district of the town once sustained the attack of the English, after the other parts had surrendered; in recompense of which service, the *Marché* has ever since been exempt from taxes and other imposts. They show upon the river Marne an islet of two or three hundred paces long, which, they say, was in the first instance merely a hillock thrown up by the English, from which to batter the *Marché* with their engines, but which has since, with the progress of time, become thus consolidated. In the faubourg we saw the abbey of Saint Faron, a very old building, where they show the apartments of Ogier the Dane. There is an ancient refectory, with long wide tables of stone, of an unusual size, extending along each side and end, in the centre of which, before our civil wars, rose a fountain of water, which served for their repasts. The majority of the monks are men of some birth. Among other things there is an antique and once magnificent tomb, exhibiting the statues of two knights, in stone, of extraordinary size. They believe these to be the effigies of Ogier the Dane and some other Paladin.[1]

[1] A doubtful tradition. It does not seem very probable that Ogier the Dane, who died at Roncesvalles, in 800, should have been brought all the way to St. Fa-

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There is neither inscription nor coat-of-arms, but merely a Latin sentence, one of the abbots placed on it about a hundred years ago, purporting that "Here two unknown heroes were buried." Among their relics they show the bones of these knights. The arm-bone, from the shoulder to the elbow, is about the entire length of the arm of a man of the present time, ordinary measure, or somewhat longer than M. de Montaigne's arm. They also show two of their swords, which are about the length of our two-handed swords; and are very much hacked all along the edge.

At Meaux, M. de Montaigne went to visit the treasurer of the church of St. Stephen,[1] by name Justus Terreille, well known among the *savans* of France; a little man, sixty years old, who has travelled in Egypt, been to Jerusalem, and resided seven years at Constantinople. He showed M. de Montaigne his library, and the rarities in his garden, amongst which we most particularly remarked a box-tree, spreading its branches in a circular form, and become, by training and cropping, so thick and round, that it appears like a massive polished ball, of the height of a man.

From Meaux, where we dined in the morning, we went to sleep at

Charly, seven leagues. Next day, Thursday morning, we went on to dine at

Dormans, seven leagues. Next day, we went on to dine at

Esprenei,[2] five leagues; where being arrived, Messieurs d'Estissac and de Montaigne went to mass, as is their custom, in the church of Notre Dame; and M. de Montaigne having observed on a former occasion, when M. the Marshal Strozzi was killed at the siege of Teonville,[3] that his body was brought to this church, he inquired where he had been deposited, and

ron, to be buried. There was an Ogier le Charmontré, or Charmontray, who gave all his possessions to the monastery of St. Faron, in 1085, and he is probably the Ogier in question, if indeed there be any Ogier in the case. There is, however, in an old necrology of the monastery, this notice: 'Gibelina, soror Ogerii le Danois, conversa," which would seem as though this Paladin had some connection with the place.

[1] The ancient cathedral, since placed under the patronage of the Virgin.

[2] Epernay, in Champagne.

[3] Theonville.

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found he had been buried there without any memorial, stone, arms, or epitaph, right against the high altar; and we were told that the queen had caused him to be buried thus without pomp and ceremony, at the express wish of the Marshal himself. The Bishop of Renes,[1] a member of the family of Hanequins[2] of Paris, was at that time officiating in this church, of which he is abbot; for it was the day of the Festival of our Lady in September. M. de Montaigne, after mass, accosted M. Maldonat,[3] Jesuit, whose name is very famous for erudition in theology and philosophy. They had a long talk upon learned subjects, both then and after dinner at our lodging, where M. Maldonat came to visit us. And, among other things, M. Maldonat, who had just returned from the baths of Aspa,[4] at Liege, where he had been with M. de Nevers, told M. de Montaigne that the waters there are very cold, and that it was considered the colder you could take them the better. Indeed they are so cold that they make some of those who use them shiver and tremble; and soon after you feel a terrible pain in the stomach. He said that, for his portion, he had taken a hundred ounces; for there are persons in attendance who furnish you with glasses which hold the exact quantity you wish to have. They are not only taken fasting, but also after eating. Their operation, as he described it, is like that of the waters of Guascogne.[5] As to himself, he said that he was struck with its effects, from noticing the hurt which it did not do him, though he drank it several times while in a state of extreme perspiration and commotion of body. He had seen frogs and other little beasts which were thrown into it, die immediately from its effects; and he said that a handkerchief, if stretched over a glass full of the water, will forthwith turn yellow. People take the waters for at least a fortnight or three weeks. The place has very excellent accommodations. The water is

[1] Rennes.
[2] Hennequin.
[3] Juan Maldonado, the learned Spanish Jesuit, author of some excellent commentaries on the Gospels; died at Rome 1583.
[4] Spa.
[5] Gascony

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good against all sorts of obstruction and gravel; yet neither M. de Nevers nor he got much the better for it. He had with him a steward of M. de Nevers, and they gave M. de Montaigne a printed paper upon the subject of the dispute between Messieurs de Montpensier and de Nevers,[1] so that he might learn the facts of the matter, and be able to inform such gentlemen as might ask him about it.

We set out hence, Friday morning, and came to

Chaalons,[2] seven leagues. We put up at the Crown, an excellent hostlery, where you are served on plate, and most of the bed and other furniture is of silk. The common houses in all this part of the country are built of chalk, cut into square pieces of half a foot each, or thereabouts; others are built of turf, of the same form. Next day, after dinner, we set off, and went to sleep at

Vitry le François, seven leagues. This is a small town on the river Marne, built about thirty-five or forty years back, in place of the former Vitry, which was burnt. It retains its original well-proportioned and agreeable form, and its centre consists of one of the finest squares in France. We here learned three memorable things. The first, that Madame the duchess-dowager de Guise de Bourbon,[3] eighty-seven years old, was still alive, and could still walk a quarter of a league. The next, that an execution had taken place a few days before, at a place called Montirandet,[4] in that neighbourhood, upon this occasion:—Seven or eight girls round Chaumont en Bassigni agreed, some years before, to dress themselves up as men, and so to continue for the rest of their lives. One of these came to Vitry, under the name of Mary, and gained her livelihood by weaving; she appeared a well-behaved young man, and every body liked her as such. She became betrothed at Vitry to a girl who is still alive, but, in consequence of some differences that arose between them, the

[1] It was about some point of parliamentary precedence, and was ultimately determined in favour of the Duke de Montpensier.

[2] Chalons sur Marne.

[3] Antoinette de Bourbon, widow of Claude de Lorraine, first Duke of Guise, who died in 1550. The Jacobin Doré speaks of her as of a saint.

[4] Montier-en-Der.

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match was broken off. Afterwards she went to Montirandet, still gaining her livelihood at the same employment, and there she fell in love with, and married, a woman, with whom she lived four or five months, and gave her every satisfaction, 'tis said; but at the end of that time, having been recognized by a person from Chaumont, and the thing being brought under the cognizance of justice, the husband was condemned to be hanged; which she said she would rather endure than reassume her female attire and habits. And she was accordingly hanged, on the charge of having, by unlawful practices and inventions, supplied the defects of her sex. The third anecdote is of a man still living, named Germain, of humble condition, without trade or occupation, who was a woman up to the age of twenty-two, and only noticeable as such from having more hair about her chin than other girls, whence she was called Bearded Mary. One day, making an unusual effort in a leap, her virile utensils came out, and the Cardinal de Lenoncourt, at that time bishop of Chalons, gave her the name of Germain. He is not married. He has a large thick beard; but we could not see him, for he was at some neighbouring village. They have still in the place a song, common in the mouths of the girls, in which they advise one another not to stretch their legs too wide, lest they should become men, as Mary Germain did. They say that Ambrose Paré has inserted this story in his book on surgery. It was declared to M. de Montaigne to be absolutely true, by the chief officers of the town. Thence we set out, Sunday morning after breakfast, and went without stopping to

Bar, nine leagues, where M. de Montaigne, who had been there before, found nothing new to remark, but the lavish expenditure that a private priest and dean of those parts, had gone to, and was still continuing daily, in the construction of public works. He is called Gilles de Treves; he has built the most sumptuous marble chapel, full of pictures and decorations, that is to be seen in France; and has built, and just

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finished furnishing, the finest private house also that is to be seen in France; the completest in structure, the most elaborately decorated and enriched, and the most commodious; this he intends for a college. He is now gilding and completing it at his own expense. From Bar, where we dined on Monday, we went to sleep at

Mannese, four leagues, a little village where M. de Montaigne was obliged to stop, on account of his colic, which also occasioned him to abandon the desire he had formed of seeing Toul, Metz, Nancy, Jouinville, and St. Disier, towns scattered along this route, in order to get as soon as possible to Plommieres.[1] We left Mannese Tuesday morning, and went to dine at

Vaucouleur, one league; and then went along the river Meuse to a village named

Donremy,[2] on the Meuse, three leagues from Vaucouleur, where was born the famous Maid of Orleans, whose name was Joan d'Acq,[3] or d'Arcis. Her descendants were ennobled by the royal favour; and we were shown the arms which the king gave them, azure, a straight sword with a crown and handle of gold, and two fleurs-de-lis at the side of the sword; of which a receiver of Vaucouleur gave M. de Caselis a painted copy. The front of the small house in which she was born is covered with representations of her different exploits; but time has greatly defaced the painting. There is also a tree with a vine up it, which is called "the Maid's tree," but there is nothing else remarkable about it. We proceeded in the evening to sleep at

Neufchasteau, five leagues, where, in the church of the Cordeliers, there are a great many tombs, four or five hundred years old, of the nobility of the country,[4] all of the inscriptions on which begin in this way: "Cy git tel, qui fut mors lors que li milliaires courroit, per mil deux cens, &c."

[1] Plombières.
[2] Donremy la Pucelle.
[3] D'Arc.
[4] Among others, several of the lords of the family of Du Chatelet. One of these nobles insisted upon being interred standing upright in the hollow of a pillar, saying that "no churl should ever walk over his body."

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We saw their library, in which there are a great many books, but none of them rare; and a well, with very large buckets, which are worked up and down by the feet treading on a plank of wood, placed on a pivot, with which is connected a piece of round wood, to which the cord of the well is attached. M. de Montaigne had seen some of the same sort elsewhere. Close to the well is a large stone vessel, raised above the top of the well about five or six feet, which the bucket mounts up to, and by the same machinery empties itself into it, thus keeping it always full. This vessel is of such a height that from it, by means of leaden pipes, the water is conveyed to the refectory, kitchen, and bakehouse, where it rises in stone receptacles in the form of natural fountains.

From Neufchasteau, where we breakfasted, we went on to sup at

Mirecourt, six leagues, a pretty little town, where M. de Montaigne heard news of M. and Madame de Bourbon, who are in the neighbourhood. Next morning, after breakfast, he went to see, at a quarter of a league thence, out of the road, the nuns of Poussay. This is one of several religious houses, which have been established in this district, for the education of girls of good family.[1] Each has one hundred, two hundred, three hundred crowns a-year, some more, some less, for her maintenance, and separate apartments. Children at nurse are received. They are not vowed to virginity, except the officials, such as the abbess, prioress, and others. They dress as they please, like other young ladies, except that they all wear a white veil on the head; and in church, during service, a large mantle, which they leave in their places in the choir. All the nuns are at liberty to receive company, without any restraint, whether it be persons coming to solicit them in marriage, or ordinary visitors. Those who are inmates may give away or sell their benefice to whomsoever they will, provided the new comer be of the requisite condition; and there are certain noblemen of the province who

[1] The others were at Remiremont, Epinal, and Bouxieres.

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have it in charge, and are bound by oath to ascertain clearly the family of the girls who are presented. There is nothing to hinder one person from having three or four benefices. The inmates perform the same religious ceremonies as in other convents; and the greater part of them are found to finish their days there, and to decline changing their condition. Thence we went on to sup at

Espiné,[1] five leagues. This is a pretty little town, on the river Moselle, into which we were refused admission, on account of having been at Neufchasteau, where the plague was not long since. Next morning we went on to dine at

Plommieres, four leagues. From Bar-le-Duc the leagues resume the measure of Gascony, and become longer and longer as they approach Germany, until they are double and treble what they are here. We arrived Friday, 16th September, 1580, at two o'clock in the morning. This place is situated on the confines of Lorraine and Germany, in a valley, between a number of high and precipitous hills, which closely environ it on all sides. At the bottom of this valley spring several fountains, hot and cold. The water of the former has neither smell nor taste, and is as hot as one can possibly drink it, so that M. de Montaigne was obliged to pour it backwards and forwards, from one glass to another. There are only two springs the water of which is used. That which turns to the west, and produces the bath called the Queen's Bath, leaves in the mouth a sweet flavour, like licorice; without any after-taste, except that, as it seemed to M. de Montaigne, if you attentively notice, it smacks somewhat of iron. The other, which rises from the foot of the opposite mountain, of which M. de Montaigne only drank one day, is of a roughish taste, savouring of alum. The custom of the place is to use the baths only two or three times a day. Some take their meals in the bath, where also they have themselves cupped and scarified; they never take the bath till they have purged themselves. If they drink the water, 'tis a glass or

[1] Espinal, or Epinal.

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two, while they are in the bath. They were much surprised at M. de Montaigne's method of taking it, who, without any previous physicking, would drink nine glasses of it, making about a quart, every morning at seven o'clock, and dined at twelve; and the days that he bathed, which was every other day, it was at four o'clock, remaining in the bath only one hour. On these days he generally went without supper. We saw many men there who had been cured of ulcers and various eruptions. The custom is to be there at least a month. The favourite season is the spring, in May. They seldom take the waters after August, on account of the coldness of the climate; but we still found company there, the dry, warm weather having lasted longer than usual. Among others, M. de Montaigne contracted an intimate friendship with the Seigneur d'Andelot, of Franche-Compté, whose father was grand equerry to the Emperor Charles V., and who himself had been first field-marshal in the army of Don John of Austria, and was made governor of Saint Quentin, when we lost it. One part of his beard was white, and one of his eyebrows; and he told M. de Montaigne that this change had come upon him all in an instant, one day that he was sitting at home full of grief at the death of a brother of his, whom the Duke of Alva had put to death as an accomplice of the Counts Eguemont and Hornes;[1] that he had been leaning his head on his hand, at the place where the hair was now white, and that when he rose, those who were with him thought the changed colour was flour, which by some chance had fallen on those parts. It had remained so ever since. These baths were formerly frequented by the Germans only; but, for several years past, people from Franche-Compté and France have come here in crowds. There are several bath-rooms; with a principal one, a large building, constructed in an oval form, after the antique. It is thirty-five paces long, and fifteen wide. The hot water rises from underneath by several springs, and cold water flows in from above, to mod-

[1] Egmont and Horn.

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erate the heat, according to the wish of those who are taking it. The seats or boxes are divided off along the sides by poles, suspended in the manner of those by which horses are kept apart in our stables; the place is boarded over, to ward off the sun and rain. All round the inside of the bath there are four degrees of stone steps, rising the same way as in a theatre, whereon the bathers can sit or lean. The greatest decorum is observed; the men, however, bathe quite naked, with the exception of a slight pair of drawers, and the women with the exception of a shift. We lodged at the Angel, which is the best inn, inasmuch as it is equally near both baths. Our whole suite of apartments, though we had several rooms, cost only fifteen pence a day. The landlords at all the places supply wood into the bargain; but the country about is so full of it that it only costs the cutting. The landladies are excellent cooks. In the full season this lodging would have cost a crown a day, and cheap too; the feed of the horses is three pence a day, and all other charges are equally reasonable. The rooms are not very handsome, but they are exceedingly convenient; for, by means of a great number of passages, each chamber is independent of the others. The wine and bread are bad. The people here are a worthy set; frank, sensible, and attentive. All the laws of the country are religiously observed. Every year they renew on a tablet, before the great bath, in the German and French languages, the following rules and regulations:—

"Claude de Rynach, Knight, Seigneur of St. Balesmont, Montureulz en Ferrette, Lendacourt, &c., Counsellor and Chamberlain of our sovereign Lord Monseigneur the Duke, and his Bailli for the Vosges:

"Be it known, that for the peace and quiet of sundry ladies and other notable personages, assembling from various regions and countries to these baths of Plommieres, we have, pursuant to the command of his Highness, instituted and ordained and do institute and ordain, as follows:

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"Be it known that the correction of minor offences will remain in the hands of the Germans, as of old; to whom is enjoined the causing to be observed the ceremonies, statutes, and rules in use for the maintenance of the said baths, and the punishment of the offences committed by people of their nation, without exception of persons, and without making use of any blasphemous or irreverent language against the Catholic Church and belief.

"All persons, of whatever quality, condition, district, province, or country they may be, are forbidden to make use of injurious language, tending to excite quarrelling; or to bear arms at the said baths; or to give the lie, or to have recourse to arms, under penalty of being severely punished, as infringers of the ducal guarantee, and as rebels to his Highness.

"All prostitutes and immodest girls are forbidden to enter the said baths, or to approach the same within five hundred paces, under penalty of being whipped at the four corners of the said baths; and of imprisonment and arbitrary fine, for the persons who shall have received or harboured them.

"Under the same penalty, all persons are forbidden to use towards the ladies and all females generally, frequenting the said baths, any lascivious or immodest language; to touch their persons indecorously; or to enter or quit the said baths in any manner offensive to public propriety.

"And because, by the virtue of the said baths, God and nature operate various cures and remedies, and that it is essential to maintain purity and cleanliness, in order to prevent various contagions and infections that might there arise, it is expressly ordered that the master of the said baths shall take great care and examine all those who enter the baths night or day, and shall preserve modesty and silence there during the night, without noise, scandal, or derision. And if any person shall disobey this regulation, the master of the said baths is commanded to convey such person immediately before the magistrate, and have exemplary punishment inflicted on him.

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"Finally, it is forbidden, to all persons coming from infected places, to enter or approach Plommieres, on pain of death; and all mayors and officers are enjoined to take strict heed to this; and all inhabitants of the said place are ordered to send in to us certificates stating the names and surnames, and ordinary residence of the persons whom they have received into their houses, under penalty of imprisonment.

"All which ordinances above declared have been this day made public before the Grand Bath of the said Plommieres, and copies of them affixed, in the German and French languages, on the nearest and most conspicuous place to the Grand Bath, and signed by us, Bailli de Vosges. Given at the said Plommieres, the 4th day of May, in the year of Peace and our Lord, 1580.

"CLAUDE DE RYNACH."

We stopped at this place from the 18th to the 27th of September. M. de Montaigne drank the water eleven mornings; on eight of these mornings he drank nine glasses, and on three mornings seven glasses; he bathed five times. He found the water easy enough to take, and always passed it before dinner. He found no other effect in it than in causing urine. His appetite was good; and his sleep, digestion, and whole ordinary condition, were in no way impaired by it. On the sixth day he had an unusually severe attack of colic, and he had it in his right side, where he had never felt the pain before, except once at Arsac, and then very slight, without any result. This attack lasted four hours; and, during its operation, he clearly felt the straining of the stone through the ureters. The first two days he was here, he passed two little stones that were in the bladder, and afterwards, at intervals, gravel. But he left the baths in the opinion that he still had in the bladder the stone which occasioned the above-mentioned colic, and some other little stones of which he had felt the descent. He conceived the effect of these waters, and their quality, as regarded himself, to be very like that of the

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high fountain at the Bath of Banieres. As to the water here, he found it very mild; indeed, children of a year or six months old are commonly to be seen paddling about in it. His perspiration was full, but gentle. He commanded me, at the request of the hostess,—it is a custom of that country,—to present her with a copy of his arms on wood, which a painter of the place executed for a crown; and the hostess had it carefully fixed on the wall of her house, outside. September 27th, after dinner, we left Plommieres, and passed over a mountainous country, which resounded under our horses' feet as though we were riding over hollow ground, and made a noise like drums beating. We got to supper at

Remiremont, two leagues, a pretty little town, where we found excellent lodging at the Unicorn; indeed, all the towns of Lorraine (of which this is the last) have better lodging and accommodation in their inns than is to be found in France. Here is a famous Convent, of the same description with that at Poussai. The nuns claim, against M. de Lorraine, the sovereignty and principality of this town. Messrs. d'Estissac and de Montaigne proceeded to the convent immediately after their arrival; and went over several of the private suites of apartments, which are very handsome and well furnished. Their abbess was lately dead (a lady of the house of d'Inteville), and they were about electing another, the candidate being the sister of the Count de Salmes. They went to see the Doyenne, a lady of the house of Lutre,[1] who had done M. de Montaigne the honour of sending to inquire after him at Plommieres, and had there forwarded him a present of artichokes and partridges, and a barrel of wine. They learnt here that several neighbouring villages hold of the convent by a tenure of two basins of snow every Pentecost-day, or, in default of that, of a wagon drawn by four white oxen: but they said that the rent of snow had never failed to be paid, though at the time we were there the heat was as great

[1] Ludre.

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as it is in Gascony in the height of summer. They wear a white veil on the head, with an edging of crape. Their robe is black (of whatever material and fashion they please), while they are in the convent; elsewhere they may wear colours for petticoats, what they please; thin shoes and clogs; under their veils they dress their hair in the usual manner. To be admitted nuns here, they must be noble by four descents, both on the father's and on the mother's side. M. de Montaigne took leave of the ladies in the evening. Next morning, at daybreak, we set out. Just as we had mounted our horses, the Doyenne sent a gentleman to M. de Montaigne, requesting him to come to her, which he did. This detained us an hour. The object of the ladies was to intrust M. de Montaigne with the management of their affairs at Rome, a commission which he accepted. On leaving this place, we rode for some time through a beautiful and pleasant valley, along the banks of the Moselle, and got by dinner-time to

Bossan,[1] four leagues, a dirty little village, the last place on this route, where the French language is spoken. Here Messrs. d'Estissac and de Montaigne, putting on linen smock-frocks, which were lent them for the purpose, went to see the silver mines that M. de Lorraine has here, two thousand paces under the earth. After dinner we proceeded along the mountains, where we were shown, among other things, upon inaccessible rocks, the nests where they take goshawks (which cost here only three nobles of the country money), and the source of the Moselle. We got to supper at

Tane,[2] four leagues, the first town of Germany, subject to the emperor, and a very pretty place. Next morning, we proceeded along a wide and beautiful plain, bordered on the left by gentle undulations, covered with vineyards of the finest and most cultivated description, and of such extent that our Gascons said they never saw anything like them. The vintage was in full operation. We got by dinner time to

[1] Bussang, Bussan. [2] Thann.

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Melhouse,[1] two leagues, a pretty little Swiss town, canton of Bâle. M. de Montaigne went to see the church, for they are not Catholics here. He found it, as well as the other churches throughout the country, of a handsome form. Indeed, nothing has been changed, with the exception that the images have been removed, and the altars changed. He had infinite pleasure in observing the freedom and good government of this nation; and in remarking that his host of the Grapes, on his return from the town-council, held in a magnificent, richly gilded palace, where he had acted as president, waited upon his guests in person at dinner; there was another man, without any train or authority, in the place, and who filled the guests' glasses as they needed it, who yet had led four companies of foot into France, under Casimir,[2] against the king, and had received a pension from the king of three hundred crowns a year, for more than twenty years.

This gentleman gave M. de Montaigne, as he was waiting on him at table, an account of his life and condition, without any setting off or affectation. He said, among other things, that his countrymen have no hesitation, notwithstanding their religion, in serving the king against the Huguenots themselves; and this several others said, as we went along; and we were told that at our siege of La Fere, there were more than fifty of the men of this town in the service of the Catholics. They mentioned that they marry indifferently women of our persuasion and of their own, and do not seek to make their Catholic wives change their religion. From this place, after dinner, we proceeded through a fine, open, fertile country, thickly studded with pretty villages and inns, and came to sleep at

[1] Mulhaus.

[2] John Casimir, son of Louis, Elector and Count Palatine, who led the German troops into France to the assistance of the Huguenots, in 1567, in the time of Charles IX. There must be some error in the text of this anecdote, for it seems that this worthy Swiss had been a pensioner of the King for more than twenty years; so that it does not appear very probable he would have so little regarded his interests as to have led troops against his paymaster. The paragraph which follows makes it pretty clear that he had led troops against Casimir and the Huguenots. Three hundred crowns a year, too, seems a large pension for such a person, in those days; but thus M. de Montaigne, or his secretary, tells the tale.

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Bâle, three leagues; a handsome town, about the size of Blois, divided into two parts by the Rein,[1] which is here crossed by a wide wooden bridge. The municipality did Messrs. d'Estissac and de Montaigne the honour of sending them some wine by one of their officers, who made them a long harangue while they were at table, to which M. de Montaigne replied, also at considerable length, both parties remaining uncovered, in presence of several Germans and French, who were staying in the inn. The host served as interpreter. The wines of this district are very good. A remarkable thing we noticed here was the house of a physician, named Felix Platerus, the most elaborately decorated in the French fashion that was ever seen; it is, besides, lofty and large, and sumptuously fitted up. Among other things he has a book of simples, which he has nearly completed; and whereas others merely paint the different herbs according to their colours, he has found out a way of pasting the plants themselves on the paper, so naturally and completely that the smallest leaves and fibres are clearly to be seen, and he fixes them so closely that no part of them ever escapes; he showed us some simples which had been fixed there more than twenty years ago. We also saw, both at his house and in the public school, some entire skeletons of men, standing upright. There is this peculiarity about their clock, the town clock, not the one in the faubourg, that it always strikes the hours an hour before the real time; that is to say, when it strikes ten, the real time is only nine; and they told us that the reason why they keep up this custom is, that once upon a time the clock's accidentally striking an hour wrong in this way, saved their town from an assault which had been planned against it. Basilée is so called, not from the Greek word, but because *base* signifies *passage* in German. We here saw a great many literati, such as Grin eus,[2] and the author of the *Theatrum*,[3] and the above named physician (Platerus), and Fran-

[1] Rhine.

[2] Simon Grinæus, author of an *Encomion Medecinæ*, printed at Bâle, in 1532; and of an edition of the Treatises of Aphrodisæus and Damascenus on Fevers.

[3] There are several works under this title, so that we do not know to whose reference is here made.

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cis Hottoman.[1] These last two came to sup with Messieurs the day after their arrival. M. de Montaigne fancied that they were not very well agreed amongst themselves as to their religion, from the answers he received; some calling themselves Zuinglians, others Calvinists, and others Martinists;[2] and he was informed that many persons among them are still Roman Catholics at heart. The form of administering the sacrament is a common matter of conversation; every one sets his hand to it that will, and the ministers do not venture to remove this chord of the differences among the religions. The churchyard is full of images and old tombs, quite perfect, on which prayers are carved for the souls of the dead; the organs, the bells, the crosses at the top of the belfries, and all the paintings on the windows, remain entire, as well as the benches and seats in the choir. They have placed the baptismal fonts in the place where the high altar used to stand, and have raised another altar at the head of the nave. The church of the Chartreux, which is a very handsome edifice, is carefully preserved and kept up. Even the ornaments and furniture remain as before, which the people of the new faith mention in proof of their good faith, they having obliged themselves thereto by the promise they gave when they came to an agreement. The bishop of the place, who is very hostile to the new faith, resides outside the town, within his diocese, where he still keeps up the old forms, for persons of our communion. The members of the ancient religion possess about 50,000 livres a year in the town, and continue to elect the bishop. Several of the inhabitants complained to M. de Montaigne of the dissolute habits of the women, and the drunkenness of the men. We saw a poor man's child cut for umbilical hernia, and it appeared to us that he was very roughly treated by the surgeon. We vis-

[1] Francis Hotman, the celebrated jurisconsult, whom his pupils saved from the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, and who then retired to Geneva, and afterwards to Bâle, where he died in 1590. He is considered to be the author of the celebrated *brochure* against the house of Lorraine entitled *Au Tigre*.—See the Memoirs of Regnier de la Planche.

[2] That is to say, Lutherans, from *Martin Luther*.

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ited a very fine public library they have on the banks of the river, charmingly situated. We stayed here a whole day; and next day, after dinner, resumed our journey, proceeding along the banks of the Rhine for about two leagues, and then turning off to the left, through a rich and fertile country. They have an infinite abundance of fountains throughout the country; there is no village or crossroad where you do not find one, generally large and handsome; and at Bâle, they say, there are more than three hundred. They are so fond of balconies, even towards Lorraine, that in every house, where these are not already constructed, they have between all the windows of the upper rooms, doors opening upon the street, so that at some future day they may make balconies for these to lead to. In all this part of the country, from Espinal, even the smallest cottages have glass windows, and the larger houses derive, both externally and internally, a great accession of ornament and agreeableness, from being amply provided with these glass windows, the frames of which are curiously elaborated. They have plenty of materials, and good workmen, to enable them to do this; and herein they have greatly the advantage over us. Moreover, in every church, however small, they have a handsome clock and sundial. They are also skilled in the manufacture of tiles; their houses are covered with these, soldered with lead, in a variety of forms; and their rooms are floored with the same material. Nothing can be more cleanly than their stoves, which are of earthen-ware. The wood which they principally use is deal, and their carpenters are exceeding good workmen. Even their casks are all more or less carved, and are mostly painted and varnished. Their common dining rooms are generally large and well-furnished; you often meet with five or six tables in a room, each provided with benches, at which all the inmates and guests dine together so many at each table. The smallest inns have two or three such rooms, well fitted up, and lighted by windows. It would seem, however, that they pay more attention to their eating-

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rooms than to anything else, for the bedchambers are very indifferent. There are curtains to the beds, and you have always three or four beds in a room, standing side by side; there are no chimneys, and you can find no place to warm yourself at but the common stove; you hear no news of fire anywhere else; and 'tis a great offence for you to go into the kitchen. They are very ill-provided everywhere with what we consider bedchamber necessaries; he is a lucky man who can get hold of a white sheet; and what sheets there are never cover the bolster; indeed, the most ordinary covering is a sort of thin feather-bed, and that very dirty. However, they are very excellent cooks, especially in the article of fish. Their rooms have no defence against the damp or wind but the glass windows, which are quite unprovided with shutters; there are air-holes in every corner of every room; and as to the windows, they are seldom closed, even at night. Their fashions at table are quite different from ours; they never mix water with their wine, wherein they are very much in the right; for their wines are so thin that our gentlemen thought them even weaker than those of Gascony when watered, and yet they have an agreeable flavour. The servants dine at the same table with the masters, or at an adjoining table, at the same time with them; for one servant is sufficient to attend to a large table, seeing that every person, having his goblet or cup of silver placed at his right hand, the attendant has only to fill it as soon as it is empty, without moving it, the wine being kept in a pewter or wooden vessel, with a long beak; and as to the eatables, they only serve up two or three dishes on a great tray. They mix several sorts of meats together exceedingly well, but in a manner very different from ours; sometimes they put the different dishes on the table one above the other, on iron stands with long legs, one sort of meat being put on one branch of the stand, and another under it. Their tables, of which some are round, and some square, are very large, so that the servant would have some difficulty in placing the dishes separately; but he

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can easily remove the stand at once, and bring another; and this is done six or seven times, for one course is never introduced till that before it is removed. As to the plates, before they bring in the dessert, they place in the middle of the room, as soon as the last dish is taken away, a large basket of wicker-work, or painted wood, into which the guests throw their plates, the principal person present throwing his plate first, and the others succeeding him in due order, for in this particular they are very tenacious of the observance of rank. This basket being removed, the servant places the dessert on table, all together in two dishes; they introduce radishes here as they do baked pears, with the meat. Among other things, they hold the crawfish in especial esteem, and always have a dish of them at table, which dish has a cover over it as a mark of particular honour; and as a further distinction, the guests hand it to one another, a thing that they hardly ever do with any other article. There is plenty of this fish to be had, and it is eaten every day, yet it is nevertheless regarded as a luxury. They do not give you water to wash your hands with, before or after meals; but every one, at his pleasure, makes use of a small washing-stand, that is always to be found in the corner of the room, as in our monasteries. Most of the utensils, whether for dining-room or bedchamber use, are made of wood, polished to the utmost degree of smoothness and cleanliness. Some place pewter plates upon these wooden ones, at dinner, till the dessert is served; and then only the wooden plates are left. They keep the ceilings and floors of their rooms, and all their furniture, in the highest order and polish. Their beds are so high that you generally have to mount up to them by steps; and almost everywhere there are small beds, placed at the side of the large ones. As they are excellent workmen in iron, most of their spits turn upon springs, or by means of weights, as in clock-work; though some are turned by a sort of wooden sails, large and light, placed in the funnel of their chimneys, and worked by the draught and smoke. They roast their meat

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gently and very much, and, indeed, dry it up somewhat too much. These windmills, however, are only met with in the large inns, where they keep up a great fire, as at Baden. Their motion is uniform and continuous. The generality of the chimneys from Lorraine, besides, are different from ours; they rise from the hearth, in the middle or corner of the kitchen, and occupy almost the entire breadth of the kitchen, at the bottom, where there is a great opening of five or six square feet wide, which goes narrowing itself up to the top of the house; this gives sufficient room for them to fix their large sail, which with us would occupy so much of the funnel as to block up the passage of the smoke. The least meals occupy three or four hours; for they eat more slowly, and in a more wholesome manner, than we do. They have an abundance of all sorts of provisions, and cover the tables in the most profuse manner; at least, we found it so. On Friday they do not help you to meat; and they say they never eat it on that day, if they can help it. The prices are about the same as in France, round Paris. The horses are supplied with more oats than they can eat. We went on to sleep at

Hornès, four leagues; a small village in the duchy of Austria. Next day, being Sunday, we heard mass; and I remarked that the women keep all on the left side of the church, and the men on the right, without intermingling. They have several rows of cross-benches, one above another, of a proper height for sitting upon. The women kneel upon these, and not on the ground, so they look as though they were standing; besides these, the men have wooden rails to lean against, and seats like the women's on which they kneel. Instead of joining hands in prayer to God, as we do at the elevation of the Host, they stretch them out wide apart, and keep them thus extended while the priest exhibits the *pax*. They placed Messrs. d'Estissac and de Montaigne on the third bench among the men; and those above them were afterwards occupied by men of inferior appearance, as was the

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case on the women's benches. It seemed to us that the first rows were not esteemed the most honourable. The interpreter and guide we had engaged at Bâle, a sworn messenger of the town, came to mass with us, and in his way exhibited every manifestation of devotion and zeal. After dinner, we passed the river Arat[1] at Broug,[2] a small town belonging to Messieurs of Berne, and thence went to see an abbey, that Queen Catherine of Hungary gave to the seigneury of Berne in the year 1524, and in which are buried Leopold, archduke of Austria, and a great number of gentlemen who were defeated with him by the Swiss in 1386. Their arms and names are still legible on their tombs, and their remains are carefully preserved. M. de Montaigne spoke to a gentleman of Berne who has the command here, and who showed us everything that was to be seen. In this abbey[3] there are loaves of bread and basins of soup always kept ready for any traveller who may apply for them, and never has any person been refused this aid, which is a part of the institution of the abbey itself. Thence we went over in the ferry-boat, which, by means of an iron pulley attached to a high cord, crosses the river Reix[4] (flowing from the lake of Lucerne), and came to

Baden, four leagues; a small town, with a suburb, in the latter of which are the baths. It is a Catholic town, under the protection of the eight cantons of Switzerland. Here several important royal congresses have taken place. We did not lodge in the town itself, but at the Bath, which is situated quite at the bottom of the mountain, along a river, or torrent rather, called Limacq,[5] which takes its course from the lake of Zurich. There are two or three public Baths, open at the top, of which only the poor people make use. The others, of which there are a great number, are enclosed in houses, where again they are divided off into small private baths,

[1] Aar.
[2] Brug.
[3] The celebrated abbey of Mouri. See the Life of Dom Calmet, book 1, and his *Diarium Helveticum*.
[4] The Reuss.
[5] The Limath.

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open or closed-in, let out with the apartments which each respectively adjoins. These baths are most comfortably fitted up, and there are separate pipes of hot water for every one of them. The houses are very handsome, and are kept up on a grand scale. In that where we lodged, there have been, in one day, three hundred mouths to provide for. There was still a good deal of company when we arrived, so much so that a hundred and seventy beds were required for the guests. There are eleven kitchens, with seventeen stoves, and in a house adjoining ours, they have fifty sets of rooms completely fitted up. The walls of the houses are all covered with the arms of the gentlemen who at different times have lodged in them. The other town, on the brow of the hill, is a small but pretty place, as indeed most of the towns in these parts are. For, besides that they make their streets wider and more open than ours, their squares larger, and have all their windows richly glazed, they have this fashion almost everywhere, of painting their houses on the outside, and covering them with coats-of-arms and other devices, which has a very pretty effect; and further, there is no town amongst them wherein you do not find several large fountains, ornamentally constructed of stone or wood, and forming a prominent feature in the cross-ways. These various circumstances make their towns appear much prettier than those of France. The water of the baths gives out a sulphureous smell, like those of Aigues-caudes [1] and others. The heat is moderate like those of Barbotan [2] or Aigues-caudes, and the baths are consequently very mild and agreeable. Those who have under their charge ladies who wish to bathe with privacy and delicacy, will do well to bring them here, where every lady has a bath to herself, handsomely fitted up as a dressing-room, light and airy, with rich windows, painted wainscoting and ceiling, and polished floors, and provided with chairs and small tables, on which you may

[1] Hot mineral waters on the mountain of Ossau, in Bearn.

[2] Hot mineral waters in Armagnac.

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read or play while in the bath. The bathers can lay on, or empty off, the water, just as they like; and there are apartments adjoining each bath, with long galleries to walk in. The strolls along the river side are very pleasant. The sides of the lofty hills, which overlook the valley in which these baths stand, are, for the most part, fertile and well cultivated. The water for drinking is flat and insipid, with a sulphureous flavour, and a somewhat acid and sharp taste. The people of this part of the country principally use this bath, in which they have themselves so unmercifully cupped and bled that I have sometimes seen the two public baths almost full of blood. Those who drink the waters generally take one glass only, never more than two. People usually stop here five or six weeks, and there is company nearly all the summer. With few exceptions, the only persons who frequent these baths are Germans, who come here in great crowds. The baths are of very ancient use; they are mentioned by Tacitus.[1] M. de Montaigne made every possible endeavour to ascertain the primary source of these baths, but he could learn nothing about it; it would appear, however, that all the springs lie very low, and almost on a level with the bed of the river. The water is not so clear as others we have seen elsewhere; and they make use, while drawing it up, of a minute network, to clear it. It does not sparkle as other sulphureous waters, those of Spa, for instance, according to the Seigneur Maldonat, do, when poured into a glass. M. de Montaigne, the morning after we arrived, which was Monday, drank seven small glasses of this water, making, in all, more than a third of a pint; next morning he drank five large glasses, which held more than ten of the small, and might be about a pint. The same day, at nine in the morning, while the rest of the company were at dinner, he went into the bath, and perspired a good deal. He only remained in it half an hour; but while he was there, he lay stretched at his full length, the water coming up to his neck; whereas

[1] *Hist.* i. 67. "Locus amœno salubrium aquarum usu frequens."

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the people of the country, who remain in the water sometimes nearly the whole day, playing or drinking, have the water only up to their middle. This day there left the baths a Swiss lord, a faithful subject of our crown, who had greatly entertained M. de Montaigne all the preceding day with conversation respecting the affairs of Switzerland; and had shown him a letter which the ambassador of France,[1] son of the President du Harlay (Achilles), had written him from Solurre,[2] where he is at present, recommending him to watch carefully over the interests of the king during his absence, he having been sent for by the queen[3] to meet her at Lyons, and assist her in counteracting the designs of Spain and Savoy. The Duke of Savoy,[4] who had just died, had made an alliance a year or two ago with some of the cantons; this the king had openly resisted, alleging that they, having already bound themselves to him, were not in a condition to enter into any new obligations without his concurrence; which some of the cantons had been induced to admit, by the intervention of this same Swiss gentleman, and had accordingly declined to adopt the alliance. It is certain that in all these parts the people received the name of the king with respect and friendship, and they everywhere showed us all possible courtesy. The Spaniards are in very bad odour here. The train of this Swiss consisted of four horses. His son, who is already a pensionary of the king's, was mounted on one; a valet on another; his daughter, a tall fine girl, upon a third, with cloth housings, and a stirrup in the French fashion, carrying a portmanteau behind her, and a cap-box at the saddlebow. She had no female attendant with her, though they were two long days' journey from their home, which is in a town of which this gentleman is governor. He himself was on the fourth horse. The ordinary dress of the women here appeared to me as neat and becoming as that of

[1] Harlai de Sancl, friend of Henry IV., at that time King of Navarre.
[2] Soleure.
[3] The Queen-Mother, Catherine de Medicis. The Queen Consort Louise de Lorraine (wife of Henry III.), who was called *La Reine Vierge*, though living at the time, took no part in state affairs.
[4] Emmanuel-Philibert died 30th August, 1580.

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our own, even the headdress, which consists of a cap *à la cognarde*, turning up behind, and in front, over the forehead, a slight prominence. This is ornamented all round with tufts of silk, or fur-edging; and the hair hangs down behind, in large plaits. If you take off their cap in sport, for it is not fastened any more than ours, they are not angry, though it shows you all the fronts of their heads quite bare. The younger girls, instead of caps, merely wear a band round their heads. There is no great distinction of dress between the different ranks. The mode of salutation is to kiss your hand to them, and offer to touch theirs; as to any other mode, if in passing by, you make them no end of bows and congées, the majority of them do not stir a bit, or proffer any return of your civility; they have their own way, and it is a very ancient one. Some, indeed, incline the head slightly, by way of returning your salute, but 'tis rarely done. The women are generally tall and handsome, with fair complexions. They are a kind-hearted people, especially to those who conform to their fashions. M. de Montaigne, in order thoroughly to understand the diversity of manners and customs, allowed himself, in every place he visited, to be waited upon after the particular fashion of that place, however troublesome it might appear to him at the time, or however different from what he had been accustomed to. In Switzerland, however, he suffered, he said, no inconvenience from this plan of his, except from the circumstance that at table they only have a small cloth of half a foot square for a napkin, which cloth the Swiss do not even unfold at dinner, though they serve up a great variety of sauces and soups. They always, however, place as many wooden spoons, with silver handles, as there are guests, and no Swiss is ever without a knife, which he uses in taking up everything; and it is very seldom that they put their hands to their plates. The gates of almost all their towns bear, above the private arms of the town, those of the emperor and of the house of Austria, though, in fact, the majority of these towns have

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seceded from the archduke, in consequence of the mismanagement of that house. They say here that all the members of the house of Austria, excepting the Catholic king, are reduced to great poverty, especially the emperor, who is held in but very low esteem in Germany. The water that M. de Montaigne drank on Tuesday caused him three stools, and he had voided it all before mid-day. Wednesday morning, he took the same quantity as the day before. He finds that, when he perspires in the bath, he voids much less urine the next day, retaining much longer the water he has taken, and he experienced this also at Plommieres. The water that he took, the second day, was coloured, and greatly lessened in quantity when he voided it; whence he judged that it had turned into aliment, and he took this to be owing, either to the evacuation of the perspiration previously, or to his fasting; for when he bathed he only took one meal. This was the reason why he only bathed once. On Wednesday, his landlord bought a very large quantity of fish; and when M. de Montaigne asked him why he did so, he replied that the great majority of the people at Baden ate fish on Wednesdays out of a religious feeling; which confirmed what Monsieur de Montaigne had heard before, that those who there hold the Catholic faith are made the more strict and devotional by the existence of the rival religion. He argued in this way: "That when confusion and admixture arise in the same towns, and are sown in one same system of government, this relaxes the affections of men, the mixture descending down to individuals, as is the case in Auspourg[1] and imperial towns; but when a town has but one unmixed system of government (for the Swiss towns have each its separate laws and government, apart and independent, in this respect, one of another; their union and coherence applying only to certain general conditions), the towns which form a separate state and civil body, each in itself, have wherewith to fortify and maintain themselves;

[1] Augsburg.

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they stand firm in themselves, and become more united and more firmly embodied, from the very shock of the neighbouring contagion." We soon became so accustomed to the heat of their stoves that none of us felt any inconvenience from it. For, indeed, after you have once swallowed a mouthful of the new atmosphere, which you are sensible of just at the moment of entering a room where one of the stoves stands, you experience nothing afterwards but a gentle and equable warmth. M. de Montaigne, who slept in a room with a stove in it, was greatly pleased with the effect, enjoying throughout the night an agreeable and temperate degree of warmth. At all events, you do not burn either your face or your boots, and you are free from the smoke that annoys you in France. While we in France put on warm furred morning-gowns, when we come home, the people here, on the contrary, take off their coats altogether, and always go bareheaded when in-doors, wrapping themselves up only when they go out. On Thursday M. de Montaigne drank the same quantity; the water operated in both ways, and he voided gravel, though not in any great quantity. He found these waters more active that others he had tried, whether it was owing to the strength of the water itself, or whether his state of body was more adapted for it now; however this may be, he drank less than he had done of any of the others, and it came from him far better digested. To-day he got into conversation with a minister of Zurich, a native of that place, who had just arrived; and he found that their first reformed religion had been Zuinglian; from which they had approximated to that of Calvin, a somewhat milder form. When this minister was asked about predestination, he replied that they themselves held a mean between Geneva and Augusta,[1] but that they did not embarrass their flocks with the dispute. In his own particular judgment, he rather inclined to the extreme doctrines of Zuinglius; of which he proceeded to make a high eulogium.

[1] Augsburg (Augusta Vindelicorum).

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saying he considered them to approach the nearest to the primitive Christianity. Friday, after breakfast, at seven o'clock in the morning, the 7th of October, we left Baden; before we set off, M. de Montaigne took his prescribed dose of the waters, thus making it five times that he had used them. Without speaking decidedly as to their operation, in which, however, he sees as much occasion for hope as in any others he has taken, both as to the external and the internal application, he would recommend these baths fully as much as any of those he has already visited. The place itself is agreeable, and the accommodations for visitors are very excellent, each person being able to take the baths in the manner he likes best, and in the way best suited to his means, the different baths and the apartments attached to them being quite independent of each other, and of all dimensions, some small and some large; and there are separate galleries, baths, dressing-rooms, sitting-rooms, bedchambers, and chapels, for separate parties. Both the house adjoining ours, which is called *La Cour de la Ville*, and our own, which is known as *La Cour de derrière*, are public establishments belonging to the Seigneury of the Cantons, and are let out to lodgers. In the adjoining house they have some chimneys in the French fashion. All the principal chambers have stoves. The charges are somewhat arbitrary, as, indeed, is the case in most countries, especially our own, towards strangers. Four chambers, furnished with nine beds, in two of which there were stoves and a bath, cost us a crown a day for each of the masters; and four batz a day, which is rather more than ninepence for each of the servants; the horses cost six batz a day; but besides these charges, they added a variety of little pilferings and tricksterings, which is not usually the custom with these people. They have guards in all their towns, and even in these Baths, though merely a village. Every night two patrols go the rounds, taking notice of every house, not so much to guard them from external enemies as to provide against fire or

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internal commotion. When the clock strikes, one of these sentinels has to call out, at the pitch of his voice, to the other. and ask him what the hour is; and the other has to answer in as loud a key, what o'clock it is, adding "All's well." The women here wash out of doors, in the street, having a small wood fire near them, on which they heat their water; they get up the linen much better than you have it done for you in the inns in France. Every servant in the inns here has a particular department. One very great misfortune is that, however you exert yourself, it is impossible to extract from the people of the country, unless you happen by great good chance to light upon somebody with a head very much better furnished than the ordinary run of them, any sort of information as to what is worth seeing in each place; they do not understand what you mean by the question. For instance, we had been here five days, making every possible inquiry, yet we did not hear a word of what we ourselves saw the first thing on leaving the town: a stone, of the height of a man, apparently the remains of some pillar, though without any carving or work about it, standing at the corner of a house, abutting on the high-road, on which was a Latin inscription, which I[1] could not make out beyond this, that it is a dedication to the emperors Nerva and Trajan. We passed the Rhine at the Catholic town of Keyserstoul, an ally of Switzerland; and then went along the river side through a flat but pretty country, till we came to the falls, where the water dashes against rocks, and these they call the cataracts, as they do the falls of the Nile. Just below Schaffhouse, the stream goes over a bed of large rocks, which break it up; and below this, among these same rocks, it comes to a descent of about two pikes' length down, over which it dashes, foaming and making an amazing hubbub. This stops the boats, and of course interrupts the navigation of the river. We went on, without baiting, till we got by supper-time to

[1] Montaigne himself is here speaking. confusion of persons, in the secretary The reader will constantly notice this portion of the journey.

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Schaffhouse,[1] four leagues, the capital town of one of those Swiss cantons which hold the religious faith I have mentioned above, that of Zurich. Leaving Baden, we had left Zurich on the right; M. de Montaigne had intended visiting it, as it was only two leagues off, but he was informed that the plague was there. At Schaffhouse we saw nothing remarkable. They are engaged in building a citadel for it, which will be a tolerably fine one. There is a public ground maintained, for practising crossbow shooting, provided with seats, galleries, and rooms, with shady walks, and excellently fitted up in all respects; and there is a similar place, for hacquebut[2] shooting. There are water-mills for sawing wood, of which we had noticed several elsewhere, and others to pound flax and millet. There is also here a tree, similar to some we had seen at Baden and other places; but not so large. The lowest branches are made use of to form the floor of a round gallery of twenty feet in diameter. The ends of these branches are then bent upwards, and trained as high as possible, to form the sides of the gallery. The branches above these are cut away, up to the height which they wish to give the gallery, about ten feet. Then they take the branches growing above this, and train them over wicker-work, to form the roof of the gallery, and the ends of these branches are turned down, to join the ascending branches, and thus the whole gallery is encircled with a verdant wall. After this, they cut off all the remaining branches of the tree, until just before they reach the top, where they leave the tuft-branches to luxuriate as they please. The tree thus arranged has a very pretty effect. At the bottom of the tree is constructed a fountain, whose waters spout up to a height level with the floor of the gallery. M. le Mortaigne paid a visit to the burgomasters of the town, who afterwards returned him the compliment, by coming, attended by other public officers, to sup at our lodgings, and made a present of some wine to him and to M. d'Estissac. Several very ceremonious harangues

[1] Schaffhausen. [2] Arquebuse.

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passed between the parties. The principal burgomaster was a gentleman, who had been bred up as a page with the late M. d'Orleans,[1] but he had already forgotten all his French. This canton professes to be very faithful to us, and indeed has given this recent proof of it, that it refused, in our favour, the confederation which the late Duke of Savoy sought to negotiate with the cantons, of which I made mention before. Saturday, 8th of October, we left Schaffhouse, at eight o'clock in the morning, after breakfast, having found very good lodgings there at the Crown. A literary man residing here had that morning a conversation with M. de Montaigne, and among other things, told him that, in reality, the inhabitants of that town were very indifferently affected towards our court; so that, in all the public deliberations which had been held respecting the alliance with the king, the majority of the people were, in every instance, desirous of breaking it off, but, by the influence of some of the richer class, the final determination was otherwise. As we were leaving the town, we saw an iron machine, similar to some we had seen elsewhere, by which large stones are raised, without the intervention of physical labour, and placed in wagons. We proceeded along the Rhine, which lay on our right, till we came to Stain,[2] a small town in alliance with the cantons, and holding the same religion as Schaffhouse. On the road we passed a great many stone crosses. We recrossed the Rhine over another wooden bridge; and, travelling along the banks of the river, which now ran on our left, we went through another little town,[3] also an ally of the Catholic cantons. The Rhine here spreads out to a great width, as our Garonne does at Blaye, and then narrows again till you come to

Constance, four leagues, where we arrived at about four o'clock. This is a town of the size of Chalons, belonging to the Archduke of Austria, and is Catholic. It having been formerly, and indeed within the last thirty years, possessed

[1] Charles, elder brother of Henry II., first Duke of Angoulême, and then Duke of Orleans, died 9th September, 1545.

[2] Stein.

[3] Steckborn

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by the Lutherans, who were forcibly dislodged from it by the emperor Charles V., the churches still give evidence of their presence, in respect to the images. The bishop, who is a native of the country, and a cardinal, living at Rome, derives a revenue of full forty thousand crowns from this see. There are canonries, in the church of Notre Dame, which are worth fifteen hundred florins a year, and are held by lay gentlemen. We saw one of these on horseback, coming out to take the air, gallantly equipped in the military style. They say there are a great many Lutherans in the town. We ascended the bell-tower, which is very lofty, and found there a man placed as sentinel, who never leaves the place, whatever occasion he may have, and indeed is a prisoner there. They are constructing, at the side of the river, a large covered building, fifty paces long and forty wide, or thereabout; here they are going to put twelve or fifteen large wheels, by means of which they will be able constantly to raise an immense quantity of water to a platform above, whence a similar machinery will again raise it to another platform still higher; and the water, thus raised to a height of altogether about fifty feet, will discharge itself into a large artificial canal, by which it will be carried into the town, and there turn several mills. The engineer who constructed this building had five thousand seven hundred florins paid him for his own share, besides being supplied with wine. At the bottom of the river they are sinking some solid works, for the purpose of breaking the force of the current, so that the water may in this sort of reservoir become quiet, and they be able to draw it up the more easily. They are also constructing some engines, by means of which the whole of the machinery may be raised or lowered, according as the river is high or low. The Rhine here no longer retains its name; for at the head of the town it becomes a lake, four German leagues wide and five or six long. There is a fine terrace looking over this large piece of water, where they land the goods; and at fifty paces from the lake, a pretty house, where a sentinel is constantly sta

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tioned. Attached to this house is a chain, by means of which they close the entrance to what is used as the port, a part of the lake inclosed by a quantity of piles, within which the boats and vessels that come here are moored, and load and unload their cargoes. In the church of Notre Dame there is a spring which is carried over the Rhine in pipes into the faubourg. It was easy to perceive that we were leaving Switzerland, for just before we arrived at this town we saw several gentlemen's seats, on both sides of the road, which are very rarely to be seen in the cantons; though, as to other private houses, these are, both in town and country, all along the route we had come, without comparison finer than they are in France; all they want is slates. The inns, too, are excellent, for we had everywhere found far better accommodation, in almost every respect, than in France; as to those points in which, according to our notions, they were deficient, this was from no want of means on their part, as was quite manifest from the abundance of other things; you can hardly call that a poor country where most of the people you meet with drink out of large silver cups, generally worked and gilt; they are deficient in these points, simply because 'tis not their custom to have them. The country is very productive, especially in vines. To return to Constance: we were very ill lodged at the Eagle; and we experienced in the landlord a singular instance of the almost barbarian license and assumption of the German character. The affair arose out of a quarrel of one of our footmen with our guide from Bâle. The dispute was carried before the judges, to whom the parties thought proper to appeal; and the provost of the place, who is an Italian, but who long since settled as a free burgess, and married here, in reply to M. de Montaigne, who asked whether his servants, who knew something of the matter, could be heard as witnesses in our favour, said they could, provided he previously discharged them from his service; which he would do, as there was nothing to prevent his taking them back again immediately afterwards. This struck us

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as a remarkably subtle touch. Next day, Sunday, on account of this dispute, we stopped till after dinner, but changed our lodgings to the Pike, where we got on very well. The son of the commandant of the town, who was bred up as a page in the household of M. de Meru,[1] always attended our gentlemen at their meals and elsewhere; yet he knew not one word of French. The dinners consist of a great many courses. Even after the cloth is removed, they served up, here and afterwards, fresh courses with the wine: first, what the Gascons call *canaules;* then gingerbread; and, thirdly, a sponge cake, cut into slices, though not taken to pieces; between the slices there is a quantity of spices and salt, and the whole is covered with a crust. There are a great number of hospitals for lepers throughout the country, and you are constantly meeting on the road poor devils afflicted with this malady. The country people give their servants for breakfast a thick flat cake, with fennel in it, covered with bits of bacon, minced very small, and heads of garlic. Amongst the Germans, when they wish to show you respect, they go to your left, wherever you may be; they think it matter of offence to take the right hand, for they say that deference to a man requires you should give his right hand free access to his sword. Sunday, after dinner, we left Constance, and, passing the lake at a mile from the town,[2] came to sleep at

Smardoff,[3] two leagues; a small Catholic town, where we lodged at the Coulogne,[4] the posting-house which the Emperor uses when he travels from Italy into Germany, or back. Here, as in several other places, they fill the mattresses with the leaves of a certain tree,[5] which answers the purpose better than straw, and lasts longer. This town is surrounded with large districts of vineyards, which produce excellent wines. Monday, 10th of October, we set off after breakfast; for M. de Montaigne was tempted, by the fineness of the

[1] Charles de Montmorenci, afterwards Duke of Anville and Admiral of France, son of the Constable Anne de Montmorenci.

[2] Before Morsburg

[3] Markdorf.

[4] The Cologne Inn.

[5] Those of Indian or Turkey corn.

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weather, to change his plan of going to Ravesbourg[1] that day, and turned aside a day's journey to visit Linde.[2] M. de Montaigne himself never ate breakfast; but he had brought a piece of dry bread, which he took on the road, moistening it with grapes, which he picked as he went along, the vintage not being over, and the whole country being covered with vines. Around Linde they raise the vines on trellis-work, and thus make a number of verdant walks through the grounds, which have a very pretty effect. We passed a place named Bouchorn,[3] an imperial and Catholic town, on the banks of the lake of Constance; whither all the merchandise from Oulme,[4] Nuremberg, and other places, is brought in wagons, and thence taken down the Rhine, through the lake. We arrived, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, at

Linde, three leagues; a small town, standing in the lake, at about a hundred paces from the shore, which hundred paces you traverse over a stone bridge; there is only this entrance, all the rest of the town being surrounded by the lake. It is a full league in extent. Behind the lake rise the mountains of the Grisons. The waters of this lake, and of all the rivers hereabout, are low in winter and high in summer; the effect of the snow melting in the latter season. In all this part of the country the women wear fur hats or caps, like our calottes; the outside is of a better sort of fur, generally that of the weasel, and such a bonnet costs only three testons;[5] the inside is made of lambs'-wool. The opening which we have in front of our caps they have behind, and through it they pass all their hair, plaited. They usually wear red or white boots, which are becoming enough. Both religions are practised here. We went to see the Catholic church, which, though built in the year 866, is in complete preservation and order; and we saw also the church where the ministers of the other faith perform their service. All

[1] Ravenspurg.
[2] Lindau.
[3] Buckhorn, also called Friedrichshafen.
[4] Ulm.
[5] A silver coin worth about 1s. 6d.

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the imperial towns are permitted to exercise two religions, the Catholic and the Lutheran; and the inhabitants of each place favour the one or the other, entirely according to their inclinations and opinions. At Linde there are but two or three Catholics, as the priest told M. de Montaigne. The Catholic clergy, however, continue to receive their revenues freely, and to perform the service, as also do some nuns that are here. Monsieur de Montaigne also spoke to the minister, of whom he learnt no great deal, indeed little more than the common hatred against Zuinglius and Calvin. They say that there are few towns which have not some peculiar features in their belief; and while generally under the authority of Martin,[1] whom they recognize as their chief, they get up an infinity of disputes as to the interpretation of his writings. We lodged at the Crown, a very fine house. Attached to the ceiling there was a wooden cage, large enough to hold a great many birds, with a number of little lanes made of wire, running from it the whole length of the ceiling, where the birds were able to exercise themselves as much as they liked. The only wood they use, either for furniture or wainscoting, is that of the fir, the principal tree that grows in their forests; but they paint and varnish this up to very great perfection, and take a vast deal of pains to keep it clean; they have fine hair brushes, with which they dust their benches and tables. They grow a great abundance of cabbage, which they cut up very small, with an instrument they have expressly for that purpose; and when it is thus cut up they put a quantity of it into tubs with salt, and of this they make a dish all the winter round.[2] Here M. de Montaigne tried the experiment of covering himself in bed with a feather-bed, as is the custom of the country; and he liked the fashion very much, finding this sort of covering both warm and light. In his opinion, there is nothing to complain of here, except, perhaps, that a person of weakly constitution, or effeminate habits,

[1] Luther.

[2] This is the dish which the Germans now call saurcrout.

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might not fancy their beds; but, by bringing with them a mattress, an article not known here, and a curtain, they would remove this objection. As to eating and drinking, they give you a host of things, and diversify their courses with all sorts of soups, meats, sauces, salads, and so on, very far beyond what we do in France. We had one soup made with quinces, and another with roasted apples, cut in slices into the soup, and cabbage-salads. They make also a sort of soup, sometimes with rice, sometimes with other things, which all the guests help themselves to in common (indeed, there is no course served for any guests in particular); and this especially was of such excellent flavour in the better houses we lodged at, that we doubted whether the kitchens even of the French nobility could furnish anything comparable to it. And certainly there are few houses amongst us which have the dining-rooms so well fitted up. They have a great abundance of fish, which they serve up with the meat; they think nothing of trout, and only eat the liver. They have plenty of game, woodcocks, hares, and so on, which they dress in a manner very different from ours, but at the least quite as good. We never tasted meat so tender as it is generally here. They send up stewed prunes, and pear and apple tarts, with the meat; sometimes they serve up the meat first and the soup afterwards, and sometimes the soup first and the meat afterwards. The only dessert they have is pears, apples (which they grow of excellent sorts), nuts, and cheese. Together with the meat, they place on the table a vessel of silver, or pewter, with four compartments, containing different sorts of pounded sweatmeats. Their bread is for the most part made with fennel, and they mix with it cummin, or some other seed of the same kind, to give it a sharp, hot taste. After dinner they place on the table glasses full of different sorts of drinks, so that each person may satisfy his thirst with the beverage he likes best. M. de Montaigne found occasion to be vexed at three things in the course of his journey: first, that he had not brought with him a cook, who might

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learn their mode of dressing different articles, and one day at home give our friends proofs of their excellence in this respect; secondly, that he had not in the outset engaged a German valet, or had not obtained the companionship of some gentleman of the country (for to live at the mercy of a block-head of a guide he found to be an amazing inconvenience); and, thirdly, that, before he set out on the journey, he had not read such books as would have pointed out to him what were the rare and noticeable features in each place he was going to, or that he had not brought with him a Munster,[1] or some other such book. It is true that, in his judgment upon the things he saw, he might have mixed up somewhat of an acrimonious contempt for his own country, which he holds in hatred and distaste for other causes; but, however this might be, it is certain that he preferred what he found in this country infinitely beyond what he had left behind him in France; and he so entirely conformed himself to their customs and manners as to drink his wine without water. He never drank, however, more than he had been used to do, nor was he ever invited thereto, except as a matter of courtesy and kindliness, and then he was not pressed. Things are dearer in Upper Germany than they are in France; so much so, that of our party each horse and man cost a sun-crown a day. The landlords, in the first place, charged us four, five, or six batz each for each of the two principal meals at the *table d'hôte;* and they make a separate charge for all you drink before and after these two meals, and for the least draught you take in the intervals, so that the Germans generally set out in the mornings from their inns without drinking anything at all. Whatever you take after the two chief meals, and whatever wine you drink between whiles, which among these people constitute the principal item of expense, is put down to the account of lunch. But, indeed, when I consider the liberality with which they provide everything at

[1] That is to say, *The Cosmography of Sebastian Munster*, surnamed the Strabo of Germany.

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their *tables d'hôte*, especially wine, even where it is dearest and has to be brought from a great distance, I can very well excuse the high rate of their charges. The hosts themselves invite the servants to drink, and keep their guests at table for two or three hours. Their wine is served up in large pitchers, and it is matter of offence for any one to let his goblet remain long empty; nor will they allow any person to mix water with his wine, unless in particular cases, where the party desiring to do so is one held in very great respect. They have also a separate charge for the oats for the horses, and another for stable expenses, which include hay. There is this good point about them, that they tell you at once what their charge is, neither more nor less; and you seldom get anything by haggling with them. They are vain, choleric, and given to drinking; but, as M. de Montaigne remarked, neither traitors nor thieves. We set out from this place after breakfast, and got, at about two in the afternoon, to

Vanguen,[1] two leagues, where we had to stop, in consequence of our great luggage-box breaking; and we were ultimately obliged to hire a wagon for the next day, at three crowns a day, the wagoner providing four horses and keeping himself for that sum. This is a small imperial town, which has never received any other religion into it than the Catholic. Here are made those scythes which are so famous that they send them for sale even so far as Lorraine. We left this place the next day, Wednesday, 12th of October, in the morning, and turned off short towards Trante,[2] along the most direct and usual road, and got by dinner-time to

Isne,[3] two leagues, a small imperial town, very pleasantly situated. M. de Montaigne, according to his custom, immediately went and found out a divine of this town, in order to pick up what news he could from him, and this gentleman dined with Messieurs. He learned that all the people here are Lutherans, and he saw the Lutheran church, which, like all those they have in the imperial towns, has usurped one

[1] Wangen [2] Trent [3] Issel.

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of the Catholic churches. Among other topics which they touched upon was the sacrament, and M. de Montaigne mentioned that some Calvinists had told him, on his way, that the Lutherans mixed up with the original doctrines of Martin several adventitious errors, such as ubiquitism; maintaining that the body of Jesus Christ is everywhere, as in the Host; thus falling into the same difficulty with Zuinglius, though in a different way; the one by being too sparing of the presence of the body, the other by being too lavish of it (for by this account the sacrament has no privilege over the body of the church, or a convocation of three elders); and he added that their principal arguments were, first, that the divinity, being inseparable from the body, and the divinity being everywhere, the body must consequently be everywhere also; secondly, that Jesus Christ, being always at the right hand of God, he is everywhere, inasmuch as the right hand of God, who is power, is everywhere.[1] The doctor loudly denied this imputation, and sought to defend himself from it as from a calumny; but M. de Montaigne thought that he made out but a poor case. He then went with M. de Montaigne to visit a very fine and richly decorated monastery, where they were performing mass; and he entered and waited during the service, without taking off his cap, until Messieurs de Montaigne and d'Estissac had finished their devotions. They then went down to a cellar under the abbey, to see a long, round stone, without any work about it, which seemed to have been part of a pillar, and on which in old Latin characters, was an inscription, purporting that the emperors Pertinax and Antoninus had repaired the roads and bridges for eleven thousand paces[2] from Campidonum, which was the ancient name of Kempten, where we were going to sleep. This stone, it was thought, might have been placed at this spot, as marking a stage of the road so mended; for as to the town of Isne, they say it is not very ancient; but when we came to examine the roads

[1] The reader had need be a deep theologian to understand this *galimatias*.

[2] A pace, among the Romans, was a measure of five feet.

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towards Kempten, on all sides, besides that there is no bridge at all, we did not discover any appearance of road making or mending, at all worthy of such workmen. There are, indeed, some excavations in the hills, but these present nothing remarkable.

Kempten, three leagues; a town as big as Sainte-Foy, populous, well situated, and very pretty. We went to the Bear, an excellent house. They served up at table large silver cups, of various patterns, richly chased and emblazoned with the coats-of-arms of different gentlemen, such as you rarely meet with even in the best houses. They were placed on the table merely for ornament. Here was afforded an instance of what M. de Montaigne said elsewhere; that what these people omit of our fashions and customs is owing, not to their poverty, but to their different notions; for though they have plenty of pewter dishes and plates, scoured in the same way as at Montaigne, they never make use of any other than wooden plates, prettily fashioned and highly polished. On all the seats in this part of the country they place cushions, and most of their wainscoted ceilings are slightly arched, which produces a graceful effect. As to the linen, of which we complained in the outset, we have since had no fault to find with it; and for my master,[1] I have always succeeded in procuring wherewith to make him curtains for his bed. If one napkin was not enough for him, they changed it as often as he wished. In this town there is a merchant who does a business of a hundred thousand florins in linen. M. de Montaigne, on leaving Constance, would have visited that canton of Switzerland,[2] which furnishes all Christendom with linen, had it not been that, to return thence to Linde, he should have had a four or five hours' passage over the lake. This town is Lutheran; yet, strangely enough, here, as well as at Isne, the Catholic church has its services solemnly performed in the regular form; for the morning after we ar-

[1] This makes it evident that our author's secretary was a domestic servant probably his valet-de-chambre.
[2] St. Gal.

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rived, on a Thursday, though a weekday, mass was performed at the abbey outside the town, just as it is celebrated at Notre Dame at Paris, at Easter, with music and singing, though the monks only were present. The people, except in the principal towns, have not been permitted to change their religion, and they still go on Sundays and holidays to attend this service. The abbey I speak of is a very fine one. The abbot holds it in principality, and derives from it an income of 50,000 florins. He is a member of the family of D'Estain.[1] All the monks must be of the rank of gentlemen. Hildegarde, wife of Charlemagne, who founded the abbey in 783, is buried here, and deemed a saint. Her bones have been taken from the cell where they used to lie, and placed in a shrine. The same morning M. de Montaigne went to the Lutheran church, which was like the other churches of the Huguenot sect, except that at the altar, which stands at the head of the church, there are some wooden benches, with rails to lean the elbows on, where those who take the sacrament may kneel, as they always do. He found here two aged ministers, one of whom was preaching in German to a smallish congregation. When he had finished, they sang a psalm in German, in a somewhat different way from that in use amongst us. After each verse a fine organ, which seemed to have been just built, played a response. Whenever the minister named Jesus Christ, both he and the congregation took off their caps. After this, the other minister went and placed himself at the altar, facing the people, with a book in his hand; a young woman, her head uncovered and her hair loose, then advanced towards him, and making a slight courtesy, in the fashion of the country, stood still. In about another minute a young man, apparently a mechanic, with a sword at his side, came and placed himself by the woman. The minister, having whispered some words in their ear, commanded every person present to say the paternoster, and then proceeded to read out of a book certain rules for the guidance

[1] De Stein.

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of persons marrying; finally, he caused them to touch each other's hand, but without kissing. This ceremony over, the minister left the altar, and M. de Montaigne went up to him, and had a long conversation. He took M. de Montaigne with him to his house, into his study, which is a handsome one, and well fitted up. His name, he said, was Johannes Tilianus, Augustanus.[1] M. de Montaigne asked him for a new confession, which the Lutherans have drawn up, and which all the learned men and princes who support that faith have signed, but it is not in Latin. As they were leaving the church, a party with violins and tabors came from the other side of the street, to escort the new-married people. To the question: "Whether they permitted dancing?" the minister replied: "Why not?" To another question: "Why on the windows, and in the decorations of the new organ, they had painted representations of Jesus Christ and other scriptural subjects?" he replied: "That they did not prohibit images which were merely for the purpose of instructing men; all they forbade was the worshipping of them." To the rejoinder, "Why, then, they had removed the old images from the churches," he replied: "That it was not they who had done so; but that their worthy disciples, the Zuinglians, incited by the evil spirit, had committed this outrage, as well as several others;" which was the same reply that others of the same profession had already made M. de Montaigne; and, in particular, the divine at Isne, who, when he was asked, "Whether he hated the figure and emblem of the cross?" exclaimed: "How! do you imagine me such an atheist as to hate an emblem so dear and glorifying to all Christian souls?" adding: "that such a thing would be perfectly diabolical." The same person declared very roundly, when at dinner, that he would rather hear a hundred masses, than participate in one of Calvin's sacraments. At this place we had white hares served up. The town is seated on the river Isler.[2] We dined there on the Thursday, and afterwards proceeded, through a hilly and sterile country, to sleep at

[1] John Tilly, of Augsburg. [2] Iller.

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Frienten, four leagues; a small village, which, like all the rest of this part of the country, belonging to the Archduke of Austria, is Catholic. I forgot to mention, under the head of Linde, that at the entrance to that town there are considerable remains of a wall, which manifests an advanced antiquity, but on which I perceived no inscription. I understand that the name of the place signifies in German *an old wall*, and they tell me the name is taken from this wall. Friday morning, though we were in a very indifferent inn, we did not fail to find plenty of provisions. These people never air either their sheets when they go to bed, or their linen when they get up; and they are vastly offended if you light a fire in their kitchens for this purpose, or even make use of the fire already lighted; this was one of the most fruitful occasions of quarrelling and disputation that we experienced. Here, though in the midst of mountains and forests, where ten thousand feet of fir do not cost fifty pence, they would not let us have a fire, any more than they would elsewhere. Friday morning we left this place, and took the easiest road, which lay on the left, instead of the mountain road, which is on the right, and goes direct to Trante, M. de Montaigne having a mind to make a *détour* of a few days' journey, in order to see several fine German towns, which it had been his original intention to visit, till he changed his plan at Vanguen and altered his route, for which he was sorry now. On our way we saw another of those water-mills, of which we had already noticed several in different places, which derive their water from some neighbouring height, by means of a wooden channel or gutter, which is supported on high posts from the place where it receives the water until it reaches the mill, and then pours down the water on to the point where it is wanted, by a direct descent. We got to dinner at

Friessen, one league. This is a small Catholic town belonging to the Bishop of Augusta. We found here a great number of persons, part of the suite of the Archduke of Austria, who himself was at a neighbouring castle with the

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Duke of Bavaria. We here embarked the baggage on the river Lech, with myself and several others, to convey it to Augsbourg, upon what they call here a float, a number of planks of timber joined together, which take to pieces when they arrive at their destination. There is an abbey at this place, where they showed Messieurs a chalice and a stole, that they preserve as relics of a saint named Magnus, who they say was son of a king of Scotland, and a disciple of Columbanus; in favour of which Magnus, Pepin founded this abbey, and made him the first abbot of it. At the top of the nave there are these words inscribed, and below them are represented the notes of music to which they are to be chanted: *Comperta virtute beati Magni fama, Pipinus princeps locum quem sanctus incoluit regia largitate donavit.*[1] Charlemagne afterwards further enriched the monastery, as we are informed by another inscription to be seen there. After dinner we all went on to sleep at

Chonguen, four leagues, a small town belonging to the Duke of Bavaria, and, consequently, rigidly Catholic; for this prince, beyond any other in Germany, has firmly maintained all the places under his rule free from contagion. We found excellent lodging at the Star, and withal a fashion we had not seen before; they ranged the saltcellars on a square table from one corner to the opposite one, and the candlesticks traversed these from the other corners, so as to form a St. Andrew's-cross. They never use eggs, at least as far as we have seen hitherto, except boiled very hard, and cut into bits to enrich the salads, which are very excellent here, and made of the freshest materials. They drink their wine as soon as it is made. They only thresh their corn in the barns, as they want it, and use the large end of the flail. On Saturday we went on to dine at

Lanspergs,[2] four leagues, a small town of the Duke of Bavaria's, seated on the river Lech, and in every feature,

[1] "King Pepin, having learnt by the voice of fame the great virtues of the blessed Magnus, has endowed with his royal liberality the place which the saint inhabited."

[2] Landsberg.

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town, faubourg, and castle, well worth seeing. It was their market-day, and the place was crowded with people. In the middle of the large square there is a fountain, which spouts out water by a hundred jets to the height of a pike, and scatters it about in a very elaborate way; you can turn the jets in what direction you please. There is a very fine church here. The town, the faubourg, and the castle, are all seated on the rise of a hill. M. de Montaigne went to pay a visit to a college of Jesuits, who are very comfortably settled here in a new house, and are building a fine church. M. de Montaigne had as long a conversation with them as his time would permit. The Count of Helfestein commands at the castle. If any one even dreams of any other religion than the Roman, he had need keep it to himself. On the gate which divides the town from the faubourg there is a great Latin inscription, of the year 1552, which sets forth that "the senate and people of this town have built this monument in memory of William and Louis, brothers, Dukes of the two Bavarias." There are a number of other inscriptions on the same place, as this: *Horridum militem esse decet, nec auro cælatum, sed animo et ferro fretum;*[1] and at the top: *Cavea stultorum mundus.*[2] In another place there are very conspicuously inscribed these words, extracted from some Latin historian, relating to the victory which the Consul Marcellus lost against a king of this nation: *Carolami Boiorumque regis cum Marcello Cos. pugna qua eum vicit*, &c.[3] There are a great number of Latin inscriptions over the doors of private houses. The people hereabout paint all their towns and churches very frequently, which gives them a constantly fresh appearance. The places where we had just been, for instance, had all been entirely renovated three or four years before, as we learnt from the inscriptions which

[1] "A soldier should be regardless of dress and ornaments, and rely only on his courage and his sword."

[2] "The world is a cage of fools."

[3] "Battle of Carolam (or Carloman) and of the King of the Bavarians, against the Consul Marcellus, wherein the latter was defeated," &c. Who this Consul Marcellus may have been, I cannot say. The last of the *Fasti Consulares* is of the year of Christ 341.

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they always put up to commemorate each of these events. The clock of this town, like that of many others in this country, sounds all the quarters; and we were told that the clock at Nuremberch strikes all the minutes. We left this place after dinner, and proceeded through a long uninterrupted plain of pasture-land, which reminded us of the plain of La Bausse, to

Augsbourg, four leagues, which is considered the finest town in Germany, as Strâsbourg is deemed the strongest. The first novelty we observed, and which showed the cleanliness of the people, was the finding, on our arrival, the staircase of our lodging covered with linen for us to walk on, that we might not dirty the steps, which had just been thoroughly washed and scoured, as is done every Saturday. We have never seen any dirt or cobwebs in the houses we have been in. Some houses have curtains to draw before the windows, for those who like to use them. You hardly ever see any tables in their bedrooms, except one which is attached to the foot of each bed, and, being on hinges, can be put up or down as you think proper. The foot of the bed is raised two or three feet above the frame of the bed, and very often as high as the bolster; the wood of which it is made is elaborately carved, and has a good effect enough, but, being only deal, it does not come near the appearance of our walnut furniture. Here they put highly polished pewter plates under wooden ones, almost, it would seem, in sign of their contempt for the former. In many places they have linen curtains against the wall at the bedside, in order to prevent people from soiling the wall by spitting on it. The Germans are very fond of coats-of-arms; in every inn you will find hundreds that gentlemen who have lodged there have had painted on the walls; and all the windows are decorated with these emblazonments. We found a constant diversity in the mode of serving up meals; here, crabs—amazingly large ones—are served up first; elsewhere they are served up just towards the close of dinner. In many of the large inns

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every dish placed on the table has a cover to it. What makes their windows always look so exceedingly bright is that the sashes are not fixed in the way that ours are, but can be taken out when required, and they are forever cleaning and polishing them. M. de Montaigne next day, Sunday, went in the morning to see several churches, and in the Catholic places of worship, which are very numerous here, he found the service admirably performed. There are six Lutheran churches, with sixteen ministers; two of the six are churches usurped from the Catholics, the other four were built by the Lutherans themselves. He saw one this morning which looked just like the great hall in some college; there were neither images, crosses, nor organ. The walls were covered with passages from the Bible, written in German characters. There were two pulpits, one for the minister, where the sermon is preached, and below that another for the person who leads in singing the psalms. At the end of each verse the congregation waited until this person had given out the words and tune of the verse that followed, and then they sang altogether, without any sort of order or harmony, and those who chose to do so kept their caps on. After this a minister, who till then had been mingled with the crowd, went to the altar, where he read a number of prayers out of a book, at certain of which prayers the people rose and held up their hands clasped, and at the name of Jesus Christ made a low bow. After he had finished reading, which he did uncovered, he turned to the altar, on which was a napkin, an ewer, and a basin, with water in it. A woman, followed by twelve other women, then brought him a child, all swaddled up, except the face, which was uncovered. The minister then dipped all his fingers in the basin three times, and sprinkled the water over the child's face, at the same time pronouncing certain words. This being done, two men approached, and each of them put two fingers of his right hand upon the child; the minister spoke to them a few words, and the ceremony was completed. M. de Montaigne

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spoke to this minister as he was leaving the church. The ministers do not derive any revenue from their churches, but are paid by the senate. There was a far larger crowd in this one church than in two or three of the Catholic churches put together. We did not see one pretty woman here. Their dresses differ very much among themselves. Of the men it is difficult to distinguish who are nobles, inasmuch as all classes wear velvet caps, and all have swords at their sides. We were lodged at the sign of a tree called the Linden Tree[1] in this country; our inn adjoined the palace of the Foulcres.[2] One of this family dying a few years ago, left his heirs two millions of French crowns; and they, for the benefit of his soul, gave the Jesuits here, very much to their delight and advantage, the sum of thirty thousand florins, ready money. The palace I have mentioned is roofed with copper. In general, the houses are much larger, higher, and handsomer, than those of any town in France, and the streets are far wider; as to the extent of the town, he[3] thinks it is about the size of Orleans. After dinner we went to see the fencing, in a public room they have here for that purpose, where we found a great crowd assembled. You pay on entering, as you do at a play, and you have to pay besides for your seat when you get in. They were practising with the poniard, the two-handed sword, the quarterstaff, and the braquemart;[4] and after this we went to see some matches at crossbow and longbow shooting, in a public ground even more magnificent than that at Schaffhouse. Thence, from one of the gates of the town, through which we had entered, we observed that, under the bridge we had crossed, there runs a great canal of water, which, flowing from some source in the country, is conveyed over the river by a wooden bridge, built beneath the town-bridge, and is again conveyed over the town-fosse into the town itself, by a similar medium. This

[1] The lime-tree.
[2] The Fuggers the merchant-princes, *par excellence*, of Augsburg, who lent large sums of money to Charles V. during the religious wars, and were ennobled.
[3] Montaigne.
[4] A short, broad-bladed sword

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current of water then turns a number of wheels, which work several pumps, by means of which the water of a spring, that rises in that place, is raised, through leaden pipes, to the top of a tower, at least fifty feet high. Here the water collects in a large stone reservoir, whence it again descends, through a number of pipes, and is distributed all over the town, feeding the whole of the fountains there. Individuals who are desirous of having the water laid on from this source, in their own houses, can have it, on paying the town ten florins a year, or two hundred florins at a single payment. It is now forty years ago that the town was first adorned with this admirable work. Marriages of Catholics with Lutherans are quite common, the party most eager about the matter submitting to the forms of the other's faith; there are a thousand such marriages; our landlord was a Catholic, and his wife a Lutheran. They dust their glass with a hair-brush, fixed to the end of a stick. We were told that you can get very fine horses here for forty or fifty crowns. The authorities of the town did Messrs. d'Estissac and de Montaigne the honour of sending them as a present, when they were at supper, fourteen large vessels full of their wine, which were brought to Messieurs by seven sergeants, dressed in the civic uniform, under the direction of a superior officer, whom Messieurs invited to supper, as is the custom in these cases; and they gave the porters a crown. The officer who supped with them told M. de Montaigne there were three of them in that town, whose duty it was to pay this compliment to visitors of quality, and that for this purpose they always took pains to ascertain the condition of persons who came to the place, in order that they might observe the particular ceremonies which were due in each case; to some they present more wine than they do to others. When a duke is the visitor, one of the burgomasters attends in person to offer the present; they took us for knights and barons. M. de Montaigne, for some reasons of his own, had desired us not to say who we were, and not to mention the rank of Messieurs; and he walked all

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day by himself through the town;[1] he conceived that this of itself served to make them be held in more honour. The compliment I have mentioned has been paid them by all the towns in Germany. When he passed through the church of Notre Dame, feeling very chilly (for the cold began to touch them when they left Kempten, though up to that time they had enjoyed the finest weather possible), he, without thinking of it, put his handkerchief up to his mouth, conceiving that, as he was alone and plainly dressed, no one would notice him. However, when he got more intimate with some of the people, they told him that the authorities at the church had been rather scandalized at what they thought his strange procedure; and, in short, he found he had been guilty of the impropriety he was most desirous of avoiding, that of making himself remarkable by some action opposed to the manners and tastes of those among whom he was staying; for, as much as he can, his great anxiety is to conform and adapt himself to the ideas of the place where he happens to be; and thus he wore at Augusta a fur cap, when he walked out into the town. They say at Augusta that they are free, not from mice, but from the large rats which infest every other part of Germany; and they attribute this exemption to one of their bishops, who lies buried here; even the earth round his tomb, they say, has the power of expelling these vermin wherever it is carried, and they sell little bits of it, about the size of a nut, for this purpose. On Monday we went to see, in the church of Notre Dame, the ceremony of the marriage of a rich young lady, belonging to the town, with one of the Foulcres' factors, a Venetian; we did not observe a single pretty woman in the place. The Foulcres, who are a large family, and all very rich, occupy the principal position in the town. We saw two of the rooms in a house of theirs; one was lofty, large, and paved with marble; the other, a low room, was richly decorated with medals, ancient and modern

[1] This is Montaigne all over. So, too, Horace: "Quæcunque libido est, incede solus," &c. *Sat.* i. 6.

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At the end of this room there was a small antechamber. They were the most splendid apartments I ever witnessed. We also saw some of the German dances; at the close of every measure, they break off, and the gentlemen lead the ladies back to their seats, which are two rows of benches on each side of the room, covered with red cloth. Here the gentlemen leave the ladies, as it is not the custom for them to sit down together on these occasions. After a short rest, the gentlemen return to their partners, and kiss their hands; the ladies do not kiss the hands of the gentlemen, but, putting their hand under their partner's armpit, touch cheeks, and then place their right hand upon the gentleman's shoulder. They dance and converse uncovered. The dresses were plain. We saw some more of the Foulcres' houses, in other parts of the town, most of them pleasure-houses for the summer. The town must be greatly indebted to these gentlemen for the expenses they are constantly incurring in embellishing the different parts of it. In one of these houses we saw a clock which is worked by water. In the same place were two great fish-ponds, under cover, full of fish. There are several small pipes, some straight, others bent upwards, through which the water descends into these fish-ponds in a very agreeable manner, some of the pipes discharging the water directly into the ponds; and the others, first throwing it up as from a fountain, to the height of about a pike. Between these two ponds there is a space of some ten paces wide, closely boarded with planks, in which are a number of brass jets, so small that you cannot readily see them. While the ladies are amusing themselves with looking at the fish, those in the secret have only to touch a spring, which sets these jets in operation, and incontinently the petticoats and legs of the fair spectators are invaded with a refreshing coolness from these tiny water-spouts. In another place, where there is a very charmingly constructed fountain, while you are looking at it, any one that likes can play water upon you in a hundred places from invisible jets; over the place there

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is this Latin sentence: *Quæsisti nugas, nugis gaudeto repertis.*[1] There is also an aviary twenty paces square, and twelve or fifteen feet high, surrounded on all sides with close-knitted wire-work; inside this are ten or twelve low fir-trees, and a fountain; this immense cage is full of birds. We saw here some Polish pigeons, or, as they call them, Indian pigeons, a sort of bird I have seen elsewhere; birds of a large size, with bills like a partridge. We had here pointed out to us the ingenuity of a gardener, who, foreseeing the early arrival of frost, had transplanted into a small covered place a quantity of artichokes, cabbages, lettuce, spinach, endive, and other plants which he gathered, as though for immediate use; but by putting their roots into a particular sort of earth, had hopes of keeping them fresh and good for two or three months; and, in fact, though there were a hundred artichokes which had been thus gathered for more than six weeks, none of them were withered. We also saw a leaden instrument, bent archwise, open at both sides, and pierced with holes; this being filled with water, both ends are held up, and it is then suddenly and dexterously turned down, so as for one end to go into a vessel full of water, while the other discharges the water outside, and the pipe is thus kept constantly filling as fast as it empties itself.[2] The arms of the Foulcres, which the Emperor Charles the Fifth gave them when he ennobled them, are a crown *mi-parti;* on the left, a fleur-de-lys, azure on a field of gold; on the right, a fleur-de-lys, gold on a field azure. We went to see some people who were conveying two ostriches from Venice to the Duke of Austria; the male is of a darkish hue, with a red neck; the female is of a gray colour, and lays a great many eggs. They were conveying them on foot, and told us that the birds got much less tired than they did; they said the beasts were constantly trying to get away from them, but they held them fast by two collars, one of which girded them over the reins

[1] "You were in search of trifling amusements: take them, and make much of them."

[2] The instrument which is here intended to be described is the siphon.

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above the thighs, and the other above the shoulders, encircling the whole body, and so, by means of these and two long leashes, they were able to stop or turn them as they wished. On the Tuesday, by the courtesy of the authorities of the town, we were shown a postern in the wall, through which, at all hours of the night, any person can enter, whether on foot or horseback, upon stating his name, and the person to whose house, or the inn to which he is bound. Two faithful men, paid by the town, are posted at this gate. Persons on horseback pay two batz for their admission there, and persons on foot one. The outer door, on the other side of the fosse, is sheathed with iron; at the side there is an iron handle, attached to a chain, which the person who wants to be let in pulls; this chain, after winding about a long way, ascends to the bedroom of one of the porters, which is situated at a considerable height above the postern, and there rings a bell. The porter thus roused gets up in his shirt, and, without leaving the room, by means of certain machinery opens the outer door, though distant a good hundred paces from where he stands. The person thus admitted now finds himself on a bridge of about forty feet long or thereabouts, covered over, which crosses the town fosse; along the side of this bridge is a sort of wooden trough through which passes the machinery which opens the outer door, and shuts it again immediately that the person is admitted. The bridge being crossed, the traveller finds himself on a narrow open space, whence he hails the first porter, and tells him his name and address. This being done, the latter, by ringing a bell, gives notice to his companion, who occupies a large room on the lower floor; and he, by a spring which is fixed in the passage adjoining his room, opens, in the first place, a small iron barrier, and then, by working a great wheel, raises the drawbridge; all of which operations are conducted in such a manner that no one can perceive any of the movements; for they are all worked in the thickness of the walls and doors, and, before you have time to look round, that which has been opened

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closes with a loud noise. Next, the porter opens a great door of immense thickness, which is made of wood thickly plated with iron. The stranger now finds himself in a room, but neither here, nor anywhere else, on his progress into the town, does he see any one to speak to. When the door of this room is closed behind him, another similar door is opened, and he enters a second apartment, in which there is a light; here he finds a brass vessel hanging by a chain from an opening in the wall, and into this he puts the fee for his admission. This money is then pulled up by the porter, who, if he is not satisfied, leaves the stranger to kick his heels in the room till the morning; if, on the other hand, he is satisfied, he opens in the same way another great door, similar to the preceding, which instantly closes behind the person admitted, who then finds himself in the town. This is one of the most skilfully contrived things that can be conceived. The Queen of England[1] sent a special ambassador to request of the municipality of the town to explain to her the mode of working the machinery, but they say they refused to do so. Under this gate there is a vault, large enough to hold five hundred horsemen, by means of which they can receive or send aid in war time, without the knowledge of the town's-people. After this we went to see the church of the Holy Cross, which is a very fine one. They glorify themselves greatly here on a miracle which took place nearly a hundred years ago in this church; a woman not being willing to swallow the body of Christ, and having taken it from her mouth and placed it in a little box covered with wax, afterwards confessed, and the whole was then found to be changed into flesh. They cite a number of proofs of this miracle, a description of which is written on various parts of the church in Latin and German. They show under a crystal frame the wax, and a piece of something which looks red like flesh. This church is roofed with copper, as the Foulcres' palace is; and indeed it is not uncommon to see this here. The

[1] Elizabeth.

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church of the Lutherans immediately joins this church; for here, as elsewhere, they have either taken possession of the Catholic churches, or built their own almost in their very cloisters. At the door of this church they have placed the image of Our Lady holding Jesus Christ in her arms, with other saints and children, and over the whole have inscribed this sentence: *Sinite parvulos venire ad me*, &c.[1] At the house where we lodged there was a machine made of plates of iron closely fastened together, which descends to the bottom of a deep well, and, being worked by a boy at the top, turns round like a wheel and forces the water into a leaden pipe, by which it is conveyed into the kitchens and wherever else it is wanted. They keep a man in their pay, whose business it is to keep the walls constantly whitewashed and clean. They served us up pasties, large and small, in earthen vessels of the colour of, and in every respect made to resemble, pie-crust. There occur very few meals at which you are not presented with comfits and boxes of sweetmeats; the bread is of first-rate excellence; the wines are good, and, as is generally the case in this country, are white; they do not grow them near Augsbourg, but are obliged to fetch their supplies five or six days' journey off. Of every hundred florins that innkeepers expend in wine, sixty go to the republic as duty; private individuals, who expend the same sum in wine for their own consumption, pay only half this duty. They have in many places the custom of perfuming the apartments. The town some time back was entirely Zuinglian, but since that the Catholics have been recalled and have ousted the Lutherans from almost all the places of authority, though the great majority of the town, in point of numbers, still remains of the latter persuasion. M. de Montaigne paid a visit to the Jesuits, and found them men of great learning. We breakfasted in their house on Wednesday morning, the 10th of October. M. de Montaigne much regretted, when he left, that, although only a day's journey from the Danube,

[1] "Suffer little children to come unto me." St. Luke, xviii. 16.

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he had not an opportunity of seeing it, or of visiting Oulm,[1] which he passed by, and some baths at a half day's journey beyond Oulm, at a place called Sourbronne.[2] This bath, which is situated in a flat country, is of fresh water, which is warmed for you, whether you drink it or bathe in it. It has a sharp taste, which makes it rather pleasant to the palate, and it is good for maladies of the head and stomach. It is a noted bath, and, as we were told, a place where you are as handsomely and comfortably lodged as at Baden; but the winter was rapidly advancing, and the road to the place was quite out of our way; so much so, that on our return we should have had to come back to Augusta; and M. de Montaigne had a great horror of going the same road twice. I left a copy of the arms of M. de Montaigne fixed over the door of the room he had occupied. They were very well done, and cost me two crowns for the painter, and twenty pence for the man who made the frame. The town is washed by the river Lech, *Lycus*. We travelled through a pretty country abounding in cornfields, and got by bedtime to

Brong,[3] five leagues; a large Catholic village, charmingly situated, in the Duchy of Bavaria. We left this place next morning, Thursday, 20th of October; and after traversing, first a wide plain of corn-fields (for there are no vines in this part of the country), and then extensive meadow lands, spreading out on both sides as far as the eye could reach, we got by dinner-time to

Munic, four leagues; a large town, about the size of Bordeaux, and capital of the duchy of Bavaria, where the Electors of that state have their principal residence, upon the banks of the river Yser, *Ister*. It has a fine castle, with the largest and best appointed range of stabling I ever saw, either in France or Italy, all vaulted over, and capable of accommodating two hundred horses. This is a town altogether Catholic, populous, well built, and carrying on a good trade. After you get a day's journey from Augusta, you can live for

[1] Ulm. [2] Probably Heilbron. [3] Bruck.

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four livres a day, horse and man, and for forty sous a day without a horse. The beds here have curtains, but no tester Everything you have furnished you is very comfortable. They clean the floors with boiled sawdust. Throughout the country they gather in turnips and parsnips with as much care as corn; and when they have collected a quantity, seven or eight men are set to work with large knives to cut them into slices, and put them into vessels, where they are salted and preserved, as the cabbages are elsewhere, for winter food. They fill whole districts of fields with these plants, and have regular harvests of them. The reigning Duke of Bavaria married the sister of M. de Lorraine, and has three children by her, two boys and a girl. Both the brothers were now at Munich, and the day we were there had gone hunting with their suites and a large party of ladies and gentlemen. Friday morning, we set out, and passing through the duke's forests, where we saw an infinite number of fallow-deer congregated in flocks, like sheep, we went on, without stopping, to

Kinief, six leagues; a miserable little village, in the same duchy. The Jesuits, who have great influence in the government of affairs in this country, have been making a grand movement, which has drawn upon them the hatred of the people, for the purpose of forcing the priests to dismiss their concubines, under great penalties. From the degree in which the priests are sympathized with on this occasion, it would seem that formerly the practice thus invaded was so generally tolerated that it had come to be regarded as perfectly legitimate; and the whole community are at this moment engaged in getting up remonstrances to their duke, in behalf of the priests. We had here the first eggs we have had served up to us in Germany, either on fast-days or feast-days, except such as were cut up in salads. We drank out of wooden goblets, ribbed like barrels, but there were several silver cups on the table. A lady, who resides in the village, sent some wine to Mons. de Montaigne. Early on Saturday morning we left

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this place; and, after leaving on our right the river Yser, and a great lake at the foot of the Bavarian mountains,[1] and having reached by an hour's ascent the summit of a hill on which stands an inscription, stating that a duke of Bavaria made some excavations on the road here a hundred years ago, we found ourselves, all of a sudden, in the bosom of the Alps, travelling along an easy and agreeable road, with the accompaniment of a splendid autumnal evening, to help us the more pleasantly on our journey. On descending this hill, or rather little mountain, we came upon a fine lake, a Gascon league long, and as much broad, surrounded by lofty and almost inaccessible mountains. Pursuing our route at the foot of some of these mountains, and coming here and there upon pretty little patches of meadow land, interspersed with houses, we got by bedtime to

Mitevol;[2] a small village, belonging to the Duke of Bavaria, tolerably well situated, on the river Yser. We had here served up to us the first chestnuts we have had in Germany; they were sent up quite raw. In the inn where we lodged they had a stove-room, which travellers are in the habit of using as a vapour-bath, at the charge of a batz and a half each. I[3] went there while Messieurs were at supper. In the room were a number of Germans, who were being cupped and bled. Next day, Sunday morning, we continued our route through the mountains, and passed a gate, with a house over it, which forms a barrier between the country we had been just traversing and the Tyrol. We now entered the latter State, which belongs to the Archduke of Austria, and arrived by dinner-time at

Sefeldene,[4] three leagues; a small village, with an abbey, very pleasantly situated. The church, which is a tolerably fine one, is famous for the following miracle:—In 1384, a certain person, whose name is inscribed somewhere on the outside of the building, not being content, on Easter Sunday

[1] The Tegernsee.
[2] Mittewald
[3] The secretary.
[4] Seefeld

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with partaking of the common host, insisted upon having the grand host,[1] and got it into his mouth; but instantly the earth opened beneath him, and swallowed him up; in his descent he caught hold of the edge of the altar, which just gave time for the priest to take the host from his mouth, and the man then disappeared. They still show the hole, which is covered over with an iron grating; and the altar which received the impression of the man's fingers; and the host, which is all red, as though stained with blood. We here saw, too, a recent account, in Latin, of a Tyrolean, who, having, a short time back, swallowed a bit of meat which stuck in his throat, and stopped there for three days without moving up or down, invoked the assistance of the patron saint, and then came to pray in this church, where he found himself forthwith cured. On leaving this place we went through several very neat villages, on the heights; and then, after a descent of about half an hour, we came to a pretty little town, well situated, above which, on a precipitous and apparently inaccessible rock, stood a magnificent castle, completely commanding the road by which we had just come, which is cut out of the solid rock, and so narrow that there is scarcely room for an ordinary wagon to pass along it. Indeed, this is so generally the case amidst these mountains, that the wagoners here are accustomed to have their wagons made a foot narrower than they are elsewhere. We now descended into a valley of great extent, through which flows the river Inn, which runs into the Danube at Vienna. Its Latin name was *Cenus*. It is a five or six days' journey by water from Insprug[2] to Vienna. This valley appeared to M. de Montaigne to present the most agreeable landscape he had ever seen; sometimes contracting itself, the mountains on the side appear almost to touch each other; then again spreading out, now on the left of the river, where we were, and now on the right, it creates possession of fruitful soil, even on the mountain sides; where these hap-

[1] That exhibited on the altar. The legend adds, that this reprobate or enthusiast took the desired object by force.
[2] Innspruck.

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pen to be less precipitous than ordinary. The landscape is diversified with innumerable castles, villages, and churches, producing an admirable effect, as they present themselves one above the other, on the gradually rising slopes of the valley. The extreme background on both sides consists of ranges of stupendous mountains, whose rocky peaks rise to an infinite elevation. On our side of the river we saw, upon a craggy eminence, upon a point which it was impossible any man could attain, unless he were lowered to it by ropes from the still loftier rocks above it, a cross, which, we were told, the Emperor Maximilian, grandfather of Charles V., caused to be erected here, in commemoration of his almost miraculous escape from the perils which surrounded him, when, on a hunting excursion, he lost himself amid these mountains, and was discovered by his attendants close to this spot. The incident has been recorded on canvas, and the picture representing it hangs in the crossbow practice gallery at Augusta. We got in the evening to

Insprug, three leagues, the principal town of the earldom of Tyrol, *Ænopontum* in Latin. Here resides Fernand, Archduke of Austria. It is a very pretty and well-built town, seated in the very bosom of the valley, full of fountains and running streams, which is an advantage of ordinary occurrence in the towns we have seen in Germany and Switzerland. The streets are almost all in the form of terraces. We lodged at the Rose, an excellent house, where we were served in pewter plates. As to tablecloths in the French fashion, we had already found them in use for several days back. Some of the beds had curtains round them, which furnished a curious illustration of the national peculiarities. They were of a rich and handsome material, a sort of cloth, cut into very elaborate point-work, and so short and narrow as not at all to answer the purpose to which we apply bed-curtains, with a little tester of about three fingers' width, the whole decorated with an infinite number of tassels. The sheets they gave me for M. de Montaigne were edged all

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round with rich white lace-work, four fingers deep. Here, as in the majority of German towns, there are people who patrol the streets throughout the night, crying each hour as it strikes. Wherever we have been as yet, the custom has been to serve up fish with the meat; but, on fish-days, they do not serve up meat at all; at least they have not done so to us. Monday we left this place, and proceeding along the banks of the Inn, which lay on our left, through the same beautiful valley I before described, we got by dinner-time to

Hala,[1] two leagues, which we went out of our way to visit. This is a small town, like Insprug, the size of Libourne, or thereabout, seated upon the river just named, which we here crossed over a bridge. It is here they obtain the salt with which all Germany is supplied. Every week they make nine hundred pigs of it, which fetch a crown each. These pigs are about the size, and are very much the shape of a half-hogshead, the vessel in which they are moulded being of that form. The revenue accruing from this source goes to the Grand Duke, but the expenses are very great. The quantity of wood constantly required for the preparation of this article is far greater than I ever before saw collected together for any purpose whatever; and no wonder, for the caldrons in which they boil the salt water, whence they extract the salt, are at least thirty paces in diameter, and there are a number of these in operation. The water itself is fetched from one of their mountains, two leagues off. There are several fine churches here, especially those belonging to the Jesuits, which M. de Montaigne went to see, as he had done those at Insprug. The inmates are magnificently lodged and provided for. After dinner we again went over to that side of the river, as M. de Montaigne wished to pay his respects to the Archduke of Austria, Fernand, who resides there in a splendid mansion. He had called at the palace in the morning, but was informed by a nobleman he spoke to, that the archduke was then sitting in council, and could not be seen.

[1] Hall.

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After dinner, then, we again crossed the river, and found the archduke in the garden; at least we thought we caught a glimpse of him there. However this may have been, those who went to tell him that our gentlemen were there and desired to kiss his hand, brought back word that he begged they would excuse him then, but that next day he should be more at leisure; and that, in the mean time, if they had any favour to request, they might communicate it through a Milanese count whom he named. This cold reception, and their not even permitting him to see the castle, somewhat offended M. de Montaigne, and he made a serious complaint of it, in the course of the day, to one of the archduke's officers, who told him that the archduke had said he did not want to see any French people, for that he looked upon the house of France as a bitter enemy. We returned to

Insprug, two leagues. Here we saw in a church eighteen fine statues, in bronze, of princes and princesses of the house of Austria. We went also to a supper given by the Cardinal of Austria and the Marquis de Burgaut, children of the archduke by a mistress of his, the daughter of a merchant of Augsbourg, whom, after having these two children by her, he had married, in order to legitimize them. The lady died this year, and the court was still in mourning for her. The supper was served up in much the same manner as amongst us; the banqueting-room was hung with black cloth, as were also the royal seats and the chairs of the guests. The cardinal, who is the eldest of the two, is, I believe, not yet twenty. The marquis drinks nothing but sugar and water, flavoured with cinnamon, and the cardinal takes very weak wine and water. The princes had no particular covers laid before them, but in other respects the arrangement of the supper was pretty nearly the same as at royal suppers in France. When they took their seats, it was at a short distance from the table, which was then pushed up to them, with the supper already laid. The cardinal sat at the head, which was on your right as you entered the room. We were shown

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in this palace a large tennis-court and a tolerably fine garden. The archduke is a great mechanist, and has a good head at invention. We saw in his palace ten or twelve field-pieces, carrying a ball of about the size of a large goose-egg. They are mounted on wheel-carriages, elaborately carved and gilt, as are the cannon themselves. They are only made of wood, but the mouth is covered with iron, and all the inside is lined with the same metal; the weight of each is what one man can just carry; they are not fired so often as the regularly cast cannon, but the discharge is almost equally effective. In the fields adjoining the castle we saw two oxen of an unusual size, of a gray colour, with white heads, which M. de Ferrara had given the archduke. The latter prince married one of the archduke's sisters, the Duke of Florence another, and the Duke of Mantua a third. Three other sisters remained at Hala, who were called the Three Queens, for the daughters of emperors are designated by that title, as others are by the title of Countess or Duchess, according to the estates they enjoy. With the title of queens enjoyed by the former, is connected that of the kingdoms possessed by the emperor. Of the three latter princesses, two are dead; and the third, who still lives here, M. de Montaigne could not see, for she is shut up like a nun, and has collected a number of Jesuits around her. It is the opinion of the people here that the archduke cannot leave his estates to his children, and that they revert at his death to the empire; but they assigned no reason for this opinion, and it does not seem likely, for though his lady was not of a suitable rank, yet every one admits that both she and her children were legitimized directly that he had married her; however this may be, it is certain that he is laying by a great deal of money to leave them. Tuesday morning we resumed our journey, and proceeded at first through the same plain I have noticed, but at about a league from the town we came to a hill, which we were an hour ascending by an easy road. On the left we saw several mountains, the sides of which,

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being of a gradual and gentle declination, were covered with villages, churches, and cultivated fields, almost up to the top, and presented very agreeable and varied prospects. The mountains on the right hand are of a wilder character, and we saw but very few houses among them. We passed several streams, or rather torrents, running in different directions; and throughout the day's journey noticed, at all elevations of the mountains on our left hand, a number of towns, villages, large inns, and, among other objects, two castles, and several gentlemen's seats. About four leagues from Insbroug, on our right, at the opening of a narrow road, we came upon a tablet of bronze, fixed to a rock, and richly worked, upon which was a Latin inscription to this purport: that the Emperor Charles the Fifth, returning from Spain and Italy, to receive the imperial crown, and Ferdinand, King of Hungary and Bohemia, his brother, coming from Pannonia, on his way to see the emperor, after eight years' absence, met on this spot, in the year 1530, and that Ferdinand ordered this memorial of the event to be erected. The brothers are represented on the bronze embracing each other A little way further on, passing under a gateway that extends across the road, we read upon it some Latin verses, celebrating the return of the same emperor, and his stopping at this place, after he had taken the King of France, and Rome. M. de Montaigne expressed himself greatly pleased with this part of the road, from the infinite variety of objects which constantly presented themselves. The only inconvenience we found, an almost insupportable one, was the dust, which accompanied us on this mountain route in thicker clouds than we had ever yet experienced. We travelled ten hours this stage without stopping, for M. de Montaigne did not think there was anything worth making a delay for on the road. However, according to his custom on all occasions, whether he intended making a long or short stage of it, the horses had had an ample feed of oats before they started in the morning He himself took nothing all the way, until we arrived late at night at

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Sterzinguen, seven leagues; a small and tolerably pretty town on the Tyrol, on the mountain above which, at about a quarter of a league off, stands a fine castle, which has been just erected. The bread they serve you up here is in the form of rolls, a number of which are baked together in strings, and so sent up to table. Throughout Germany the mustard is served up in a liquid state; it has the flavour of the French white mustard. The vinegar everywhere is white. They grow nearly enough corn in these mountains for the consumption of the inhabitants, but they have no vines; you can, however, always command very excellent white wine of different sorts. The roads in all directions are perfectly safe, being constantly frequented by merchants, coaches, and wagons. Instead of the cold we had been taught to expect among these mountains, we found, on the contrary, that the weather was hot to an almost insupportable extent. The women here wear cloth caps, closely resembling our *toques*, and their hair hangs down their backs in thick tresses. M. de Montaigne saw a very pretty girl in a church here, whom he took to be a student, and asked her whether she did not know Latin. They have curtains round the beds here, of thick red cloth, made in alternate four-feet breadths of full cloth, and network cloth. Throughout Germany, as far as we have seen, all the bedrooms and sitting-rooms are wainscoted. The ceilings are mostly very low. M. de Montaigne told us next morning that in the night he had suffered a very severe attack of colic, which lasted for two or three hours; and in the morning he passed a stone of middling size, which broke easily. It was of a yellow tinge outside, but whiter inside when broken. He had caught a cold the day before, and was altogether indisposed. He had not had a fit of the colic before this, since we left Plommieres. The present attack in great measure removed a suspicion he had entertained that at Plommieres more gravel had got into the bladder than had since got out of it, and he had begun to fear that some portion of it had stopped there and fixed itself

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but when this stone disengaged itself he felt much relieved, for he reasonably enough considered that, had there been any permanent gathering of gravel, this stone would have attached itself to the mass. On the road he had complained much of pains in the kidneys, and this, indeed, was the reason why he had made so long a day's journey, for he thought he should be more at his ease on horseback than in any other position. In the morning after his arrival he called upon the school-master of the place, for the purpose of rubbing up his Latin; but the man was a fool, who could give him no sort of information about anything he asked him, respecting the country and its principal features. After breakfast, Wednesday, 26th October, we resumed our journey through a valley about a quarter of a league wide, having the river Aisoc[1] on our right. We proceeded along this valley for about two leagues, and saw on the tops of the neighbouring mountains a number of cultivated and inhabited spots, some of them on a level, to which we were utterly at a loss to imagine how people could get. On the way we passed four or five castles. After a time we crossed the river over a wooden bridge, and proceeded along the banks on the other side. We found a number of men mending and levelling the roads, which are very stony, like those in Perigord. By and by, passing through a stone gate, we ascended a height, at the top of which we came to a plain, about a league wide, and saw, on the other side of the river, another plain, at about the same elevation, but both were barren and rocky. The land below, between us and the river, consisted of very fine meadows. We went on, without stopping, to

Brixe,[2] four leagues, which we reached at supper-time. It is a charming little town, watered by the river I have just mentioned, which is crossed here by a wooden bridge. The place is the see of a bishop. We saw two very handsome churches here. We put up at the Eagle, an excellent house. The plain in which this town is situated is not a large one

[1] Eisak. [2] Brixen.

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but th: mountains which environ it, even on the left hand, have so gentle an ascent, that the people are able to cultivate them with the utmost ease nearly up to their summits. All the sides of the mountains accordingly are adorned with villages and churches wellnigh all the way up, and nearer the town you see a number of gentlemen's houses, handsomely built, and situated in most picturesque points of landscape. M. de Montaigne said: "He had all his life been very chary of taking other people's judgments as to foreign countries; the tendency of most men being to test the merits of what they see, by what they have always been accustomed to see, in their own particular neighbourhood; and that he had, therefore, paid but very slight attention to the accounts he had heard of different places from different travellers; but, he said, when he came to this place, he wondered more than ever at the obstinate imbecility and narrow-mindedness of such people; for he had always been told that the passes of the Alps in this part of the country were full of danger and difficulty, that the manners of the people were wild and uncouth, that the roads were impassable, the inns altogether savage places, the climate insupportable; whereas, for the climate, thank God, he had found it exceedingly mild, inclining rather to an excess of heat, than to that of cold. Throughout our journey, up to this time, we had had but three inclement days, and only one shower of rain, which lasted about half an hour. That, in all other respects, if he wished to take his daughter, a girl of only eight years old, on an excursion anywhere, he would quite as readily trust her upon these roads, as in one of the walks of his garden. As to the inns, he had never been in a country where they were handsomer, more numerous, and more plentifully provided with wines and provisions of every sort, and he had never met with such excellent accommodation at so cheap a rate." They have a mode of turning the spit here by a machine with several wheels, which work a cord round a large iron engine. The rope works itself out in about an

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hour, and then the machine is wound up again. They have so great an abundance of iron that, besides having all their windows grated with it in a variety of fashions, their shutters and doors are covered with iron plates. We found vines here, which we had lost sight of just before we got to Augusta. In this part of the country most of the houses have arched roofs at every floor, and, where the declination is very narrow, they make use of pantiles to cover it with, which we in France do not seem to know how to manage; and they do this even on the belfries. Their tiles are smaller and hollower than ours, and they generally plaster them together at the insertions. We left Brixe on the following morning, and proceeded along the same valley, which now spread itself out somewhat. On both sides of the road, as we went along, we observed a number of handsome houses. Keeping the river Eysoc on our left, we passed through a little town, called Clause,[1] where several manufactures are carried on, and got by dinner-time to

Colman,[2] three leagues, a small village, where the archduke has a country-seat. Here we were served in goblets of coloured earthenware, arranged on the table alternately with silver cups. They clean their glasses with salt. The first course consisted of eggs poached in butter, which were served up in a well-polished frying-pan, with a long handle. On leaving this place, the road narrowed again, and before we had got far on our way, the rocks came up so close as to leave the smallest possible space between them and the river; indeed, at several points of the road, it has been found necessary to block out the river by a thick wall, which in some places extends for more than a German league. The rocks which here abut on the road are exceedingly precipitous, and broken by the mountain torrents, which sometimes detach large masses from their foundation, and I should imagine that, in stormy weather, this pass must be a very dangerous one to traverse. The same torrents, when swollen and infu

[1] Klausen. [2] Kollman.

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riated by the tempest, occasionally tear up whole forests of trees, and we have seen on our way numbers of firs which, thus up-rent, have fallen from the mountain-heights, bringing with them in their furious descent complete hills of earth, attached to their roots. Yet the country is thickly peopled; beyond these mountains we saw others rising above them in the background, cultivated and inhabited; and we have understood that on those distant heights there are broad and lovely plains, which furnish abundance of corn to the towns below them, and which are inhabited by wealthy farmers, who have large and handsome houses there. We passed the river over a wooden bridge, of which there are several on this road. Here we saw, perched on the loftiest eminence before us, at a height, indeed, which seemed inaccessible, a castle, which we were told belongs to a baron of the country, who resides there, and possesses at that great elevation, a rich and fertile demesne, with extensive hunting-grounds. Beyond these mountains, the Alps rise like a border, and block up the pass in which we now were, so that travellers cannot proceed that way, but must return to the valley along which we had come, and continue their journey thence. The archduke derives from this earldom of the Tyrol, the whole of which consists of these mountains, a revenue of three hundred thousand florins a year; and, indeed, he finds this the most profitable portion of his possessions. We once more passed the river over a stone bridge, and got at an early hour to

Bostan,[1] four leagues, a town of the size of Libourne, situated upon the same river. The town is a very disagreeable one, in comparison with the other German towns we have been through; so much so that M. de Montaigne exclaimed, that he saw very clearly we were beginning to leave Germany. The streets are narrower, and there is no handsome square; there are fountains, however, and canals, and the houses are painted and have plenty of windows. They grow so much wine about here, that they are able to supply all

[1] Bautzen.

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Germany. They have the best bread in the world among these mountains. The church at this place is a very handsome one. Among other features, it possesses a large organ, with wooden pipes, which is fixed at some height up a pillar, near the cross, before the high altar. The person who plays it, sits more than twelve feet below it, at the foot of the pillar; and the bellows are outside the wall of the church, more than fifteen paces behind the organist, supplying the organ from pipes under the ground. The hollow in which this town stands, is scarcely more than sufficient to contain it, but the mountains, even those on the right, are very sloping as they approach the town. From this place M. de Montaigne wrote word to Francis Hoffman, whom he had seen at Bâle, "that he had experienced so much pleasure in his visit to Germany that it was with great regret he found himself leaving it, even though he was leaving it for Italy; that foreigners had certainly reason to complain of the extortion of the innkeepers there, as well as elsewhere, but that he thought this might easily be corrected by persons who did not place themselves at the mercy of guides and interpreters, who sell them for a share in the profits, but that in all other respects the country was distinguished for comfort and civility, for justice and security." We left Bostan early on Friday morning, and stopped to bait the horses and breakfast at

Brounsol,[1] two leagues, a small village, just above which the river Eysock, which we had followed hitherto, mingles with the Adisse,[2] which itself flows on to the Adriatic Sea, with a broad and tranquil current, altogether different from the noisy and furious course of the streams we had seen in the mountains. Here the plain, of which I have spoken so frequently, and which continues to Trent, begins somewhat to widen, and the mountains, too, draw in their horns a little, bit by bit; and yet their sides are less fertile than those of much greater altitude, that we had passed. There are some marshes in this part of the valley, which occasionally narrow

[1] Bransol. [2] Adige.

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up the road; but in other respects the way is very easy, and almost throughout upon a descent. About two leagues from Brounsol we passed through a large town,[1] where there was a great concourse of people, in consequence of its being fair-day. Further on, we passed another village, tolerably built, called Solorme,[2] where the archduke has a small castle, on the left, very oddly perched on the crest of a rock. We got by bedtime to

Trante,[3] five leagues; a town somewhat larger than Aagen,[4] and by no means a pleasant place. All the charm of the German towns has here disappeared; the streets are almost all narrow and crooked. About two leagues before we got to the town, we found ourselves saluted in the language of Italy. The people of the town itself speak half of them Italian, and the other half German; one quarter of the town is called the German quarter, with a German church and a German preacher. As to the new religion, we have heard nothing of it since we left Augusta. Trante is situated on the river Adisse. The town-house appears to be a very ancient structure, and near it there is a square tower, which also has every indication of a remote antiquity. We saw the new church of Notre Dame, where our council was held.[5] The organ in this church, which was the gift of a private gentleman, is of unusual beauty and excellence; it stands upon a marble pedestal, enriched with a variety of exquisite sculptures, among which some singing cherubims are especially worthy of notice. This church was built, as the inscription upon it informed us, in the year 1520, by Cardinal Bernard Clesio, bishop of the town, and a native of it. This was formerly a free town, under the charge and authority of the bishop, until the necessities of a war, which they were waging with the Venetians, compelling the citizens to call in the Count of Tyrol to their assistance, that prince, in return

[1] Neumarkt.
[2] Salurn.
[3] Trent.
[4] Agen.
[5] That is to say, the last Œcumenical Council, which closed its proceedings in 1563, after a duration of nearly eighteen years.

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for his services, claimed a certain degree of authority and influence over the town. The matter is still in dispute between the count and the bishop; but the bishop, Cardinal Madruccio, has possession of the town. M. de Montaigne remarked that this was the second instance he had met with on his journey, of citizens who had conferred benefits on the place of their birth: at Augusta there were the Foulcres, to whom that town was indebted for most of the embellishments it had received, the streets being full of their palaces, and the churches full of their enrichments; and here, at Tarente, Cardinal Clesio, besides this church and several streets that he built or renovated at his own expense, raised that magnificent structure, the castle of the town. The edifice outside is no great things; but the interior is as commodious and elegant as it is possible to conceive. The walls are all covered with rich paintings and decorations; the raised work throughout is elaborately carved and gilt; the floors are of a particular sort of earth, made perfectly hard and compact, and painted to resemble marble, partly arranged in our fashion, partly in the German way; and there are stoves in all the rooms which require them. One of these, made of earth, of the colour of burnished brass, is composed of a group of figures, nearly the size of life, which, being hollow, receive the heat, while one or two of them, next the wall, serve as receptacles for the water which rises from a fountain in the court, some way below, to moderate the warmth; the design is very good, and well executed. Among other painted ceilings, we saw one representing the celebration of some triumph by night, which M. de Montaigne greatly admired. There are two or three circular chambers; in one of these you read an inscription, running: "In the year 1530, on the occasion of the coronation of the Emperor Charles V., which was performed by Pope Clement VII. on St. Matthew's day, the said Clesius being sent as ambassador there from Ferdinand, King of Hungary and Bohemia, and Count of Tyrol, brother of the said emperor, and being then Bishop of Tarente, was made a

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cardinal;" and all round the chamber he has hung the arms and names of the gentlemen who accompanied him on this journey, to the number of about fifty, all of them vassals of the diocese, and all of them counts or barons. In one of the apartments there is a trap-door leading to a passage, by which you can descend into the town, without passing through the gates of the castle. There are exceedingly rich chimney-pieces in two of the rooms. This cardinal was a thoroughly good man. The Foulcres, indeed, raised splendid buildings as well as he, but these were for the use of their children and descendants; the prelate built for the public. He left this castle, furnished with more than a hundred thousand crowns' worth of property of every description, for the benefit of his successors in the see; and besides this, he left a hundred and fifty thousand thalers,[1] ready money, in the bishop's chest, which his successors have enjoyed the free use of, without paying one farthing interest; yet they buried him in a miserably poor way, and have allowed his church of Notre Dame to remain unfinished. Among other noticeable things, there are several portraits in oil, and a great number of cartoons. There are two sets of furniture throughout the castle, one set for the winter months, and the other for the summer; and the entire of this property is inalienably vested in the see, so that each bishop for the time being is thus amply provided with everything he can possibly want of this description. We are now travelling by the Italian mile, five of which make a German mile. The day here is reckoned by counting the twenty-four hours throughout, without dividing them into twelve hours for night and twelve for day.[2] We lodged at the Rose, a very good inn. We left Trante Saturday, after dinner, and took our route along the same valley through

[1] A German coin, worth about 3s.10d.

[2] This arrangement is thus explained by M. de la Lande, the celebrated astronomer, in the preface to his *Voyage d'un Français en Italie, dans les années* 1765 *et* 1766: "Les Italiens comptent vingt-quatre heures de suite; depuis un soir usqu'à l'autre. La vingt-quatrième heure sonne une demi-heure après le coucher du soleil, c'est à dire, à la nuit tombante, et lors qu'on commence à ne pouvoir lire qu'avec peine. Si la nuit dure dix heures et le jour quatorze, on dit que le soleil se lève à dix heures, et qu'il est midi à dix-sept heures."

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which we had been so long travelling, but which was now considerably extended on either side, and flanked with lofty mountains, thickly studded with villages. The river Adisse lay on our right. We passed a castle belonging to the archduke, which commands the road, as is the case with a number of other similar fortresses we have seen on our way, and which are so situated as to be able effectually to command and indeed bar the passage of the roads on which they stand. It was very late, indeed the night damps were falling, which had not before happened to us, so well had we regulated our days' journeys, when we arrived at

Rovere,[1] fifteen miles, a town belonging to the archduke. At the inn here, we again found ourselves back among the fashions and manners of our own country, and greatly missed, not only the German cleanliness in the rooms and furniture, and their agreeable windows, but also their stoves, which M. de Montaigne had found far more pleasant than our fireplaces and chimneys. In the article of provisions, the crabs here took leave of us, which M. de Montaigne remarked the more particularly from the circumstance that, ever since he left Plommieres, he had had this fish served up at table at every meal he had taken, on a journey of nearly two hundred leagues. They eat at this place, and throughout these mountains, a snail they find in great abundance, larger and fatter than those in France, but not of so good a flavour. They also eat truffles, which they peal and slice up small into vinegar and oil, which makes a tolerable dish. At Trante they gave us some truffles which had been kept in this way for a year. Here again, very much to M. de Montaigne's satisfaction, we found plenty of oranges, lemons, and olives. The beds have curtains of cloth or serge, made in the form of very wide and deep festoons. M. de Montaigne here found occasion also to regret the loss of the feather-beds, which he had invariably been supplied with as a covering throughout Germany. The beds here are no

[1] Roveredo.

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like ours, but are composed, in the better sort of houses, of very fine down, in white fustian cases. The under-bedding, even in Germany, is not like this, nor will it serve the purpose of a coverlid, with any sort of comfort. I believe, in truth, that had M. de Montaigne been here alone with his own people, he would rather have gone to Cracow or towards Greece overland, than have taken the direct route for Italy; but the pleasure he himself felt in wandering over countries that were new to him, a pleasure which made him forget his age and his maladies, he could not infuse into any others of the party, who were all anxious to go straight on, so that they might the sooner return home. The journey was to him a source of entire delight. When, after having passed a restless night, he in the morning called to mind that he was going to visit a town or a place he had never yet seen, he would leap out of bed as gay as a lark, and as light, and meet his friends in the highest spirits. I never saw him less fatigued, and never heard him complain less of pain. Indoors and out of doors, his mind was ever on the alert, and he was so eager in finding out every possible occasion of conversing with strangers that I have no doubt his malady was relieved by this exercise. When the other gentlemen complained of his leading them dances here and there, to out-of-the-way places, often returning to very near the spot whence he set out (which he always did when he heard of anything at no great distance worth seeing, or otherwise thought it desirable to change his plan), he would reply: "That for his part, the particular place where he happened to be, was the place where he had intended to come; that he could not possibly diverge from his route, seeing that the only route he had laid down, was to go about seeing new places; and so that he did not travel twice by the same road, or go twice to the same place, they could not say his plan had failed. That as to Rome, about which all the rest were so eager, he was in the less hurry to see that than other places, because wellnigh every body had seen it; and as to

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Florence and Ferrara, there was hardly a footman to be found, who could not give an account of these places. He added, that he seemed to himself like a person who is hearing a pleasant story, or reading a fine book, and begins to be afraid that he is getting towards the end of it; so he took such delight in travelling, that he hated the very approach to the place where he designed to stay, and he formed several plans for travelling by himself, at his own ease and discretion. Sunday morning, having a wish to see the Lago di Garda, an object of much note in this part of the country, he hired three horses for himself and the Seigneurs de Caselis and de Mattecoulon, at twenty batz each; and M. d'Estissac hired two others for himself and the Sieur du Hautoy; and these gentlemen, leaving their attendants and travelling horses behind them at their inn at Rovere, for that day, rode over to dinner at

Torbole,[1] eight miles, a small village within the jurisdiction of the Tyrol. It is seated in one corner of the head of this great lake, the other corner being occupied by a small town with a castle, called *La Riva*, to which, after dinner, our gentlemen proceeded over the lake in a boat with five rowers; the excursion occupied about three hours. The distance is ten miles, there and back. They saw nothing at Riva but a tower, which seemed very ancient, and the seigneur of the place, Signor Hortimato Madruccio, brother of the cardinal-bishop of Tarente, whom they met as they were walking round the town. The view down the lake is boundless, for it is thirty-five miles long. The width, as far down as they could see, did not exceed the five miles which they had traversed. The head of the lake is in the county of Tyrol, but the other portion, on both sides, belongs to the seigniory of Venice, and this abounds in a variety of fine churches, and infinite plantations of olives, oranges, and other fruits. The lake is subject to extreme and furious agitation, when the weather is stormy. The mountains which belt it

[1] Torbola, at the northern extremity of the Lago di Garda.

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the lake are the most rugged that our gentlemen had yet seen. Messieurs, on leaving Rovere, had crossed the river Adisse, and, leaving on the left the road to Verona, had entered a valley, where they passed a small town and a village; and found the road here the roughest they had as yet traversed, and the scenery was wild and forbidding in the highest degree, both of which circumstances were owing to these same mountains, which here abut on the road. Leaving Torbole, they returned to sup at Rovere, eight miles. Here they put their baggage on a raft, the owner of which undertook to convey it to Verona for a florin, and I was the next day charged with the care of it thither. For supper they gave us poached eggs for the first course, and a large pike, with a number of dishes of meat of different sorts, for the second. Next day, Monday, they set out very early in the morning, and continuing their course along the same valley, still very populous, but not quite so fertile, as it was higher up, and flanked on both sides with precipitous and barren mountains, they got by dinner-time to

Bourguet, fifteen miles, which is still in the county of Tyrol. In reference to this county, M. de Montaigne, in answer to a question he put, whether it consisted of anything but the valley through which we had passed, and the mountains that flanked it, was told, that among those mountains there were several other passes, as extensive and fertile as that we had seen, studded with some fine towns; that, in fact, the Tyrol resembles a gown that we only see plaited up, but that, if it were spread out, it would form a very large country. After dinner they pursued their journey, keeping the river still on their right, through the same class of country, till they came to Chiusa, a small fort, which the Venetians have got possession of, seated in the hollow of a rock overlooking the river, down which Messieurs descended, by a narrow pass, cut out of the solid rock, where the horses had much difficulty to keep their footing. In this fort, the state of Venice, whose jurisdiction they had entered a mile

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or two after they left Bourguet, keep twenty-five soldiers The party arrived by bedtime at

Volarne, twelve miles, a small village, where they got into a wretched inn, as indeed all on this road are till you get to Verona. There is a castle here, the seigneur of which was absent, but his daughter sent M. de Montaigne some wine. Next morning, they entirely lost the mountains on their right, and those on their left, which were now at a considerable distance, became little more than low hills. They went on for some time through a sterile flat, but, as they got nearer the river, the land became more fertile, and they found an abundance of vines trained upon trees, as is the fashion in this part of the country. They arrived on All Saints' Day, before mass, at

Verona, twelve miles, a town of the size of Poitiers, and having, like that town, a very large quay along the river, which runs right through the town, and is traversed by three bridges. I also got here safely with the baggage, at about the same time. If we had not been provided with certificates of health, which we procured at Trante, and had confirmed at Rovere, they would not have let us enter the town, and yet there was not the slightest rumour of the plague; but it is the custom here, which is probably kept up for the purpose of cheating travellers out of the fees which they exact for the health-certificates. We went to see the cathedral, where M. de Montaigne was extremely surprised at the manner in which, upon such a day, and at high mass, the persons present conducted themselves; they were standing about in groups, even in the choir, talking to one another in no very under tones, with their caps on, and their backs turned to the altar, and, indeed, appearing to take no heed of the service, except just at the elevation. There was an organ and some violins, which accompanied the service of the mass. We saw several other churches, but remarked nothing particular in any of them; the women were very plain, and indifferently dressed. One of the churches we

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went into was that of St. George, where the Germans have left several memorials of their having been here, and amongst others a number of their armorial bearings, which are attached to the walls. One of the inscriptions they put up, is to the effect, that certain German gentlemen, who accompanied the Emperor Maximilian on his expedition to take Verona from the Venetians, added some work or other to one of the altars. M. de Montaigne remarked that the seigneury would appear to be somewhat magnanimous in thus preserving in their town the evidences of the defeat they had sustained, as likewise in maintaining entire the magnificent tombs of the poor seigneurs della Scala.[1] It must be admitted, however, that our host of the Nag, which, by the way, is a very excellent house, where we were entertained in superfluous abundance, for which we had to pay three times the cost of tavern-living in France, has been permitted to take possession of one of these tombs, as a vault for himself and his family. We went over the castle, the commandant's lieutenant acting as our guide. The seigneury keep up a garrison of sixty soldiers here, more, as M. de Montaigne was told, to overawe the town, than to defend it from external enemies. We saw a convent of monks here, who call themselves Jesuits of St. Jerome. They are not priests, nor do they perform mass or preach, and the great majority of them are mere ignoramuses; they make the most of their money by their excellence in distilling lemon-flower water, and similar preparations. Both here and elsewhere, these monks wear a white under-dress, with a robe of dark brown over it, and small white skull-caps; there are some very fine young men among them. Their church is handsomely fitted up, as is their refectory, which was laid out for supper when we went in. We saw here the remains of some structure, as old as the time of the Romans, which the monks told us was an amphitheatre, and other remains of the same

[1] The former lords of Verona, from whom the Scaliger family is assumed to be descended.

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edifice are to be seen under ground. On our return to the inn, we found that the people there had perfumed our beds, and we ourselves were asked into an apartment where were rows of vials and earthen vessels, containing different sorts of distilled waters, with which they perfumed us. The finest thing we saw in this place, and, indeed, that M. de Montaigne said he had ever seen in his life, was a place they call the Arena. This is an amphitheatre of an oval form, which the eye embraces entire at one view, with the exception of the extreme end; and the remains are sufficient to give a vivid idea of the whole of the original edifice, and of the purposes to which it was applied. The seigneury employ a few convicts in doing odds and ends of clearings and repairs, but the restorations thus carried on are far from adequate; and, indeed, M. de Montaigne doubted whether the whole town together could effect the great work.[1] The form is oval; there are forty-three rows of seats, rising one above another, and each about a foot high, or somewhat more; the diameter at the top is about six hundred paces. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood still make use of the arena for jousts and other public entertainments. We also went among the Jews, and M. de Montaigne visited their synagogue, and had a long conversation with some of the leading men, respecting their religious ceremonies. There are some fine squares in the town, and a spacious and well-arranged market-place. From the castle, which stands high, we discerned Mantua, which lays in the plain beyond, about twenty miles off, on the right of the road we were going. There is no lack of inscriptions here, for not a gutter is mended but they stick up a memorial of the event, setting forth the why and the when, and the name of the mayor for the time being, and of the person who did the work. They have this in common with the Germans, that every body has a coat-of-arms, men in business, as well as gentlemen; it

[1] The great work, however, has been effected, and the theatre now displayed in almost all its original extent and magnificence, forming the greatest ornament of Verona.

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Germany, indeed, not only the towns, but many of the wards of towns, have special armorial bearings. As we were leaving Verona, we saw the church of Our Lady of Miracles, celebrated for a number of strange things that have taken place in it, in consequence of which the town entirely rebuilt the edifice, of a well-planned circular form. Many of the steeples here are roofed with bricks, laid cross-wise. We proceeded through an extensive plain of various character, sometimes fertile, sometimes the reverse, the mountains laying a long way off on our left, with a few on the right, and went on without stopping to

Vincenza, thirty miles, which we reached at supper-time. This is a good-sized town, somewhat smaller than Verona, full of noblemen's palaces. The morning after our arrival we went to see several churches, and to look at the fair which was being held there; in one of the large squares, workmen were busily erecting a number of temporary wooden shops for the display of goods. We paid a visit to the Jesuits, who have a fine monastery here; and were shown the shop at which they keep up a public sale of the various waters they distil. We bought two bottles of perfume for a crown. They also prepare medicinal waters, adapted for every malady. The founder was father Urb. S. Jn. Colombini, who instituted the order in the year 1367. Cardinal de Pelneo is their present protector. They possess no monasteries except in Italy, where they have thirty; the one here is a very handsome edifice. They flagellate themselves, they told us, every day, kneeling in their respective places in the oratory, where they meet at certain hours, and perform their devotions; they do not chant any part of their service. The old wine here began to fail us, which greatly vexed and alarmed me for his colic, which was likely to grow worse from drinking new wine, however good its quality; and we therefore greatly missed those of Germany, notwithstanding that they are mostly spiced and scented; one sort is even spiced with sage, yet the taste is not disagreeable when you get used to

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it, for it is of a rich and generous tone. We left this place on Thursday after dinner, and travelling along a straight road, somewhat raised above the level of the country through which it passed, with a fosseway on each side, and overlooking a very fertile plain, the mountains being, as before, a long way off. We got in the evening to

Padua, eighteen miles. The inns here are in no respect comparable with those of Germany as to accommodation, but then the charges are one third less, running much the same as in France. Padua is a considerable town, quite as large, I should say, as Bordeaux, if not larger. The streets are narrow and ugly, and you see very few people about. There are hardly any houses worth looking at, but the place is prettily situated in a plain, over which it commands an extensive prospect. We stopped here all next day, and went to see the fencing, dancing, and riding-schools, in which latter we found more than a hundred French gentlemen assembled, and M. de Montaigne observed that he thought it a very great disadvantage to our young countrymen, when on their travels, to associate in this way, almost entirely with one another, inasmuch as they thus never disengage themselves from their own manners and language, and so deprive themselves of opportunities of extending their knowledge, by the observation of foreign manners and languages. The church of St. Anthony struck him as a fine one; the roof is not in one piece, but has a multiplicity of ribs and panelling. Throughout the edifice are a number of fine works in marble and bronze. Among these, M. de Montaigne paused to contemplate, with a kindly eye, the bust of Cardinal Bembo, a face full of amiability and intellect. The great hall in this town, in which the courts of law hold their sittings, is the largest, unsupported by pillars, that I ever saw. At the upper end of it stands an antique bust of Livy, a thin, wan, studious, melancholy face, but so admirably sculptured that it seems to want nothing but the voice to make it living. Beneath the bust is the inscription which the contemporaries of the histo-

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rian placed over him, and which his townsmen, at a more recent period, having discovered, placed here, as much to their own glory as to his. The bust of Paul, the jurisconsult,[1] stands at the door, but M. de Montaigne was of opinion that this is quite a modern production. The house which occupies the site of the ancient Arena, and the garden attached to it, are well worth seeing. The students of the university here live at a very cheap rate, paying, in the best boarding-houses, only seven crowns a month the master, and six the servant. We left this place very early on Saturday morning, and proceeded along an excellent causeway, on the banks of the river. The country through which we passed is exceedingly fertile, and shaded by quantities of fine trees; both corn and the vine are extensively cultivated here, and every now and then we came upon a handsome country-seat, and among others had one pointed out to us which belongs to the Contarini family, over the gate of which is an inscription setting forth that the king[2] made a stay here on his return from Poland. After an agreeable ride, we reached

Chaffousine,[3] twenty miles, where we dined. This is merely an inn, whence people embark for Venice. Here all the boats, coming down the river, are landed by means of a machine worked by two horses, in much the same way as they turn oil-mills; and the boats are then carried on wheels to a place where they are launched on the canal which runs to the sea, near the point where Venice stands. After dinner we hired a gondola, and proceeded to

Venice, five miles. Next day, Sunday morning, M. de Montaigne went to call on M. de Ferrier,[4] an ambassador, who received him with open arms, accompanied him to mass, and kept him to dinner. On Monday M. de Montaigne again dined with him, in company with M. d'Estissac. Among

[1] Julio Paulo, born at Padua, an eminent lawyer, who wrote five books of the Digest. The Code is full of his decisions.

[2] Henry III. of France.

[3] Fusino.

[4] "Ce viellard," remarks Montaigne in a side-note, "qui a passé cinquante-sept ans, à ce qu'il dit, jouit d'une age sain et enjoué; ses facons et ses discours ont je ne sçais quoi de scholastique, peu de vivacité et de pouinte; ses opinions panchent fort evidamment, en matière de nos affaires, vers les innovations Calvinisennes."

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other things the ambassador told him, he was particularly struck with this, that the ambassador held no sort of correspondence with any man in the town; for the authorities here are so suspicious that if one of their people were to speak but twice to him, he would be immediately regarded with distrust. M. de Ferrier said that the seigneury derive a revenue of fifteen hundred thousand crowns from the town. The curiosities of this place are so well known that I need say nothing about them. He[1] said he found it different from what he had imagined it to be, and was indeed somewhat disappointed, after he had visited the various parts of it, which he did with great attention. The system of government, the situation of the place, the arsenal, the square of St. Mark, and the concourse of foreigners, seemed to him the most remarkable features. Monday, 6th November, while he was at supper, he received from Signora Veronica Franca, a Venetian lady, a small volume of letters she had written. He gave the messenger two crowns. Tuesday, after dinner, he had a fit of the colic, which lasted two or three hours, though it was not apparently a very severe attack in itself, and before supper he passed two great stones, one after the other. He did not think the Venetian women so handsome by any means as he had heard they were, and yet he saw several of the most celebrated of those ladies who make a traffic of their beauty. He was exceedingly struck, indeed, as much so as with anything else, with the style in which some hundred and fifty or so of the principal courtesans live; their houses are kept up, and themselves maintained and dressed, quite as magnificently as though they were all princesses, and yet they have nothing to live upon but what they make by their profession. Some of them are kept by Venetian noblemen in the most open and public manner, there being no sort of attempt made to conceal the connection. M. de Montaigne hired for himself a gondola, which he was entitled to the use of night and day, for two livres a day, about seventeen sous,

[1] Montaigne

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including the boatman. Provisions are as dear as at Paris; but then, in other respects, it is the cheapest place in the world to live at, for the train of attendants, which you require elsewhere, are here altogether useless, every body going about by himself, and this again makes a great saving in clothes; besides which, you have no occasion for horses. Saturday, 12th November, we left Venice early in the morning, and returned to

Chaffousine, five miles, where we embarked, men and baggage, in a boat which we hired for two crowns. He (Montaigne) has always been afraid of the water, and had a notion that the motion alone, of all others, upset his stomach; he took a fancy here to try whether the motion of this river, which is very equal and uniform, the boat being drawn by horses, would annoy him, and he found that it did not at all affect him. After passing through two or three locks, which open and close for the transit of each boat, we got by bedtime to

Padua, twenty miles. Here M. de Caselis quitted our party, having arranged to stop in this place, where he settled in a boarding-house, at seven crowns a month, for which he would be well lodged and boarded. He might have kept a lackey for five crowns a month more; and yet this was one of the first houses of the sort in the town, where there was always excellent company to be found. For instance, at the time M. de Caselis joined them, he found there the Sieur de Millan, son of M. de Salignac. It is very unusual for the gentlemen in these houses to keep servants of their own; there is merely a footman belonging to the house, and sometimes only women, who wait upon the guests; each gentleman has a comfortable room to himself; fire and candle they provide themselves with. The living is exceedingly good, as we ourselves saw; and everything is so cheap that a great many persons, who are no longer students, come hither to reside. It is not the custom here to ride on horseback in the town, or have servants following you. In Germany I

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had observed that everybody, even workmen, wear swords in the territories subject to the seigneury, on the other hand, nobody wears one. Sunday, 13th of November, after dinner, we left this place for the purpose of visiting some baths that lie on the right, at Abano, whither M. de Montaigne proceeded at once. This is a small village, near the foot of the mountains, just beyond which, at three or four hundred paces' distance, there is a gentle rocky ascent, on the top of which, where there is a tolerably wide space, you find several springs of boiling-hot water, spouting from the rock. The water just at this source is too hot to bathe in, and of course much too hot to drink. The channels, which it forms on its descent to the ground, look quite gray, like ashes, and it deposits a quantity of sediment which takes the form of hard sponge; the taste of the water is salt and rather sulphury. The whole of the neighbouring country is affected by it, for the streams which it forms, and which run on all sides into the plain, carry the heat and the smell a long way round. There are two or three houses at this place, very indifferently adapted for invalids, where they have baths supplied from these springs. The water sends forth a complete cloud of smoke as it issues from the rock; and the rock itself smokes and gives out such a heat at the different interstices that, in a hole which has been excavated, large enough for a man to lie down in, you may take a regular vapour-bath, and a very effective one, for you are in a thorough perspiration in a very few moments. He tasted the water, after it had been drawn long enough to lose its excessive heat, and it seemed to him to savour more of salt than of anything else. Further on to the right we could see the Abbey of Praie, so famous for its beauty, its riches, and its courtesy and liberality towards strangers, but he would not go there, having it fully in his intention to revisit all this part of the country, especially Venice, more at his leisure. He thought nothing of his present visit, and the only reason why he undertook it at all, at this period, was the hunger and thirst he had felt to see

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Venice; indeed, he frequently remarked, that he could not have been easy at Rome, or any other place in Italy, unless he had first seen Venice; and that had he gone on without visiting it, he should certainly have turned back. In the idea of returning hither, he left at Padua, with M. Francois Bourges, a Frenchman, the works of Cardinal Cusan,[1] which he had bought at Venice. From Abano, we proceeded to a place called San Pietro, which lies very low, though the mountains were still very close to us on the right. The country around is all pasture-land, where, every here and there, springs up one of these warm springs, some quite hot, some tepid, some nearly cold; the taste is insipid, in comparison with that at Abano, with a less smell of sulphur, and almost an entire absence of saline qualities. We saw some remains here of ancient buildings. There are a few miserable little houses scattered about for the accommodation of invalids; but the whole appearance of the place is savage and unpromising in the highest degree, and I should by no means advise any friend of mine to go there. 'Tis said the seigneury are not very desirous of improving the place, for that they have an objection to any foreign gentlemen taking up their abode there. These last baths, he[2] said, reminded him of those at Preissac, near Ax.[3] The channel in which the water runs has a reddish tinge. The water has no taste; he thought it was chalybeate. We passed a very fine house, belonging to a gentleman of Padua, where M. the Cardinal d'Este, who was ill of the gout, had been staying for more than two months, partly to be near the baths, and still more to be near the ladies of Venice. Close to this is

Bataille,[4] eight miles, where we got by supper-time. This is a small village on the Del Fraichino Canal, which, though not more than two or three feet deep in some places, carries boats of considerable size. We were here served in earthen

[1] Nicholas de Cusa. His complete works on Theology and Mathematics were published at Bâle, in 1565, in 3 vols. folio.

[2] Montaigne.

[3] Dax, or rather d'Acqs, in Gascony.

[4] Battaglia.

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dishes and wooden plates, for want of pewter, but things were tolerably well in other respects. Monday morning I[1] proceeded on with the mule, and the gentlemen went to see the baths, which are situated five hundred paces from the village, on the causeway along the canal. There is, as he[2] tells me, one house at these baths, with about ten or twelve rooms in it. In April and May, they say, there is a tolerable number of visitors, but the greater part of these lodge in the village, or in the chateau belonging to Signor Pic, in which M. the Cardinal d'Este was living at this period. The water of these baths comes from the edge of a neighbouring hill, whence it flows to the above-mentioned house, by several small canals, and the water when it arrives is more or less warm, according as the length of these canals is greater or less. People do not drink these waters, but, when they want to drink any medicinal waters at all, send for those of St. Pierre. M. de Montaigne went up to the top of the hill to see the source of this water, but he could not find it, and the people there told him the reason was because it sprung from under the ground. The taste of the water, like that at St. Pierre, is insipid, with very little flavour either of salt or sulphur; and he imagined that the effects of it must be pretty nearly the same as from those of St. Pierre. The water in its course leaves a reddish tinge behind it. In the bath-house here, there are several rooms in which you take shower-baths, so managed that the water is entirely directed against that part of the person which is indisposed; if you are sick with a headache, the water is played against the forehead, and so on. At different points, along these bath-canals, they have constructed little stone cells, just large enough to hold one person, in which the patient shuts himself, and then, certain vent-holes connected with the steam being opened, the smoke and heat immediately throw him into a profuse perspiration; 'tis a sort of vapour-bath, of which there are several kinds here. What is principally in use here, however, is the mud-bath, the ma

[1] The Secretary. [2] Montaigne.

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terials for which are found in ample quantities in a large pond near the house, whence the mud is taken in a particular sort of vessel, into the house. Here the bathers are provided with different sorts of wooden instruments adapted for the various parts of the person which may require bathing, the instrument being first filled with the mud, and the arm, leg, or other member being then inserted amid the mud; the instrument is emptied and filled again as often as is required. The mud is of a black colour, like that at Barbotan, but not so sandy, and of a richer substance; the heat is temperate, and there is hardly any smell in it. The only convenience about these baths is, that they are so near Venice; the place itself is very dirty and disagreeable. Our gentlemen left Bataille after breakfast, and followed the banks of the canal, which is called the Canal of the Two Roads, from the causeways that are on each bank. We saw here a very curious construction; at a particular point of the road, a stream which descends from the mountains, has to traverse the canal in its course; in order to make way for it, without interfering with the canal, the latter is carried over it by a viaduct, and again over the viaduct a bridge, so high as to admit of vessels passing under it on the canal, traverses the canal for the use of travellers on land. The stream beneath is at this place contracted in its course by artificial banks, and is thus made deep enough to float boats, so that at one and the same time there may be one boat sailing along the stream, another above it on the canal, and above both there may be coaches rolling along the road. Here are three highways, one above another. Proceeding on, keeping the canal always on our right, we passed a small town called Montselisse,[1] which itself lies low, though the walls extend up to the top of the adjoining mountain, inclosing an old castle, which formerly belonged to the seigneurs of the town, but is now in ruins. Leaving the mountains to the right, we turned towards the left, along a handsome, level, raised road, which in summer-time must be

[1] Monselice

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very agreeably shaded by the trees on each side; on either hand fertile valleys, where, as is the fashion here, amidst the cornfields are numbers of trees, ranged in long lines, for the purpose of serving as supporters for the vines. Immense oxen, of a dun colour, are so common here that, had I seen them before, I should have felt no particular admiration of those I saw belonging to the Archduke Fernand. By and by, they reached some higher ground, where they found themselves surrounded by marshes more than fifteen miles in breadth, and extending further than the eye could reach. These formerly were enormous ponds, but the seigneury made great exertions to have them drained, in order to apply the land to the purposes of labour, wherever it was possible; and they have succeeded in some few places; but, for the most part, all they have realized is, a vast extent of marshes, which produce nothing but reeds. They have lost more than they have gained, by changing the form of the ground. We passed the river Adisse, which lay on our right, upon a floating-bridge, consisting of two boats, large enough to hold some fifteen or twenty horses, which is worked to and fro by a long rope fixed to long poles on each side of the river, and sustained in the middle of the stream by another pole, fixed in a stationary boat. We got by bedtime to

Rovigo, twenty-five miles, a small town belonging to the seigneury of Venice. We lodged at an inn outside the town. Here they began to serve us up the salt in lumps, which the people make use of in bits, as they do lump sugar. There is quite as much provision to be got here as in France, notwithstanding all we had been told to the contrary; and their way of not basting their roast meat we found did not at all injure the flavour. Their rooms, from want of glass and proper windows, are not so neat and comfortable as those in France, but the beds are better made, more compact, and with plenty of mattresses; their curtains, however, are miserable affairs, lamentably bare, and made of wretched materials; and they are exceedingly chary of clean linen. A person travelling

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by himself, and without attendants, would get none at all. The charges are much the same as in France, perhaps somewhat higher. This is the birthplace of that worthy fellow Celius,[1] who hence took the surname of Rodoginus. The town is a very pretty one, with an exceedingly handsome square; the river Adisse runs right through it. We left this place, Tuesday morning, 15th November, and proceeded for some time along the causeway, which resembles that at Blois. We then crossed the river Adisse, on our right, and, soon after, the Po, which lay on our left. On both bridges there were toll-gates, where you pay for your passage, and they have contrivances whereby they can stop the boats underneath, until they have paid what is due. The different tolls payable, are painted on a board fixed to the bridge. We then descended into a very flat part of the country, where, as it seemed to us, in rainy weather, the roads must needs be altogether impassable; and, making no stoppage in our way, we got in the evening to

Ferrara, twenty miles. Here they kept us waiting a long time at the gates, till they got us passports and certificates of health, and the same was the case with several other people who came up. The town is about the size of Tours, and stands in a very flat country; there are a great number of palaces; the streets are wide and straight, and full of people. Wednesday morning, Messieurs d'Estissac and de Montaigne went to pay their respects to the duke.[2] On his being informed of their arrival at the palace, he sent a gentleman of his court to receive them and conduct them to his own apartment, where he was with two or three other personages. They passed through several private rooms, where they saw a number of handsomely dressed gentlemen. On entering the duke's room, they found him standing at a table, awaiting their arrival. He raised his cap as they entered, and re-

[1] Ludovicus Celius, surnamed Rodogi-nus, a learned professor of Padua, and master of Julius Cæsar Scaliger, principally known by his *Lectiones Antiquæ*; he died 1525.

[2] Alphonso d'Este, second of the name, duke of Ferrara, Modena, and Reggio. Died 27th Oct 1597.

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mained uncovered all the while M. de Montaigne conversed with him, which was for a considerable time. He first asked M. de Montaigne whether he understood their language, and on his replying in the affirmative, he told them in very elegant Italian, that he was always delighted to receive gentlemen belonging to their nation, having the greatest respect for his most Christian Majesty. After conversing upon different topics, Messieurs retired. The duke never once put on his cap while they were in the room. In one of the churches[1] we saw a bust of Ariosto,[2] somewhat fuller in the face than it is represented in his works;[3] he died 6th June, 1533, aged 59. They serve up fruit here on plates. The streets are all paved with brick. The colonnades, which run along each side of every street in Padua, and are extremely convenient, enabling you to walk about in all weathers, free from dirt, are not to be found in Ferrara. At Venice the streets are paved with the same material, and the pavement sloping, there is never any mud to annoy you. Talking of Venice, I forgot to mention that the day we left it, we met on our way several large boats laden with fresh water; a boat-load of this fetches a crown at Venice, and it is used both for drinking and in dyeing cloth. When we were at Chaffousine, we saw them loading the boats with this water, the product of a neighbouring spring, whence, by means of two horses turning a wheel, it is raised into a wooden pipe, or trough, that discharges it into the boats on the canal, which come up by turns to receive their cargo. We stayed all day at Ferrara, and went to see several fine churches, gardens, and private houses. In the garden of the Jesuits, the most remarkable thing is a rose tree that produces flowers every month in the year. At the time we were there, there was a rose in bloom, which was given to M. de Montaigne. We also saw the state barge, which the duke, in emulation of the Venetian Bucentaur, has had built for his new wife,—who is a pretty woman, much

[1] That of the Benedictins.
[2] His bust in white marble, which stands on his tomb.
[3] That is to say, in his portrait, as prefixed to the large Italian editions of his works.

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too young for him,—to take excursions in upon the river Po We also visited the duke's arsenal, where we saw a culverin, twenty-six feet long, and one foot in diameter. The new wine we drank, and the water we got here, brought from the river, alarmed him[1] for his colic. Over all the doors in the inn is written: *Ricordati della bolleta.*[2] As soon as you have arrived at the town, you must send word to the principal magistrate what is your name, and the number of your attendants, and the magistrate returns permission for the landlord of the inn where you have put up, to entertain you; otherwise he will not allow you to remain in his house. Thursday morning, we left this place, and proceeded through a level and fertile country. The roads here must be very troublesome to pedestrians in wet weather, when the rich soil of Lombardy becomes a thick mass of mud, whence you have no means of escaping, the highways being closed in on either side by ditches; so to remedy this inconvenience, the people of the country make use of small stilts, about half a foot high. We went on without stopping to

Boulougne,[3] thirty miles, which we reached in the evening. This is a large and handsome town, much bigger and more populous than Ferrara. At the inn where we put up we found the Seigneur de Montluc, who had arrived an hour before us, having come direct from France for the purpose of staying at this place some time, to perfect himself in fencing and riding. On Friday we went to see the Venetian fencer, who boasts that he has invented a system of swordplay, which will supersede every other system; and certainly his method very much differs from the ordinary practice. The best pupil he has is a young gentleman of Bordeaux, named Binet. We saw here an ancient tower of a square form; so constructed that it leans all on one side, and appears every instant to be about to fall.[4] We went also to see the school

[1] Montaigne.
[2] Do not lose sight of your health-certificate.
[3] Bologna.
[4] There are two of these leaning towers standing in the middle of the city, and inclining in different directions; that of Asinelli, three hundred and twenty feet high, inclines about three feet and a half; that of Garisenda, to which Montaigne refers, is one hundred and forty-five feet high, and inclines eight feet.

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of sciences,[1] which is the finest edifice I ever saw dedicated to this purpose. Saturday, after dinner, we went to the play, with which he was greatly amused; but he got a headache there, a malady he had not experienced for several years previously; and yet at the same time he felt freer from his pains than he had been for a long time back, and was as well in the stomach as he was on his return from Bannieres. The headache left him in the course of the night. The town is full of broad and handsome colonnades, and you everywhere come upon splendid palaces. You live much the same as at Padua, and at a very cheap rate; but the town is not so tranquil, in consequence of the long-standing feuds which exist between the different old families in the place, some of these being partisans of the French, while others favour the Spaniards, a great number of whom reside here. In the middle of the grand square there is a very magnificent fountain.[2] On Sunday, he was about to resume his journey to Rome by the left road, which goes through Imola, the Marches of Ancona and Loretto; but, being informed by a German that he had recently been robbed by banditti on this route, in the duchy of Spoleto, he determined to take the road for Florence, and we accordingly started in that direction, and, travelling along a very rough and mountainous country, got by bedtime to

Loyan,[3] sixteen miles, a small and disagreeable village. There are only two inns here, and these are noted throughout Italy for the deception which they practise upon travellers, in feeding them with fine promises of every possible accommodation before you dismount, and laughing at you when they have once got you into their houses; the thing is so notorious that it has passed into a proverb. We left this place early next morning, and travelled all day along a road far more rugged and disagreeable than any we had hitherto experienced; in some parts, among the mountains, it was almost impracticable. We got by bedtime to

Scarperia, twenty-four miles, a small town of Tuscany

[1] The Scuola, built by Vignole. [2] That of the Giant. [3] Loiano.

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where there is a considerable trade in penknives, scissors, and similar articles. He was exceedingly amused here at the rivalry among the landlords. It is their practice to send people in search of travellers seven or eight leagues on the road, and to solicit them to put up at their inns. You will frequently meet the landlord himself on horseback; and every here and there well-dressed people, who watch you about, and keep teasing you in favour of their employers. All along the road, he amused himself immensely by hearing what every one of these fellows had to say, and the promises which they respectively lavished; there was nothing which they were not ready to provide you.[1] One man offered to make him a present of a hare, if he would but so much as come and look at his house. Their disputes and rivalry, however, terminate at the gates of the town, upon reaching which they do not venture to say a word more on the subject. They all offer to furnish you with a guide on horseback, at their own expense, and for him to carry part of your baggage to the inn where you are going; this is an invariable practice among all of them, and they pay the guide as a matter of course. I did not understand whether they were obliged to do this by the government, in consequence of the insecurity of the roads. We had made a bargain as to what we were to pay, and what we were to have for it at Loian, before we left Boulougne. When we got there, however, though sadly pressed by the people of the house where we stopped, and others, to alight, he sent some of us round to the different inns to see the apartments, the provisions, the wines, and to have the prices named, and he did not dismount till he found out which was the best. It is impossible, however, to make your bargain so as to escape being cheated by them in some way or other; for if you keep them to their agreement in one thing, they rob you in another; if you enforce the wine, provisions, and so on, that you have bargained for, they cheat you in wood, candles, linen, or some other article which you

1 "Anche ragasse e ragassi."

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have omitted to specify. This route is very much frequented, for it is the high road to Rome. I was here informed of a piece of stupidity I had been guilty of, in having omitted, when on my way from Loian, to visit the top of a mountain, about two miles out of the road, whence, in stormy and wet weather, you can in the night-time see flames issue, which rise to a great height; and I was told that when the eruption is particularly strong, there are pieces of money sometimes thrown up, with a figure on them.[1] We ought to have gone and seen this. We left Scaperia next morning, our landlord acting as guide, and proceeded along a fine road, between hills, which seemed well cultivated and thickly inhabited. We turned out of our way two miles on the right, to see a palace that the Duke of Florence built here twelve years ago, and has ever since been exercising his seven senses in embellishing. He would seem to have expressly selected an inconvenient site, sterile and rugged, and utterly without water, merely that he might have the pleasure of bringing the water from five miles off, and his other materials of every description from another five miles off, in an opposite direction. There is no unity of design about the place. The view from it consists merely of hills, which is the general feature of the country. The place is called Pratellino,[2] and has a most despicable appearance from the distance; but when viewed nearer it looks handsome enough, though not nearly so well as the better sort of palaces among us in France. The furniture is pretty enough, but does not at all partake of the magnificent. There is, however, a grotto, consisting of several cells, which is the finest we ever saw. It is formed, and all crusted over, with a certain material, which they told us was brought from some particular mountain; the wood-work is all ingeniously fastened together with invisible nails. Here you see various musical instruments, which perform a variety of

[1] Montaigne probably refers to the volcano of Pietra Mala, eight leagues from Bologna.

[2] Pratolino, two miles from Florence, built, according to M. Lalande, in 1575 by the Grand Duke Francis, son of Cosmo the First.

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pieces, by the agency of the water; which also, by a hidden machinery, gives motion to several statues, single and in groups, opens doors, and gives apparent animation to the figures of various animals, that seem to jump into the water, to drink, to swim about, and so on. On touching a spring, the whole grotto becomes full of water, and all the seats spout minute streams against you; and when, flying from the grotto, you seek a refuge on the stairs that lead to the castle, the motion of another hidden spring gives play to a thousand jets of water, that inundate you with their showers, till you reach the top. The beauty and richness of this place cannot be conveyed by any description, however detailed. The approach to the castle is through a walk fifty feet wide, and about five hundred paces long, which has been constructed at a very heavy expense. On each side of this walk there are, at every five and ten paces alternately, handsome fountains, standing upon elaborately sculptured stone pedestals, so that as you look down the walk, you see ranges of fountains spouting forth water to a great height on both sides. At the bottom there is a very large fountain, which discharges its waters into an immense basin, by the medium of a marble statue, representing a woman washing. She is wringing a tablecloth, also of white marble, the droppings from which keep the basin full; near this is another vessel, where the water seems boiling, to make lye with. In the dining-room of the castle there is a marble table, with places for six guests; in each of these places, upon raising a small lid, formed in the marble, you find a ring connected with a vessel under the table. From each of these six vessels, on pulling up this ring, there rises a fountain of fresh water, in which you may either cool or cleanse your glass, and in the centre is a similar fountain, or rather well for the bottle. We also saw some deep pits in the ground, where they preserve a quantity of snow throughout the year, the snow being placed on layers of broom, and the heap, which is made in a pyramidical form, being finally covered over with thatch, like a

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barn. There are a great many of these snow-pits. They are now erecting the statue of an enormous giant, with one eye, which alone is three cubits wide, the rest of the body being in proportion; this they intend for an immense fountain. There are a thousand reservoirs and ponds, supplied from the two principal fountains, by infinite earthen pipes. We saw a very large and handsome aviary, in which we noticed some little birds, like goldfinches somewhat, only they had two long feathers at the tail, resembling those of a cock. We had a very singular sort of stove shown us. We stopped here two or three hours, and then resumed our journey, along several high hills to

Florence, seventeen miles, a place smaller than Ferrara, situated in a valley, surrounded by richly cultivated hills. The river Arno passes through the town, and is crossed by several bridges. We saw no fosse round the walls. To-day he (Montaigne) passed two stones, and a quantity of gravel, without having had any other notice of it than a slight pain in the lower part of his stomach. The same day we went to see the Grand Duke's stables, which are very large, with arched roofs; there are very few horses of any value here; at least, there were not when we went over them. We were shown a sheep of a very strange form; together with a camel, several lions and bears, and an animal as big as a large mastiff, but of the form of a cat, all striped black and white, which they called a tiger. We looked over the church of St. Lawrence, where the flags are still hanging, which we lost under Marshal Strozzi, in Tuscany.[1] In this church, there are several excellent pictures, and some statues by Michael Angelo. We went to see the cathedral, a magnificent structure, the steeple of which is faced with black and white marble; it is one of the finest and most sumptuous churches in the world. M. de Montaigne said he had never been in a country where there were so few pretty women as in Italy. The inns are

[1] In the battle of Marciano, in which Pietro Strozzi was defeated by the Marquis de Marignan, Aug 2, 1554. Strozzi was not a marshal of France at the period of the battle; but he was created one by Henry II. the same year.

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far less convenient than those in France and Germany; the provisions are not half so plentiful as in Germany, and not near so well dressed. They do not lard the meat in either country; but then in Germany it is far better seasoned, and there is an infinite variety of soups and sauces, which is not the case here. The houses, too, in Italy, are very inferior; there are no good rooms; and the large windows have no glass or other protection against the weather, but an unwieldy shutter, which excludes the light, at the same time that you use it to keep off the wind or rain; an inconvenience which we found still more intolerable than the want of bed-curtains in Germany. The bedrooms are mere cabins, and the beds wretched pallets, running on casters, with a miserable canopy over them; and Heaven help him who cannot lie hard! There is a great deficiency of linen too. The wines, generally speaking, are far inferior to those of Germany; and at this time of the year, in particular, lamentably insipid and mawkish. The charges, it is true, are somewhat less. Florence, for instance, is considered the dearest city in Italy, and the bargain I made here, before my master arrived at the inn, the Angel, was for seven reals[1] a day, man and horse, and four reals a day for a man without a horse. The same day we went to see the duke's palace. This prince spends a good deal of his time in making imitations of oriental precious stones and crystal; he has a great taste for alchemy and the mechanical arts, especially architecture, of which he has a more than ordinary knowledge. Next day, M. de Montaigne ascended, the first of us, to the top of the cathedral, where there is a ball of gilt brass, which, from below, seems about the size of your head, though when you get up to it you find it capable of holding forty persons. He here observed that the marble with which this church is covered, even the black compartments, for it is alternate black and white, is already beginning, in many places, to give way, and to open in large crevices, under the influence of the frost and the sun; which

[1] A Spanish coin, worth at the present time about 2½*d*.

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induced him to doubt very much the genuineness of the marble. He went also to see the palaces of the Strozzi and the Gondi, where some of each family still remain, and paid another visit to the duke's palace. In one of the apartments Cosmo,[1] his father, has had painted the taking of Sienna,[2] and the battle we lost;[3] yet in many parts of the town, and on the old walls of the palace itself, the fleurs-de-lys occupy the most honourable position.[4] Messrs. d'Estissac and Montaigne went to dine with the grand duke, for such is his title here. His wife[5] occupied the post of honour; the duke sat on her right, next to him sat the duchess's sister-in-law, and next to her her husband, the duchess's brother. The duchess is a handsome woman, according to the Italian notion of beauty, with a countenance at once agreeable and dignified, and a bosom of the most ample proportions. M. de Montaigne had not been with her long, before he thoroughly understood how she had managed to wheedle the duke into entire subjection to her will, and he had no doubt she would be able to retain him at her feet for a long time to come. The duke is a dark stout man, about my height, with large limbs, and a countenance full of kindliness; he always takes his cap off when he meets any one, which, to my mind, is a very agreeable feature in his character. He looks like a healthy man of forty. On the other side of the table were the cardinal,[6] and a young man of about eighteen,[7] the duke's two brothers. When the duke or his wife want to drink, they have presented to them a glass of wine and a decanter of water, in a sort of basin; they take the wine, and pour as much of it as they do not want into the basin, filling the glass up with water; and when they have drunk it, they replace the glass in the basin, which a page holds for them. The

[1] Cosmo II.

[2] This place was defended by Blaise de Montluc, and did not surrender (in 1554) till after a siege of ten months.

[3] In the same year.

[4] On account of the alliance between Francis I. and the house of Medicis.

[5] The celebrated Bianca Capello.

[6] The Cardinal de Medicis, afterwards Grand Duke, under the title of Ferdinand I.

[7] Probably one of the two sons that Cosmo, the Grand Duke's father, had by Camilla Marelli, whom Pope Pius V obliged him to marry.

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duke took a good deal of water; the duchess hardly any. The fault of the Germans is to make use of glasses out of all proportion too large; here they are in the extreme the other way, for the glasses are absurdly small. I do not understand why this city should be called, *par excellence*, the Beautiful; it is handsome, no doubt, but not more so than Bologna, and very little more so than Ferrara; while Venice is, beyond all comparison, superior to it, in this respect. No doubt the view of the city and its suburbs, from the top of the cathedral, has an imposing effect, owing to the immense space which the suburbs occupy, covering, as they do, the sides and summit of all the neighbouring hills for two or three leagues round; and the houses being so close to each other that they look almost like streets. The city is paved with flat stones, but in no sort of method or order. After dinner, the four gentlemen hired a guide and post-horses to go to a country-place of the duke's, called Castello. The house itself is not worth looking at; but there are several gardens admirably laid out, all of them on the slope of a hill, so that all the straight walks are upon a descent, but a very gentle and easy one; the cross walks are level and terraced. In every direction, you see a variety of arbours, thickly formed of every description of odoriferous trees, cedars, cypresses, orange trees, lemon trees, and olive trees, the branches of which are so closely interwoven that the sun, at its meridian height, cannot penetrate them. These arbours will only hold three or four people. In the centre of one of the pieces of water, there is an artificial rock, which looks all frozen over, an effect produced by means of the same material with which the duke has covered his grottos at Pratellino; and at the top of this rock there is a statue in brass, representing a very old gray-haired man, seated in a melancholy attitude, with folded arms, from whose beard, forehead, and face the water is incessantly running, drop by drop, so as to represent tears and perspiration; and these are the only outlets by which the fountain discharges its contents. In another place, they

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had an amusing experience of the trick I have mentioned before; for as they were walking about the garden, looking at the various objects of interest, the gardener, who had just before left them for the purpose, while they were standing to admire some marble statues they came to, discharged upon them, from under their feet and legs, an infinity of springs of water, so small that, till you looked closely, they were invisible, and which had just the appearance of small rain, and they got regularly wet through, in the lower part of their persons. The springs which the gardener worked were more than two hundred paces from the spot; but they were so ingeniously planned, and so well made, that with the least motion he set them in operation, or stopped them, just as he pleased, and in a moment. They have this sort of trick in a good many places in this part of the country. We went to look at the principal fountain, which discharges its contents through two large figures in bronze, the lower of which has taken the other in his arms, and is squeezing him with all his might;[1] the latter, almost senseless, has his head thrown back, and discharges the water from his mouth; and the machinery is so powerful that the fountain rises to a height of two hundred and twenty-two feet above the figures, which themselves are twenty feet high. In another part of the gardens there is a small room, constructed among the branches of an evergreen tree, of a foliage much fuller than any they had ever seen before, so full that you cannot see out of the room through its thick green walls, except by pushing the smallest of the branches aside. In the centre of this, by some means which you are not made acquainted with, there rises a small fountain of water, through a marble basin, into which it falls. They have some machinery here for water-music; but they had not time to go and see it, for it was getting late, and we had to ride back to the city. They saw the duke's coat-of-arms here, over the gate, formed of the branches of trees, which are so trained by

[1] The *Hercules and Antæus*

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exquisite art as to compose the different parts. The time of year was that most unfavourable to gardens, which made them wonder all the more at the condition in which they found this. There is also a very handsome grotto, in which are to be seen all sorts of animals, sculptured the size of life, which are spouting out water, some by the beak, others by the mouth, or the nails, or the nostrils. I forgot to mention, that in one of the rooms of the palace there is to be seen, placed upon a pillar, the body of an animal of a very strange form; the breast is all covered with scales, and all up the backbone there grows a sort of excrescence, like a horn. They told us it was found in a cavern, among the mountains, some years ago, and brought here alive. It is now bronzed over. We went to see the palace[1] where the Queen Mother[2] was born. In order to ascertain all the particulars respecting the mode and expense of living in this place, he went to look at several apartments that were to be let, and at several boarding-houses, but he did not see anything at all desirable. The only rooms that are to be let here, he was told, were at the inns, and all those he saw were exceedingly dirty and inconvenient, and far dearer than at Paris, or even at Venice; and the style of living at the boarding-houses is miserable, though they charge for gentlemen more than twelve crowns a month. There is nothing to amuse you here, or to exercise either body or mind; there is neither fencing, nor riding, nor literature. Pewter is very scarce all about here; you are seldom served in anything but coloured earthenware, and that generally dirty. Thursday morning, 24th November, we left this place, and proceeded through a country which did not appear to us very fertile, though it was cultivated on all sides, and thickly inhabited. The road was rough and stony, and, though we went on without stopping, it was not till very late that we got to

Sienna, thirty-two miles, four posts; for the posts here are eight miles which is longer than ours are. Friday morning

[1] The palace Pitti. [2] Catherine de Medicis.

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he went over the town very minutely, being more especially desirous of seeing every part of it, from its connection with our wars. It is a very irregular town, built upon the ridge of a hill, along which the best streets lie; the other streets run down the two sides, in different directions, some of them turning back, and coming half-way up again. It is reckoned among the handsome towns of Italy, but not in the first class; it is not so large as Florence; it has every appearance of being a very ancient place. There are a vast number of fountains, from which most of the inhabitants have water laid on in their own houses. They have plenty of excellent cool cellars. The cathedral church, which is very little inferior to that of Florence, is coated inside and out with the same marble of which I spoke before; with which, cut into square pieces, some a foot thick, others less, they face, as with a veneer, buildings constructed with brick, which is the ordinary material used in this country. The handsomest part of the town is the circus, three of whose sides bend towards the palace, which forms the fourth side, and which itself is slightly semicircular in its form, though less so than the other sides of the circus. Opposite the palace, at the upper end of the circus, there is a magnificent fountain, which, through a number of spouts, fills a large vessel, whence all who choose may draw very admirable water. Several streets terminate in this circus, to which you ascend by steps. There is an immense number of streets, many of them extremely ancient. The principal street is called the Piccolomini; the next the Tolomei; the next the Colombini; the next the Cerritani;[1] and so on. We saw clear evidences, in several places, of an antiquity of three or four hundred years. The standard of the town, which you see in a variety of places, is the wolf of Rome, the foster-mother of Romulus and Remus. The Duke of Florence treats the noblemen here, who sided with us, with much courtesy, and he has placed near his person Silvio Piccolomini, one of the most accomplished men of the age, and

[1] These are all names of illustrious Siennese families.

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eminently skilled in the science of arms; a useful precaution, perhaps, in a prince who has to guard himself chiefly against his own subjects. He leaves to the towns the care of fortifying themselves, and pays his whole attention to the citadels, which are kept constantly provisioned and garrisoned in the completest manner possible, and with such jealous watchfulness that hardly any person but the garrison is permitted to approach them. This article of expenditure amounts to a great deal every year. The women mostly wear a sort of hat; we observed that some of them took off these hats at the elevation of the host, in the same way that the men did. We lodged at the Crown, a tolerable inn, except that here, too, we were unprovided with windows, or even window-frames. When M. de Montaigne was at Pratellino, after he had expressed to the housekeeper his admiration of the beauty of the place, he animadverted upon the defects of the doors and windows; great planks of deal, without form or covering, and great uncouth locks, no better than our village barn-doors; and he objected further to the hollow tiles, saying, that if they could not get slate, or lead, or copper, they ought, at all events, to have adopted some architectural modification, which would have concealed the tiles from the eye of the spectator, which points the housekeeper said he would mention to his master. The duke has not removed any of the ancient mottoes and emblems which, throughout the town, enjoin the love of liberty; yet the tombs and epitaphs of the French who died there, have all been carried off and hid in some place in the town, under pretext that the church where they were was going to be altered and repaired. Saturday, 26th, after dinner, we set off, and, passing through the same sort of country as before, got by supper-time to

Buoncouvent, twelve miles, a *castello* of Tuscany, for so they call such fortified places as are too small to merit the appellation of towns. Monday morning, very early, we left this place, and, as M. de Montaigne wished to see Mor'alcin,[1]

[1] Mont Alcino.

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from its connection with French history, he turned out of the road on the right, and, with Messrs. d'Estissac, de Mattecoulon, and du Hautoi, went to this place, which they described as an ill-built town, about the size of St. Emilion, standing on one of the highest mountains in that part of the country, yet not very difficult of access. When they got there, they found that mass was celebrating, so they attended it. At the end of the town there is a castle, in which the duke keeps up a garrison; but, in his[1] opinion, the castle would be of small service, the place being completely commanded by another mountain, not more than a hundred paces from the duke's territories. They retain so affectionate a memory of the French here, that you can hardly mention the name of our countrymen to them, without bringing tears into their eyes, war itself wearing a more genial aspect to them, when accompanied with some approach to liberty, than all the blessings of peace, when enjoyed under the government of a despot. M. de Montaigne inquired whether any French had been buried here, and was told that there had been several of their tombs in the church of St. Augustin, but that these had all been dug into the ground by order of the duke. The road we now passed along was steep and stony, and it was not till the evening that we reached

La Paille,[2] twenty-three miles, a small village, consisting of some five or six miserable houses, seated at the foot of a barren mountain. We resumed our journey next morning early, along a deep, narrow road, where we passed and repassed, fully a hundred times, a mountain torrent which accompanies the road, now on one side, and now on the other. By and by, we came to a large village, built by the present Pope Gregory,[3] which marks the boundary of the territories of the Duke of Florence, and we now entered the States of the Church. Passing through Aquapendente, a small town, so named, I believe, from a torrent, which here precipitates itself over the rocks into the plain beneath, we went on to S[t]

[1] Montaigne's. [2] La Paglia. [3] Gregory XIII

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Laurenzo, a *castello*, and through Bolseno, another *castello*, and then following the lake, which is called the Lake of Bolseno, and is thirty miles long and ten broad, and in the middle of which rise two rocks like islands, where they told us there are two monasteries, we went on, without stopping, through the same steep and miserable road to

Montefiascon, twenty-six miles, a small town perched on the pinnacle of one of the highest mountains in this part of the country. The town has every appearance of great antiquity. We left it next morning, and went through a level and fertile country to Viterbo, which stands partly on the side of a mountain. This is a pretty town, about the size of Senlis. We saw here a great number of handsome houses, plenty of work going on, and very agreeable streets; there were three fine fountains in different parts of the town. He would have stopped in this place, on account of its beauty, but his baggage-mule, which was on in front, had passed through the town before he had made up his mind. We here began the ascent of a high mountain, at the foot of which, on this side, is a small lake called Vico. Thence, through a pleasant valley, flanked on one side by hills covered with wood, an article of very rare occurrence about here, and on the other side by the lake, we got early in the evening to

Rossiglione,[1] nineteen miles, a small town with a castle belonging to the Duke of Parma; there are several other small towns and estates, belonging to the Farnese family, in this neighbourhood. The inns all along this route are of the best description, owing to its being the high post-road. They charge you five Julios a horse, each post of two miles, and you can hire one at the same rate for two or three posts, or for several days, without putting you to any trouble about the care of the horse at the end of the journey, for the landlords here all take charge of one another's horses; and if the one you have hired fails you before it has reached its destination, you are entitled, by the terms of the agreement in all these

[1] Ronciglione.

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cases, to replace it by another, at any of the inns on your route. We ourselves saw a case, at Sienna, of a Fleming, who joined our company, and who, though alone and a stranger, altogether unknown to every person there, was trusted with a horse which he hired to carry him to Rome, the only thing he was required to do before he started, being to pay the amount of its hire; as to the rest, the horse is wholly at your mercy, and it entirely depends upon your sense of honesty to leave him at the place where you have undertaken to deposit him. M. de Montaigne congratulated himself upon the custom here of dining and supping late, which is quite to his taste; in good families they do not dine till two o'clock in the afternoon, nor sup till nine; so that, where there are actors, they do not commence the performances till six in the evening, by torchlight; the play lasts for two or three hours, and then you go home to supper. He remarked that it was a capital country for idle people, for they rise very late. We started next morning, three hours before day, so anxious was he to get once on the pavement of Rome; but he found the morning dewy, very nearly as bad for his stomach as that of the evening, and he was exceedingly indisposed with it till the sun came out, though the night was a very mild one. When we got within fifteen miles of Rome, we caught a glimpse of the Eternal City, but presently lost sight of it again, for a long time. There are several villages and inns on the way. We passed over some bits of road, raised, and paved with large stones, smacking very much of the ancients; and, nearer the city, we saw some buildings manifestly of great age, and some stones which successive popes have caused to be erected in honour of various events of the old time. Most of the ruins are of brick, such as the *Termes* of Dioclesian, a brick small and simple like ours, and not large and thick, like those which we find in the classic ruins in France and elsewhere. Rome did not seem to us to make much of an appearance as we approached it from this road. Far away on the left, lay the

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Apennines; the aspect of the foreground was exceedingly unpleasant to the eye; hilly, with every here and there deep marshes, altogether unfit for military operations or marches; the country all around us, for ten miles in every direction, was open, barren, and altogether destitute of trees, and almost equally so of houses. After travelling for some distance through this sort of country, we arrived at about twelve o'clock, on the 30th of November, St. Andrew's-day, at the Porto del Popolo and

Rome, thirty miles, where we had, as elsewhere, some difficulty in procuring admittance, on account of the plague which they said was raging at Genoa. However, we got in at last, and went to the Bear, where we staid that day and the next, but on the 2d of December hired apartments at the house of a Spaniard, opposite the church of Santa Lucia della Tinta. We were here provided with three handsome bedrooms, a dining-room, closet, stable, and kitchen, for twenty crowns a month, for which sum the landlord agreed to include a cook, and fire for the kitchen. The apartments at Rome are generally furnished somewhat better than those at Paris, the people here having great quantities of gilt leather, with which the higher class of rooms are lined. For the same price we gave for these lodgings, we might have had some at the Golden Vase, close by, hung with cloth of gold and silk, quite like a royal palace; but, besides that the rooms here were less independent of one another than those we took, M. de Montaigne was of opinion that all this magnificence was not only quite superfluous, but that we should find it very troublesome with reference to taking care of the furniture, for there was not a bed in the place which was not of the estimated value of four or five hundred crowns. At our lodgings we bargained for a supply of linen, much the same as in France, a necessary precaution in a place where they are somewhat chary of this article. M. de Montaigne was annoyed at finding so many Frenchmen here; he hardly met a person in the street who did not salute him in his own lan-

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guage He was very much struck with the sight of so crowded a court, so peopled with prelates and churchmen; it appeared to him that there were more rich men and more rich equipages here, by far, than in any other court he had ever been at. He said that the appearance of the streets, especially from the number of people thronging them, reminded him more of Paris than any town he had ever seen. The modern city lies along the river Tiber, on both sides. The hilly quarter, where the ancient town stood, and to which he daily made visits, is cut up with the gardens of the cardinals, and the grounds attached to various churches and private houses. He judged, from manifest appearances, and from the height of the ruins, that the form of these hills, and their slopes, had altogether changed from what it was in the old time, and he felt certain that in several places, the modern Romans walked on the tops of the houses of their ancestors. It is easy to calculate, from the Arch of Severus, that we are nowadays more than two pikes' length above the ancient roofs; and, in point of fact, almost everywhere you see beneath your feet the tops of ancient walls which the rain and the coaches have laid bare. He had an argument with some people who said there was as much freedom at Rome as at Venice; in contradiction of this opinion, he pointed out that, in the former, private houses were so insecure that whoever came there, with a larger sum than ordinary, was immediately counselled to deposit his money with some banker in the place, as the only means of securing his house from being entered and his strong box broken open, which has happened in a great many cases; *item*, that in Rome it is not at all safe to be in the streets at night; *item*, that on the first of this very month of December, the general of the Cordeliers had been suddenly deprived of his place, and put in prison, for having, in a sermon delivered before the pope and the cardinals, accused the prelates of the church of idleness and luxuriousness, without particularizing any individual person or instance, but merely making use of

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the most ordinary commonplaces upon this topic, in a somewhat angry tone of voice; *item*, that his [1] coffers had been opened at the gate of the city by the custom-house officers, and every article in them, down to the minutest trifle, rummaged and tumbled over; whereas, in many of the other Italian towns, the officers wait quietly while you yourself show them what you have; that, besides this, they had taken away all the books they found there,[2] for the purpose of examining them; which they were so long about that a man, whose business called him elsewhere, might very well give them up as lost; and that, moreover, the regulations were so extraordinary that our prayerbook, because it was printed at Paris, and not at Rome, was looked upon with a very suspicious eye; as were several books written by German divines against the heretics, for this excellent reason, that, in order to combat errors, these divines had of necessity mentioned what the errors were. In this respect, he congratulated himself exceedingly that, though he had had no idea of what sort of search he was to undergo, and though he had passed through Germany, where his curiosity might very naturally have induced him to pick up one or two of the prohibited books, yet it so happened that he had not one of them with him. However, as to this, he was told by several gentlemen of the place that, even had this been the case, all he would have been subjected to in consequence, would have been the loss of the prohibited books. Twelve or fifteen days after our arrival, he was taken ill, and, alarmed by an unusual defluxion of the reins, which threatened him with an ulcer, he was induced, at the solicitation of the French physician of the Cardinal du Rambouillet, aided by the dexterous management of his apothecary, to swallow several large pills of cassia, which he put into his mouth on the end of a wet knife, and got down very easily. He had two or three stools in consequence. Next day, he took of Venetian turpentine,

[1] Montaigne's.

[2] Among others there was the *Essays*, the first two books of which had just been published at Bordeaux

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which they say comes from the Tyrol mountains, two large pills done up in a wafer, which he put into his mouth in a silver spoon, with some drops of sirup; but he did not observe any effects from this dose, except that it gave his water the scent of violets. After this, he took at three times, though not one after another, a sort of drink which looked and tasted just like almonds,[1] and his physician told them that these were the only ingredients; but he could not help thinking there was some *quatre-semences-froides*[2] in it. There was nothing out of the way or inconvenient about this recipe, except the time of taking it, which was early in the morning, three hours before breakfast. He did not derive any sensible benefit from this posset, for the indisposition did not leave him; and on the 23d December, he had a very severe attack of colic, which made him go to bed at mid-day, where he remained till the evening, and then he discharged a quantity of gravel, and after that a large stone, hard, long, and solid, which had been five or six hours passing. All this time, however, ever since he had taken the baths, his stomach had been in good order, so that he was not afraid of matters going worse with him in other respects. He frequently avoided taking his meals, omitting sometimes supper, sometimes dinner. On Christmas day, we went to hear mass performed by the pope at St. Peter's, where he got a place, whence he could see all the ceremonies at his ease. There are several special forms observed on these occasions; first, the gospel and the epistle are said in Latin, and then in Greek, as is also done on Easter Sunday and St. Peter's Day. The pope then administered the sacrament to a number of persons, associating with him in this service the Cardinals Farnese, Medici, Caraffa, and Gonzaga. They use a certain instrument for this purpose, from which they drink from the chalice, in order to provide against poison. Monsieur de Montaigne was somewhat surprised to remark that

[1] Almond-milk. The composition thus entitled consisted of the seeds of cucumber, melon gourd, and pumpion.

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at this and other masses which he attended, the pope, the cardinals, and other prelates were seated during nearly the whole mass, with their caps on, talking and chatting together. These ceremonies appeared to him altogether to partake more of magnificence than of devotion. He did not observe any particular beauty in the women, at all justifying that preëminence which common fame has assigned to the ladies of this city, above those of all the rest of the world; and, after all, as at Paris, the greatest beauty here is to be found among those women who put it up for sale. On the 29th December, M. d'Abein, our ambassador at Rome at this time, a gentleman well read, and an old and intimate friend of M. de Montaigne, came and proposed to him to go and kiss the pope's feet; and accordingly M. d'Estissac and he got into the ambassador's carriage, who took them to the palace, and, having first obtained an audience of the pope, sent for them almost immediately by the chamberlain. They found the pope and the ambassador alone together, as is the etiquette in these cases; his holiness has a small handbell near him, which he rings when he wants any one to come. The ambassador was seated on his left, uncovered; the pope himself never takes off his cap to anybody; nor does any ambassador, from whomsoever, ever think of putting on his hat in the pope's presence. M. d'Estissac entered the presence-chamber first, after him M. de Montaigne, then M. de Mattecoulon, and lastly M. du Hautoi. After advancing a step or two in the chamber, the pope being seated in one of the corners, those who have been admitted place one knee on the ground, and wait in this position until the pope has given them his benediction, which he does forthwith; then they rise and advance to about the centre of the room. Most persons do not advance straight towards him at once, across the room, but first sideways along the wall a little way, and then advance; however, when they are in the centre of the room, they again kneel on one knee, and receive a second benediction. This done, they rise, and advance towards him to the

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edge of a rich velvet carpet, on which he is seated, and which extends some seven or eight feet before him. Upon this carpet, they again kneel, this time upon both knees. Here the ambassador, who had presented our gentlemen, knelt on one knee, and turned back the pope's robe from the right foot, on which was a red slipper with a white cross upon it. Those who have been introduced advance on their knees until they reach his holiness's foot, and then bend down to kiss it. M. de Montaigne said that he slightly raised his foot. Each gentleman, after he had kissed the foot, withdrew on one side, still on his knees, to make room for his successor; when they had all gone through this ceremony, the ambassador covered the pope's foot, and, again seating himself, recommended Messieurs d'Estissac and de Montaigne to his holiness's protection, in suitable terms. The pope then, in the most courteous tones, exhorted M. d'Estissac to pursue his studies and to keep in the paths of virtue; and M. de Montaigne to persevere in the devotion he had ever manifested in the cause of the church and the service of his most Christian Majesty; assuring them both that he should be ever ready to promote their interests, whenever an opportunity presented itself; the usual phrase among the Italians, when they wish to appear civil. The gentlemen made no reply, as is the custom; but having, still on their knees, received another benediction, which is an intimation for them to withdraw, retired in the same way they had advanced. The manner of withdrawing is quite a matter of individual taste and discretion; however, the most usual mode is to walk backwards, or at any rate sideways, so as to keep your face towards the pope. When you reach the centre of the room, you again kneel on one knee and receive another benedicite, and on reaching the door, you again kneel for a final blessing. The pope speaks Italian, but it is an Italian that reminds you, in every sentence, of his Bolognese origin, a place where they have the worst jargon in Italy, and besides this, he has an impediment in his speech. As for the rest, he was a very fine old man,

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of the middle height, holding himself very upright, with a majestic countenance, and a long white beard. He was at this time more than eighty years old, but looking as healthy and vigorous as a man need wish to be at that age, without gout, or stone, or indigestion, or any bodily infirmity whatever. He is of a gentle disposition, troubling himself very little about politics, but a great deal about building, in which particular he will leave, at Rome and elsewhere, memorials greatly redounding to his honour. He is charitable even to an excess.[1] Among other proofs of this, there is no girl of the lower orders who is going to be married whom he will not assist with money to furnish with, if her circumstances require it; and his liberality in this respect is so much a matter of course, that girls reckon it as ready money. Besides this, he has built colleges for the Greeks, the English, the Scotch, the French, the Germans, and the Poles, each of which he has endowed with upwards of ten thousand crowns a year in perpetuity, besides the enormous expense he was at in building them. His object, in founding these, was to recall to the bosom of the church the children of those nations who, corrupted by evil opinions, have wandered from the true faith; and here these children are lodged, fed, clothed, educated, and provided with everything they need, without having to advance one farthing of their own, from first to last. The tiresome charge of public business he transfers to other people, having a great indisposition to give himself any trouble. He is, however, always ready to accord his ministers and others an audience; his answers are short and resolved, and they do but lose time, who seek by new argument to make him revise his decision. To what he deems just, he adheres firmly; and even for the sake of his son,[2] though he loves him vehemently, he would not step aside one foot from the strict rule of right. He advances his relations [but never to the detriment of the rights and interests of the

[1] He is said to have expended in charity fully two millions of crowns a year.

[2] Jacopo Buoncompagno, whom the pope had born to him before he entered holy orders.

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church, which he preserves inviolable. He exhibits the most magnificent taste and spirit in the erection of public buildings, and in the improvement, and in many cases renovation, of the streets [1]]; and though his life and conduct have exhibited no very extraordinary features one way or the other, yet, on the whole, their general tendency has been towards virtue. On the last day of December, they two [2] dined with M. the Cardinal de Sens,[3] who observes the Roman usages more than we have noticed any other Frenchman here to do. The blessing and the grace, which are both very long, are said by two chaplains, who make responses to one another, in the same way as in the church service. During dinner, they read a comment, in Italian, upon the gospel for the day. They washed their hands and face here both before and after dinner. Each guest has a napkin placed before him to dry himself with; and before those to whom they are desirous of showing special honour, who are seated either at the side of, or immediately opposite the host, they place large square silver saltcellar stands, in the same way as in France before the higher nobility. Upon this, they place a napkin folded in four, upon which are laid your bread, knife, fork, and spoon. Upon these again is laid another napkin, which you take and make use of, leaving the other napkin where it is; for after you are seated, the attendants place, by the side of the silver salver, a silver or earthenware plate, out of which you eat. Whatever is served up, the carver distributes on plates to those who are seated at the head of the table, no one else there touching the dishes; the dish which is placed immediately before the master of the house is generally reserved for himself. The way in which they gave M. de Montaigne his wine was this, and the same etiquette is observed at our ambassador's house—they brought him a silver salver, on which was a wineglass with wine in it, and a small bottle, about the size of an ink bottle, full of water.

[1] The words within brackets were added by Montaigne himself in the margin of the manuscript.

[2] Messieurs d'Estissac and de Montaigne.

[3] Sens.

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He took the glass in his right hand, and the bottle in his left, and having poured as much water into his wine as he thought proper, replaced the bottle on the salver. While he was drinking, the attendant held the salver under his chin, and then received the glass also on the salver. This ceremony, however, is only observed towards one or two of the guests, those seated close to the master of the house. After grace was said, the guests rose immediately, and the chairs were arranged along one side of the apartment, where the cardinal seated himself, and invited the company to follow his example. Shortly afterwards, two men, well dressed in canonicals, with something or other in their hands, I could not make out what, entered the room, and, advancing to the cardinal, knelt on one knee, and gave him notice that some particular service was performing in one of the churches. He did not say anything to them, but merely raised his cap slightly, as they rose and withdrew. By and by, his eminence took Messieurs with him in his coach to the Hall of the Consistory, where the cardinals were assembled to go together to vespers. The pope soon after arrived in his robes, to accompany them. The cardinals did not kneel when he gave them his benediction, but received it with a very low inclination of the head.

On the 3d of January, 1581, the pope passed in procession before our house. Before him rode about two hundred persons, belonging to the court, churchmen and laymen. At his side rode the Cardinal de Medici, with whom he was going o dine, and who was conversing with him; his eminence was uncovered. The pope, who was dressed in his usual costume of red cap, white robes, and red velvet hood, was mounted on a white palfrey, the harness of which was red velvet, with gold fringe and gold lace-work. He gets on his horse without assistance, though he is in his eighty-first year. Every fifteen yards or so, he stops and gives his benediction to the assembled people. After him, came three cardinals, and then about a hundred men-at-arms, lance on thigh, and

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armed at all points, except the head. There was another palfrey, of the same colour and with the same harness as that he rode, following him, together with a mule, a handsome white charger, a litter, and two grooms, who carried portmanteaus at their saddlebow. The same day M. de Montaigne took some more turpentine, without any other reason for it than that he had a cold, and soon afterwards he passed a good deal of gravel.

On the 11th of January, in the morning, as M. de Montaigne was leaving his house on horseback to go to the banker's, there came by the officers of justice who were taking to the place of execution, Catena, a famous robber and captain of banditti, who had kept all Italy in terror, and of whom they relate some frightful murders, especially of two capuchins, whom, under the promise of sparing their lives, he induced to deny God, and whom he then murdered, without any provocation either of gain or revenge. He waited to see the spectacle. Besides the forms observed in France on these occasions, they carry before the criminal a tall crucifix, covered with black cloth; and on both sides of him walk a number of men with linen robes and masks, who, he was told, were Roman gentlemen, who have formed themselves into a society for the purpose of accompanying criminals to the place of execution and returning with their bodies. Two of these, or two monks, he could not tell which, were in the cart with the criminal, preaching and praying, one of them keeping constantly before his face, and causing him every minute to kiss, a picture representing our Saviour; this is done that the spectators may not see his face. When they got to the gallows, which is formed of a cross-beam resting on two supporters, they kept this picture close before his face, till he was thrown off. He made a commonplace death of it, neither moving nor speaking; he was a dark man, about thirty years old. After he was strangled, they cut his body into four quarters, for they simply inflict death upon criminals reserving any punishment beyond that for the dead bodies,

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and M. de Montaigne remarked here, what he had said elsewhere,[1] that punishments so inflicted have a vast effect upon the populace; for the spectators here, who had not evinced the slightest commiseration while the living man was being strangled, burst out into piteous cries and groans at every blow that was given, when they were cutting up his dead body. As soon as the execution was over, several Jesuits, or whatever they were, mounted upon trestles at different points, and began exhorting the people to take warning by the example they had just witnessed. We remarked in Italy, and especially at Rome, that there were hardly any bells for the service of the church; there are fewer of these at Rome, than in the most insignificant town in France; neither are there any images in the churches, except some that have just been erected. Many of the older churches have none at all.

On the 14th of January, he took another dose of turpentine, without producing any apparent effect. On the same day, I witnessed the execution of two brothers, servants of the governor's secretary, who had killed their master a few days before, within the very palace of Seigneur Jacomo de Buoncompagno, the pope's son. They first tore their flesh with redhot pincers, and then cut off their right hands, in front of the palace; and after they had cut off their hands, they killed a couple of capons, which they ripped open, and applied to the criminals' bleeding stumps. They were then taken to the scaffold, where they were first knocked down with a heavy club-stick, and then had their throats cut; a mode of punishment, I was told, sometimes practised at Rome, though I was also informed that it was a mode of punishment adapted to the particular offence, the men having assassinated their master in the same manner.

As to the size of Rome, M. de Montaigne said that "the space encircled by the walls, two thirds of which are unoccupied, comprehending both ancient and modern Rome, might about equal the extent of Paris, including all the faubourgs

[1] In his Essays.

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from one end to the other; but if you estimate the size by the number and crowding of houses, he thinks that Rome is not a third the size of Paris; though in the number and grandeur of public buildings, and in the beauty of the streets and houses, Rome is far superior."

He found the winter nearly as cold as that of Gascony. There were some severe frosts about Christmas day, and some almost insupportably cold winds. Yet, at the same time, there are frequent storms of thunder, lightning, and hail. The palaces have a great number of suites of apartments, one after another; you have to go through three or four rooms, before you arrive at the principal apartments. In some houses, where M. de Montaigne was invited to state dinners, the sideboards are not in the dining-rooms, but in an anteroom, and they fetch your wine thence as you want it; it is in this room that the services of plate are displayed.

Thursday, 26th of January, we went to see Mount Janiculum, on the other side of the Tiber, and closely examined the various objects of curiosity there. Among other things, he saw a large bit of old wall, which had come to light two days before. From this elevation you can contemplate, at one view, the whole extent of Rome, which you cannot do near so well from any other point. On leaving this place, he went to the Vatican, to see the statues which stand in niches in the Belvidere, and the fine gallery of paintings that the pope is collecting from all parts of Italy, and which is nearly finished. Somewhere or other in this excursion, he lost his purse and its contents; and he imagined that in giving alms, which he had done two or three times, and the weather being wet and disagreeable, in his hurry to replace his purse it had slipped down his breeches, instead of going into his pocket. Every day, he amused himself with going about and studying every part of Rome in detail. When he first arrived, he had hired a Frenchman for a guide, but this fellow having taken himself off one day in consequence of some pique, M. de Montaigne determined to do without any guide at all, be

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yond some maps and books that he bought, and used to read overnight, putting the information he had thus acquired into practical use the next day; and in this way he soon made himself so thoroughly a master of the matter, that he could have guided his guide.

He observed: "that there is nothing to be seen of ancient Rome but the sky under which it had risen and stood, and the outline of its form; that the knowledge he had of it was altogether abstract and contemplative, no image of it remaining to satisfy the senses; that those who said that the ruins of Rome at least remained, said more than they were warranted in saying; for the ruins of so stupendous and awful a fabric would enforce more honour and reverence for its memory; nothing, he said, remained of Rome but its sepulchre. The world, in hatred of its long domination, had first destroyed and broken in pieces the various parts of this wondrous body; and then, finding that, even though prostrate and dead, its disfigured remains still filled them with fear and hate, they buried the ruin itself; that the few indications of what it had been, which still tottered above its grave, fortune had permitted to remain there, as some evidence of the infinite greatness which so many ages, so many intestine and parricidal blows, and the never-ending conspiracy of the world against it, had not been able entirely to extinguish; but that, in all probability, even the disfigured members that did remain, were the least worthy of all those that had existed, the malignant fury of the enemies of that immortal glory having impelled them to destroy, in the first instance, that which was finest and most worthy of preservation in the imperial city; that the buildings in this bastard Rome, which the moderns were raising upon, or appending to, the glorious structures of the antique world, though they sufficed enough to excite the admiration of the present age, yet seemed to him to bear a close resemblance to those nests, which the rooks and the swallows construct upon the roofs and walls of the churches in France, which the Huguenots have demolished.

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Nay, when he considered the space which this tomb occupies, he feared that the real extent, even of that, was not known he doubted whether the greater portion of the grave itself had not been buried; it appeared to him that the enormous pile which, years ago, was formed merely of such miserable diggings-up, as bits of tiles and broken pots, a pile which had attained the height and size of many natural mountains [1] (for he considered it to be as high as the hill of Gurson,[2] and twice as large), was an express ordinance of fate, to let the world thoroughly understand, by this strange and amazing proof of grandeur, how surpassing was the glory and pre-eminence of the city against which they had conspired. He said he could not at all comprehend, when he saw the limited space of some of these seven hills, especially the most famous, such as the Capitoline and the Palatine, how they could have held so great a number of buildings as have been ascribed to them. Merely looking at the remains of the Temple of Peace, the site of the Forum Romanum, the ruins of which look like a mighty mountain, just fallen asunder, he could hardly understand how two such edifices could stand even on the whole space of the Capitoline-hill, yet, besides these, there were on the hill twenty-five or thirty temples, besides a number of private houses. But, in truth, many of the conjectures which one has formed from pictures of the ancient city, are not at all borne out, when you get there, for even the site has undergone infinite changes; some of the valleys are filled up, even the deepest of them, such, for instance, as the *Velabrum*, which, on account of its lying so low, was selected as the main sewer of the city, and formed a watercourse, even this has now become as high as the other natural mountains which surround it, and this has solely been done by the gradual agglomeration of the ruins of old Rome; so, the *Monte Savello* is nothing but the heaped-up ruins of part of the theatre of Marcellus. He fully believed that an ancient Roman, could one be brought back, would not be able to recognise

[1] The *Monte Testaceo*. [2] In Perigord.

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the place. It has more than once happened that, after digging a long way down, the workmen have come to the top of some high column, which still remained standing on its base far beneath. The modern architects never think of looking for any other foundation for their houses than the tops of old buildings, the roofs of which ordinarily form the floors of modern cellars, deeming it in no way necessary to make any examination as to the foundation of the old edifice itself, or the stability of its walls; they securely base their own structure upon the ruined tops of the structure below, just as chance has happened to dispose them during the lapse of ages, and here they raise their modern palaces, as firm and safe as though the foundations were solid rocks. There are many whole streets, that stand above the old ones, full thirty feet."

On the 28th of January, he had an attack of the colic, which, however, did not prevent him from pursuing his usual avocations, and in the afternoon he passed a tolerably large stone, with several smaller ones. On the 30th, he went to see the most ancient religious ceremony in existence, the circumcision of the Jews; a ceremony which he regarded with great interest and attention, and which he was provided with a convenient place to witness. He had previously attended their synagogue one Saturday morning, and seen them at prayers, their practice in which, resembling that of the Calvinist church, is to sing, at the pitch of their voice, various passages from the Bible, in the Hebrew tongue. They observe the cadences, but there is sad discord, owing to the confusion of so many voices of every age; for the children, even the youngest amongst them, take part in the concert, and moreover, the great majority of the congregation have but a very indifferent knowledge of Hebrew. They pay no more attention to their service than we do to ours, talking among themselves of quite different matters, and exhibiting but very slight reverence for their mysteries. They wash their hands on coming in, but never take off their caps while at their devotions, for that they consider would be a crying sin. They

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bow the head, however, and kneel at particular parts of their service. Upon their shoulders, or on the head, they wear a sort of linen shawl, with long fringe;—but it would take up too much time to give an account of all he remarked. After dinner, the principal divines among them take it by turns to read comments, in the Italian language, upon the passages in the Bible set apart for that particular day. After he has finished, some other rabbi present selects one of the party, and sometimes two or three, one after another, to argue with the reader upon the various opinions he has expressed. The person who read the lesson, when we were there, seemed to M. de Montaigne to display very considerable eloquence and power of mind, in the arguments he put forward. As to the operation of circumcising, it is performed in the child's house, in the most convenient and lightest room they have. In the house where he went to see this ceremony, as there was no room in it well adapted for the purpose, the operation was performed in the passage. There is a godfather and a godmother, as among us, and the godfather names the child. Circumcision takes place on the eighth day after the birth. The godfather sits down on a table, and puts a pillow on his knees; the godmother brings him the child, and then leaves the room. The child is swaddled in the same way that ours are; the godfather takes off the wrappers, and meanwhile the person who is to perform the operation, and all the other persons present begin to sing, and continue to sing all the time the operation lasts, which is about a quarter of an hour. The officiating person need not be a rabbi, and the office is one greatly sought after, it being considered great good luck to be often called upon to perform it; so much so that it is a frequent practice to purchase the invitation to officiate, by offering to bestow a dress, or some other present, on the child. They believe that he who has circumcised a certain number I did not hear how many, when he is dead, has this privilege that his mouth is never eaten by worms. Upon the table where the godfather is seated, are displayed the various in

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struments made use of on the occasion; and, besides these, a man standing by the table has a vial of wine, and a glass. On the ground there is a chafingdish, at which the operator, before he commences proceedings, warms his hands. The child being by this time stripped, the godfather places him firmly on his knee, with his head towards himself. The officiating friend then completes the operation, which appears to require some dexterity, and to be rather a painful one; but they never find it to be at all dangerous, and the wound heals in four or five days. The child makes an outcry, but hardly more than our own children do, when they are baptized. There is one part of the operation very curious; as soon as the gland is laid open, they present the officiator with wine, which having taken a small portion of, he sucks the bleeding gland, and spits out the blood; this he repeats three times. They then give him, on a bit of paper, a red powder, which they call dragon's-blood, with which he covers the wound, and then envelops the part operated upon in strips of linen, cut in a particular fashion for the purpose. After this, they give him a glass of wine, over which he pronounces some prayer, which is supposed to confer a blessing on the wine. Then, having first sipped the wine, he dips his finger in it three successive times, and each time moistens the child's mouth with it; the glass is then taken to the mother and her female friends, who are assembled in another part of the house, and they drink the remainder of the wine. Then some one takes a silver instrument, as round as a ball, with a long handle; and this instrument, which is full of little holes, like our vinaigrettes, is put first to the nose of the officiator, then to the child, and then to the godfather; the notion being that the odour it exhales has a power to fortify and raise the mind for devotion. The blood which has adhered to the officiator's mouth is not cleansed away till after the ceremonies are completed.

On the 8th, and on the 12th, he[1] had a slight attack of colic, and passed several stones, without much pain.

[1] Montaigne.

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The carnival at Rome this year was, by the pope's permission, more unrestricted than has been known for several years past, but it did not appear to us any great things. Along the Corso, which is one of the largest streets here, and which takes its name from the circumstance, they have races, sometimes between four or five children, sometimes between Jews, sometimes between old men stripped naked, who run the whole length of the street. The only amusing thing is to see them run past the place where you are. They have races also with horses, which are ridden by little boys, who urge them on with incessant whipping; and there are ass-races, and exhibitions of buffaloes, which are driven along at full speed by men on horseback, armed with long goads. There is a prize assigned for each race, which they call *elpalo;* it consists generally of a piece of velvet or cloth. In one part of the street, where there is more room for the ladies to look on, the gentlemen run at the quintain, mounted upon splendid horses, in the management of which they exhibit much grace; for there is nothing in which the nobility here more excel than in equestrian exercises. The scaffolding which M. de Montaigne had set up for himself and his friends cost them three crowns; but then it was situated in one of the best parts of the street. On this occasion, you have an excellent opportunity for seeing the pretty women of Rome at your leisure; for in Italy they wear no masks, as they do in France, but show the whole face. As to any rare or perfect beauty, he observed, you do not find it here any more than among us; and, indeed, except in three or four instances, he had seen nothing remarkable in this way; but the general run of women here are agreeable-looking, and you do not see so many ugly faces as in France. The head, and the figure below the girdle, are far more becomingly arranged than among us; but their custom of having the waist exceedingly loose gives them all the appearance of being with child the expression of the countenance among them, for the most part, is softer and gentler, yet at the same time more majestic

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than is the case with the ordinary run of French women. As to their dress, there is no comparison between them and our women; every article of it is resplendent with pearls and precious stones. Wherever they show themselves in public, whether taking the air, or at festivals, or at the theatre, they keep apart from the men; but in their dances they mingle unrestrictedly. The men are very plainly dressed on all occasions, in black and Florence serge; they are somewhat darker complexioned than we. The nobles among them, dukes, marquisses, counts, seldom make use of their titles, which I was rather surprised at, seeing that ordinarily there was little else by which to distinguish them, for they are somewhat mean-looking. They are very kind and courteous, despite what is said of them by some of our countrymen, who call all men rude and ungracious who do not choose to put up with their impertinence. We do all we can to get ourselves into ill odour in Italy; but they have still so much of their old respect and affection for France, as makes them welcome and treat kindly all those of our countrymen who choose to behave with ordinary decency.

On Shrove Tuesday he (Montaigne) went to an entertainment given by the governor, where the preparations were on a very grand scale. Amongst the rest, he particularly admired an arena of an oval form, richly fitted up for tilting; the sports here took place in the evening, before supper. Another thing he was especially struck with was the manner in which they covered the floor, in less than half an hour, with an infinite variety of devices, of a red colour. The floor had previously been covered with a thin white plaster; upon this they laid pieces of parchment, or leather, in which various devices were cut out; and then, passing a brush with red paint over this open work, the devices became instantly transferred to the white floor; and this was done so rapidly that in two hours' time the whole nave of a church could be thus painted. At supper, the ladies were waited upon by their cavaliers, who stand behind their chairs, ready to hand

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them wine, or whatever else they require. There were a great number of roasted fowls served up, with all their feathers on, as when alive; capons cooked entire, in glass cases a vast quantity of hares and rabbits, with some live kids stuck up to the necks in paste. He noticed that the table-linen was admirably folded. The ladies' table, when dinner was over was taken away in pieces, and underneath it appeared another ready laid and covered with sweetmeats and confections. There were two parties of gentlemen running at the quintain. They have plenty of horses here, and much finer ones than ours.

[*The Secretary's labours, it will be seen, terminated here. The rest of the work was written by Montaigne's own hand.*]

Having sent home the person who has hitherto undertaken this fine piece of work, and seeing that he has got so far with it, I must needs continue it myself, though I by no means relish the trouble.

On the 16th of February, as I was returning from a walk, I saw in a small chapel a priest in his robes, busied in curing a demoniac; the patient seemed a man overwhelmed, and, as it were, half dead with melancholy. They were holding him on his knees before the altar, with some cloth or other round his neck, by which he was secured. The priest first read out of his breviary a vast number of prayers and exorcisms, commanding the devil to quit that afflicted body. Then speaking to the patient, addressing first himself, and then the devil which possessed him, he repeated his commands to the devil to withdraw, and attacked the poor patient with his fists, and spat on his face, by way of assailing the demon. The demoniac every now and then returned some unmeaning answer to the priest's questions; replying, sometimes for himself, to explain what were the symptoms of his malady; and sometimes for the devil, to express how the said devil feared God, and how he dreaded the exorcisms which were being denounced against him. After this had gone on for some time

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the priest, as a last effort, went to the altar, and taking the pix, which held the *Corpus Domini*, in his left hand, and a lighted taper in the other, which he held down so that it might burn away, he said several prayers, and at the end of them pronounced a fierce anathema against the devil, with as loud and authoritative a voice as he could assume. When the first taper was burnt down nearly to his fingers, he took a second, and afterwards a third. Then he replaced the pix, and came back to the patient, whom, after addressing a few words to him simply as a man, he caused to be untied, and directed his friends to take him home. He told us that this was a devil of the worst sort, a terribly obstinate devil, whom it would be a very difficult thing to dislodge. He then gave ten or a dozen gentlemen, who were present, an account of several cases that had been intrusted to him; he mentioned, in particular, that the day before, he had freed a woman from a very big devil, that had been long molesting her, and who, as he was quitting her, discharged through her mouth a quantity of nails and pins, and a lock of his hair. He added, that the woman's friends had come to tell him that she was not quite recovered yet, but that he had explained that this was only because a smaller and less malicious demon had taken possession of her that morning; but that this sort of devil, for he knew all the different sorts, and the particular distinctions between them, was very easy to dislodge. However, I saw no more of his conjurations. The man I spoke of did nothing but grind his teeth and make faces when they presented the *Corpus Domini* to him; every now and then he muttered *si fata volent*,[1] for he was a notary, and knew a little Latin.

On the 1st of March, I went to St. Sixtus's. The priest, who was performing mass, stood behind the great altar, with his face towards the people. There was no one behind him. The pope came here the same day: it was only a few days before that he had removed the nuns, who previously lived

[1] "*If the fates will have it so.*"

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there, and had fitted up their part of the building as a hospital for the poor people, who till then were begging about the city, and a very comfortable place he provided for them. The cardinals had each contributed twenty crowns towards the expenses, and other private persons had made handsome donations for the same purpose. The pope himself endowed the hospital with five hundred crowns a month. There are at Rome a number of private establishments which exhibit the utmost piety and charity. I should say, that the great body of the people here are less religious than in the large towns in France, but as for the forms of religion, they are nowhere more numerous, or better kept up. I am writing this in full liberty of conscience, and I will give two examples of what I have just said. A certain friend of mine was in bed with a wench, and exercising her in her profession, when the bell rung to *Ave Maria;* whereupon the girl leaped up from the bed, and threw herself on her knees to say the prescribed prayer. On another occasion, the same gentleman was with a girl, when all at once the mamma (for most of these girls live with some old woman, whom they call mother or aunt) came thundering at the door, and, on being admitted, rushed up to the girl in a perfect fury, and tore from her neck a ribbon from which hung a small Madonna, which she feared might be contaminated by the impurity of the wearer; and the girl herself manifested extreme contrition at having forgotten to take it from her neck, as it was her custom to do upon these occasions.

The ambassador from the Muscovite came also to this church to-day, dressed in a scarlet mantle, and a cassock of cloth of gold, with a hat like a nightcap, also of cloth of gold, edged with fur, and beneath this, another cap of cloth of silver. This is the second ambassador from Muscovy to the pope. The first was in the time of Paul III. The general notion was that his business with the pope was to get him to interpose in the war which the King of Poland was waging with his master, the ambassador alleging that

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Muscovy had to sustain the first shock from the Turk, and that if the Pole succeeded in weakening him, he should be unable to encounter any other enemy, which would be opening a wide window for the Turk to get through to attack Christendom; and the ambassador, as a further inducement, offered to make some compromise or other as to the differences between the Church of Rome and the Greek Church. He had apartments assigned him in the governor's house, the same as those the ambassador in Paul the Third's time had, and was entertained at the pope's expense. He had stickled a long time at kissing the pope's feet, insisting that he would only kiss his right hand; and he would not give way, till it was shown him that the emperor himself was liable to this ceremony, for the example of kings was not sufficient for him. He knew no other language than his own, and had come unprovided with an interpreter. He had only three or four men in his train, who said they had passed through Poland in disguise, threatened every hour with great dangers. His nation is so ignorant of the affairs of this part of the world, that he brought with him to Venice letters from his master, addressed to the chief governor of the seigneury of Venice. When he was asked what this inscription meant, he told them that the people of his country thought that Venice was a place under the dominion of the pope, and that he placed governors over it, as over Bologna and other cities. God knows how the magnificos relished this specimen of ignorance! He brought presents, both to them and to the pope, of sables and black fox-skins, a fur still more rich and rare than the other.

On the 6th March, I went to see the library of the Vatican, which occupies five or six rooms, going one out of another. There are a great number of books fastened to desks; and others in coffers, which were all opened for me; there are also a quantity of manuscripts, among which I especially noticed a Seneca, and the Opuscula of Plutarch. The other remarkable features were a statue of the good

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Aristides, with a fine bold head, thick beard, high forehead, and a countenance full of gentleness and true majesty; his name is inscribed on the pedestal of the statue, which is a work of great antiquity; a Chinese book, in rude characters, written upon some peculiar material, softer and finer than our paper; and, as the leaves are too thin to bear the ink on both sides, only one side is used; the leaves are all rolled up. They say that this paper is the bark of some tree. I also saw here a bit of the ancient *papyrus*, on which were written some unknown characters. This also is the bark of a tree. I was shown, too, the breviary of St. Gregory, in manuscript; it bears no date, but they maintain that it has descended from him to the present pope, from hand to hand, in regular succession.[1] It is a missal, much the same as ours; and was brought to the last Council of Trent, as an authority for regulating our religious ceremonies. I saw also a book by St. Thomas Aquinas, in which the author has made several corrections with his own hand; he seems to have been a very bad scribe, making use of a small and illegible character, even worse than my own. *Item*, a Bible printed on parchment, one of those that Plantein not long since printed, in four languages,[2] and which King Philip sent to the present pope, as is stated in an inscription on the binding. *Item*, the original of the book that the King of England[3] wrote against Luther, and which he sent, about fifty years ago,[4] to Pope Leo X., subscribed with his own hand, with this fine Latin distich, also in his own handwriting.

Anglorum Rex Henricus, Leo decime, mittit
Hoc opus, et fidei testem et amicitiæ.[5]

I read the prefaces, the one to the pope, the other to the reader; the royal author claims that the defects of his work

[1] Does Montaigne refer to St. Gregory, surnamed the Great, or to Gregory II., who is also revered as a saint?

[2] The Polyglot Bible, the edition called Philip II.'s, printed by Christopher Plan'en, at Antwerp, in 1569, in 8 vols. folio.

[3] Henry VIII.

[4] Pope Leo X. died 1521.

[5] The learned will discover a false quantity in these lines, but crowned heads are not bound to attend to such trifles. Perhaps, for *decime* should be read *maxime*.

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may be excused, by reason of his other occupations, and his own want of capacity; the book is written in good scholastic Latin. I had no difficulty in getting access to the library; indeed, anybody can go there, and make what extracts he pleases; I was shown over the whole place by a gentleman, who invited me to come again as often as I thought fit. Our ambassador, who left Rome about this time, had complained to me that he had not been able to visit the library, without previously making court to the Cardinal Charlet, the librarian, which he did not choose to do; so that he had thus been prevented from looking at the manuscript Seneca, which he had a great desire to see; and 'twas only fortune that led me to make the attempt, which otherwise his representation had almost made me give up the idea of, in despair. All things are thus easy to certain turns of mind, and impracticable to others. Opportunity and importunity have their privileges, and frequently bestow upon individuals what they refuse to kings. Curiosity sometimes stands in its own way, as well as grandeur and power. I saw here, too, a manuscript Virgil, written in a very large hand, and in those long thin characters which we see in the inscriptions of the time of the emperors; for instance, those of the period of Constantine, which have begun to lose the square proportions of the antique Latin writings in the Gothic form. This Virgil confirmed the opinion I have always held, that the first verses[1] they print in the Æneid are supposititious; this copy has not got them. There is also a copy of the Acts of the Apostles in Greek, written in beautiful gold letters, as fresh and bright as though it were a work of yesterday. The letter is considerably raised, lying so solid upon the paper that, if you pass your hand over it, you can feel the relief. I believe we have lost the use of this sort of writing.

On the 13th of March, an old patriarch of Antioch, an

[1] The four which commence thus:—
Ille ego qui quondam fragili modulatus avenâ, &c.

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Arabian, thoroughly versed in five or six of the Eastern languages, but utterly unacquainted with Greek and most of the other European tongues, with whom I had become very intimate, gave me a mixture for my stone, with written directions how to use it. He put it into a little earthen pot, where he told me it would keep ten or twenty years; and he said he had such confidence in its virtue, that he had little doubt it would effect a thorough cure in a very short time. Lest I should lose these directions, I will put them down here: take of the drug, a piece of about the size of two peas, and dissolve it in warm water; this will make a sufficient quantity for five doses, which you are to drink every other night, on going to bed; you must make but a very light supper on these occasions.

Dining one day at Rome with our ambassador, in company with Muret and other learned men, I turned the conversation upon the French translation of Plutarch;[1] and arguing with those who thought less of it than I did, I maintained that, at least, where the translator has missed the real meaning of Plutarch, he has substituted one that looks very much like a real meaning, and is in close congruity with what has gone before and what comes after. In order to show me that, even in this respect, I assigned the translator more than his due, they quoted two passages; the one, the detection of which they attributed to the critical eye of the son of M. Mangot, an advocate of Paris, who had just left Rome, occurs in the *Life of Solon*, about the middle, where he says that Solon "se vantoit qu'il avoit affanchi l'Attique, et avoit osté les bornes qui faisoient les separations des heritages." Now here he is quite mistaken; for the Greek term signifies certain marks that were placed upon lands that were mortgaged or chargeable with a quitrent, in order that persons about to purchase them might be aware of the circumstance. What the translator has substituted as to limits,

[1] By Jaques Amyot. The first edition was published at Paris, by Vascosan, 1567 1574, 13 vols. 8vo.

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is not at all reconcilable with the true meaning, for it would tend to make it appear that the lands were not free, but common. Stephen's Latin version comes much nearer the mark. The second passage occurs at the end of the treatise *on the Nurture of Children;* "D'observer," says the translator, "ces regles, cela se peut plus tost souhaiter que conseiller." Now the Greek text, these gentlemen told me, has it: "Is more to be desired than hoped for." The meaning which the translator has substituted for this clear and obvious sentence, is strangely incorrect and feeble; and, taking for granted that their version of the Greek text was the right one, I readily conceded that their objection was good.

The churches in Rome are not so handsome as those in the other better sort of towns in Italy; and, in general, it may be said that the churches, both in Italy and Germany, are inferior to those of France. At St. Peter's, at the entrance of the new church, you see a number of flags hanging over your head, on either side, as trophies; an inscription states that these banners were taken by the king from the Huguenots; but it does not specify where or when. Close to the Gregorian chapel, where there are a vast number of pictures fixed against the wall, there is a miserable, ill-painted representation of the battle of Moncontour.[1] In the room facing the chapel of St. Sixtus, fixed against, or painted on, the wall, are a number of other pictures, representing events with which the Holy See has from time to time been closely connected,—such, amongst others, as the naval battle fought by John of Austria.[2] There is also a picture of the pope,[3] treading under his feet the head of the emperor,[4] who came to solicit his pardon, and to kiss his holiness's feet; but it does not give the words which history reports to have been

[1] A town of Poictou, near which the Huguenot army, commanded by the Admiral de Coligny, was defeated by the army of Charles IX., 3d Oct., 1569.

[2] That of Lepanto, gained over the Turks, anno 1571. The picture mentioned by Montaigne, it is said, does not now exist, but there is one on the subject, painted by Georgio Vasari, in the Great Hall of the Vatican.

[3] Alexander III.

[4] Frederic Barbarossa, who came to Venice in the year 1177, to receive absolution from the pope.

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used on the occasion.[1] There are two pictures of the death of the Admiral de Chatillon, very well and correctly painted.

On the 15th of March, M. de Monluc came to me at daybreak, to fulfil the plan we had formed the day before, of going to see Ostia. We passed the Tiber by the bridge Nos-Signora, and quitted Rome through the Porta del Porto, anciently called *Portuensis*. Thence we rode, for about eight miles, through a tract of hilly and indifferently fertile country; and then, coming once more to the Tiber, we descended into an extensive plain of pasture land, at whose extremity once stood a large town, some fine ruins of which are still to be seen, bordering on the lake of Trajan, an arm of the Tuscan Sea, which vessels formerly ascended; but the sea bestows but a very poor supply of water upon it now, and still less to another lake a little beyond it, called the Arch of Claudius. We might have dined here with the Cardinal of Perugia, who was stopping at the place; and, indeed, nothing can be more courteous and hospitable than the reception which these dignitaries and their household give you. His eminence sent me word by one of my people, who happened to meet one of his officers, that he had just right to complain of me, for not calling upon him; my servant himself was taken to the cardinal's buttery, and presented with wine and other things; yet the cardinal had no sort of acquaintance with me, and only exercised herein the ordinary hospitality observed towards all strangers of the better class; but I was desirous of getting on, lest we should not have time to complete our excursion that day, for we had gone somewhat out of our way to visit these ruins. After a short ride, we entered the Sacred Isle, which is about a Gascon league in extent, and consists of pasture land. Here are a number of marble columns, and other remains of an ancient town of Trajan, which once occupied the site of Porto; something or other is dug up every day by the pope's direction, and sent

[1] These words were: *Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis, et conculcabis leonem et draconem.* Psal. 90, v. 13. The picture is no longer at St. Peter's, but the subject is painted in the Hall of the Vatican.

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to Rome. When we got to the other side of this tract, we found that we had the Tiber to cross; and as we had no means of doing so with our horses, we were on the point of retracing our steps, when, by good luck, who should arrive on the opposite shore but the Sieurs du Bellay, the Baron de Chassai, M. de Marivau, and others. Upon seeing them, I crossed the river, and made an exchange with them of our horses for theirs; so that they returned to Rome with our equipage, and we proceeded on to Ostia, whence they came, with theirs.

Ostia, fifteen miles from Rome, is situated on what was formerly the shore of the Tiber; for the river has somewhat altered its course since the town was built, and is still constantly quitting its ancient banks. We made a hasty breakfast at a small tavern here. Further on, we observed La Rocca, a small and tolerably strong fortress, where, however, no garrison is kept up. The popes, especially the present, have built on this coast large towers, at distances of about a mile from one another, to prevent the descents which the Turks have been in the frequent habit of making, particularly during the vintage, on which occasions they have often carried off considerable plunder, and numbers of prisoners. These towers, by means of cannon shots, communicate the alarm from one to the other with such rapidity, that notice of any apprehended danger is almost immediately carried to Rome. Round Ostia, are the salt marshes, which supply all the States of the Church with this article. The road from Ostia to Rome, *Via Ostiensis*, is crowded with evidences of its former magnificence and beauty; fine causeways, the ruins of a stupendous aqueduct, extending the whole way; at every quarter of a mile the remains of extensive private edifices, and more than two-thirds of the road still paved by those large square slabs, with which the Romans used to pave all their highways. The whole appearance of this route fully justifies the opinion, that formerly, the entire distance from Rome to Ostia exhibited two lines of fine houses and other

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structures. Among other ruins, we saw, about half-way, on our left, the splendid tomb of a Roman prætor, the inscription on which still remains entire. In Rome, you lose many of these inscriptions, and all that remains of a large portion of the city is massive walls; it was their method to make immense thick brick walls, which they faced with marble, or some other white stone, or hard cement; and where this outer crust has fallen off, or been destroyed, as is the case in most instances, by the lapse of ages, the inscriptions which were upon them have of course disappeared also, and we have thus been deprived of the source of a vast extent of information, upon an infinite variety of matters. These inscriptions only remain in cases where the structures they illustrate, were built of some massive and solid substance. The different entrances to Rome are almost all naked and uncultivated, owing to the want of proper ground, or, more probably, as I take it, to the circumstance that the city contains a very small proportion of men who live by the labour of their hands. As I was coming here, I passed on the road a number of countrymen, making their way from the Grisons and Savoy, to obtain some employ in the vineyards and gardens about Rome, and they told me that this was their mode of obtaining their livelihood. The city is nothing but court and nobility; everybody in it participates in the universal tone of ecclesiastical idleness. There is no trading street to be seen, except, perhaps, a small one or two in the suburbs; there is nothing but palaces and palace grounds. They have no Rue de la Harpe or Rue St. Denis here; I was reminded of nothing at Paris but the Rue de Seine, or the Quai des Augustins. There is hardly any difference discernible between a holiday and a work-day; all the week through there is something or other going on, in the way of festival or show, and as great a crowd of spectators on one day as on another; the whole population seems made up of prelates, nobles, and ladies riding about in carriages, and forming processions, and of idle sight-seers looking at them. We got back by bed-time to

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Rome, fifteen miles. On the 16th March, I took it into my head to try one of the Roman vapour-baths, and went to that of St. Mark, which is considered the best; I was treated with tolerable respect and attention, though I went there unattended. There is no objection to your taking a female friend with you into your bath-room; the lady being, like yourself, waited upon by male attendants. At this place I had mentioned to me the material for making the depilatory generally used here; it consists simply of two parts hot lime and one part arsenic, which being applied to the hair you desire to remove, accomplishes the object in less than a quarter of an hour. On the 17th, I had a fit of the colic, which lasted for five or six hours, but in a tolerably mild form; and soon after I passed a stone, about the size of the kernel of a pineapple, and much the same shape. There were roses and artichokes to be had here in plenty at this time; but, for my part, I did not find the weather at all too warm, and wore just the same clothes and covering as when at home. They have less fish than we have in France; and as to their pike, they are of such inferior quality, that none but the poorer people ever touch them. They have soles and trout, but in no great quantity; and barbel, which are excellent, and much larger than those you get at Bordeaux,—but then they are dear. Dorees are held in very great estimation here, as are their mullet, which are a great deal bigger than ours, and somewhat firmer. The oil here is excellent, and leaves none of that disagreeable feeling in the throat, which I experience elsewhere after taking much of it. They have fresh grapes all the year round; at this very moment there are plenty of fine bunches hanging from the vines. The mutton is very bad, and is scarcely thought anything of. On the 18th the Portuguese ambassador did homage to the pope, on behalf of King Philip,[1] for the kingdom of Portugal. It was the same ambassador who attended at this court to represent the late king, and the States in opposition to King Philip. On my

[1] Philip II

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return from St. Peter's, I met a man who mentioned two curious things; that the Portuguese paid their homage in Passion-week; and that on this particular day the pope's visitation was to the church of St. John *Porta Latina*, in which church a party of Portuguese, some years ago, entered into a very extraordinary society. They married one another, man to man, before the altar, with the same ceremonies that we observe at our marriages; received the sacrament together; read the same marriage service, and then went to bed and lived together. The Romans remarked hereupon that, as, in the other conjunction of man and woman, it is marriage alone that makes the connection lawful, so these worthies had taken it into their heads that the other connection might be legitimized in like manner, by preluding it with the ceremonies of the church. Eight or nine Portuguese, belonging to this respectable community, were afterwards burnt. I was present at the homage. A salvo was fired from the castle of St. Angelo, and from the palace,[1] and the ambassador was escorted by the pope's trumpeters, drummers, and archers. I did not go to see the ceremony inside. The Muscovite ambassador, who was seated in an opposite window, dressed in his state robes, said he had been invited to witness a grand assemblage; but that in his country, when they spoke of troops and horses, they always meant twenty-five or thirty thousand; and he made a jest of the whole affair, as I learnt from the gentleman who had been appointed to converse with him, by an interpreter. On Palm-Sunday, at vespers, I saw in one of the churches, a boy, seated on a chair at the side of the altar, clothed in a large robe of new blue taffeta, with a crown of olive round his head, and holding in his hand a lighted white wax taper. It was a lad of about fifteen, who had that day, by the pope's order, been liberated from the prison, to which he had been committed for killing another boy of his own age. At St. John Latran there is to be seen some transparent marble.

[1] The Vatican

[2] Probably alabaster.

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Next day, the pope made the visitation of the seven churches. He wore white boots, with a cross on each foot made of leather, still whiter than the boots themselves. He has generally with him a Spanish horse, a hackney, a mule, and a litter, all harnessed and accoutred in the same manner; but on this occasion the horse was not present. His squire, who awaited him, at the bottom of St. Peter's stairs, had two or three pair of gilt spurs in his hand, but the pope would not have any of them put on, and got, instead, into his litter, in which I observed there were two scarlet hats, nearly of the same pattern, hanging against the sides on nails. The same day, in the evening, they returned me my Essays, marked with the *ex purgata*, suggested by the judgment of the learned monks. The *Maestro del Sacro Palasso* had no means of forming an opinion on the subject, but from the report made him by a French monk, for he did not understand a word of our language himself; he was so well satisfied, however, with the explanations I gave upon every article objected to by the Frenchman, that he left it to my conscience to correct what I should, on consideration, see was in bad taste. I begged him to take the opinion of the person he had appointed to read the book, rather than to leave the matter to me; for I told him that as several of the points which were objected to, such as the use of the word fortune, the quoting heretical poets, the apology for the Emperor Julian, the remark as to people who are at prayers being exempt from vicious inclinations at the time; *item*, the opinion that all punishment beyond the infliction of simple death is cruelty; *item*, as to the education of children; that in these, and several other points, I had expressed my firm opinion, and that neither when I wrote them, nor now, did I regard them as errors; and, as to a number of other points, I denied that the censor had at all understood my meaning. The *Maestro* who is a clever man, entered very much into my views, and gave me to understand that he was by no means an advocate for insisting upon these emendations; and he, moreover, went, in my presence, into

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an able argument, in my behalf, with another person, also an Italian, who supported the views of the censor. They kept back my copy of the History of the Swiss, the French translation, merely because the translator is a heretic; his name, it is true, nowhere appears in the book, but it is amazing how familiarly they seem to know the names and places of pretty well all the men among us who have made themselves in any way noticeable; the best of it was, that no sooner did they see the book, than they told me off-hand, that the preface was condemned. The same day, in the church of St. John Latran, instead of the Penitentiaries, who usually perform this office in the churches, Monseigneur the Cardinal St. Sixtus, who was seated in a corner of the church, touched, with a long wand he held in his right hand, the heads of all the passers-by, men and women, looking at each more or less smilingly and graciously, according to their respective quality and beauty. On Wednesday, in Holy-week, I went the round of the seven churches, before dinner, in company with M. de Foix; it took us about five hours. I don't understand why some people should be so scandalized at hearing the vices of individual prelates commented on, when they are well known to the public; for on this occasion, both at St. John Latran and at the church of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, I saw stories, written in detail on conspicuous places, about Pope Silvester the Second, as discreditable as any that can well be imagined.

The circuit of the city, on the one side of the river, from the Porta del Popolo to the Porta San Paulo, may be made, as I have several times found, in about three hours and a quarter, riding at a quiet pace; and the portion of the city which lies on the other side of the Tiber may be compassed in the same way in somewhat less than an hour and a half. Among other entertainments that Rome provided me withal, in Lent, were the sermons. There were excellent preachers to be heard every day, and one in particular, a converted rabbi, who addresses the Jews every Saturday afternoon, in

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the quarter called the Trinity. There are sixty Jews always present, who have agreed to hear his reasonings. This man was a very noted doctor among them; and from their own arguments, from their own rabbis, and from the text of the Bible, he confutes their tenets; and he is amazingly versed in the deep learning, and the various languages, which are essential to the performance of his task. There was another preacher, who preached before the pope and the cardinals, named Father Toledo, a man of rare knowledge and ability; another, a most eloquent and popular man, who preached before the Jesuits, and exhibited a masterly command of language; both the latter are Jesuits. 'Tis amazing what a position this society has attained throughout Christendom; never, I believe, was there any community amongst us that ever occupied so high a place, or that ever produced such immense effects as these will do, if their plans are not interrupted. They occupy wellnigh all Christendom, and daily send forth from amongst their body, great men in every class of greatness. It is the part of our system which threatens the greatest danger to the heretics of our time. One of the preachers jestingly said that we turned our coaches into observatories; and, in point of fact, the prevalent occupation of the Roman population, high and low, seems to be lounging about in the streets, in coaches, on horseback, or afoot; they are constantly going out, not with any definite intention of calling anywhere, but simply to pass through one street into another, and so on; and there are two or three streets which are in particular favour, as lounging places. As to my own taste, I must confess that the main enjoyment of this way of passing the time is to look at the ladies at the windows on each side of the street, especially the courtesans, who show themselves from behind their blinds with such skilful generalship, that it seems impossible not to be attracted; yet when, as was often the case, I alighted from my horse on the spot, and obtained admission to the ladies whose appearance had so charmed me, I have often been amazed to find how much

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handsomer they had contrived to seem, than they really were. They have an extraordinary faculty of letting you see only their best features, when you are looking at them from any distance; they will manage to show only the upper part of the face, or the lower, just as the one or the other is the most favourable, so that in a whole street, you will not see an ugly woman at a window, whatever you may find them to be when you come nearer. There is no end to the bows and salutations, and gracious glances, which are exchanged between these ladies and the gentlemen, who pass beneath their windows; for one of the privileges which you obtain for the crown or the four crowns you have given for passing the night in one of these houses is that of paying this public court to your fair hostess the next day. Here and there you see ladies of quality at the windows, but they are easily distinguishable from their frail neighbours. The best view you have is on horseback; but this is an equipage only adopted by poor devils like myself, or by young gallants, as a method of displaying the caracolings of their steeds, and the graces of their own persons. With the exception of these latter, the upper classes all ride in coaches; and many of the gayer sort of men, in order to have a good view of the ladies, have little windows in the roofs of their coaches; which was what the preacher referred to, when he talked of their coaches being observatories. On Maundy-Thursday, in the morning, the pope, in full pontificals, placed himself in the first portico of St. Peter's, on the second flight, with the cardinals round him, and holding a torch in his hand. A canon of St. Peter's, who stood on one side, then read, at the pitch of his voice, a bull in the Latin language, excommunicating an infinite variety of people, and among others the Huguenots, by that term, and all the princes who detained any of the estates belonging to the church; at which last article the Cardinals de Medici and Caraffa, who stood close by the pope, laughed heartily The reading of this anathema takes up a full hour and a half for every article that the clerk reads in Latin, the Cardinal

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Gonzaga, who stands on the other side with his hat off, repeats in Italian. When the excommunication is finished, the pope throws the lighted torch down among the people; and, whether in jest or otherwise, the Cardinal Gonzaga threw another; for there were three of them lighted. Hereupon ensues a tremendous struggle among the people below, to get even the smallest piece of this torch; and not a few hard blows with stick and fist are given and returned in the contest. While the curse is read, a large piece of black taffeta hangs over the rails of the portico before the pope; and when the reading is over, they take up this black taffeta, and exhibit one of another colour under it; and the pope then pronounces his public blessing on all the faithful members of the church. This same day, they show the Veronica, the *Vera Effigies*, the representation of a face, worked in sombre colours, and inclosed in a frame like a large mirror; this is shown to the people, with much ceremony, from the top of a pulpit, about five or six paces wide. The priest who holds it has his hands covered with red gloves, and there are two or three other priests assisting him. There is nothing regarded with so much reverence as this; the people prostrate themselves on the earth before it, most of them with tears rolling down their cheeks, and all uttering cries of commiseration. A woman who was present, and who they said was a demoniac, got into a tremendous fury on seeing this effigy, yelling and throwing herself into infinite contortions. The priests take the effigy round the pulpit, and at every step or two, present it to the people who are standing in that particular direction, and on each of these occasions the crowd raises a loud cry. They also show at the same time, and with the same ceremonies, the head of the lance,[1] inclosed in a crystal bottle. This exhibition takes place several times during the day, and the assemblage of people is so vast, that outside the church, as far as the eye can reach down the streets, you can see nothing

[1] The head of the lance with which the soldier, Longis, pierced the side of our Saviour.

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but the heads of men and women, so close together that it seems as though you could walk upon them. 'Tis a true papal court; the splendour and the principal grandeur of the court of Rome consists in these devotional exhibitions. And, indeed, it is a very striking sight to witness, on these occasions, the infinite religious fervour of this people. In Rome, there are more than a hundred religious societies, with one or other of which almost every person of quality is connected. Some of these establishments are appropriated to foreigners. Our own kings belong to the society of the Gonsanon. All these private fraternities perform various religious ceremonies, though for the most part only in Lent. On this particular occasion, they all walk in procession, clothed in linen robes, each company having a different colour, some black, some white, some red, some blue, some green, and so on; they nearly all cover their faces with their cowls. The most impressive sight I ever saw, here or elsewhere, was the incredible number of people, who thronged every square and street, all taking an earnest part in the devotions of the day. They were flocking up towards St, Peter's all day long, and on the approach of night the whole city seemed in flames; for every man took part in the procession of each religious community, as it marched up in its order towards the church, bore a lighted flambeau, almost universally of white wax. I am persuaded that there passed before me not fewer than twelve thousand of these torches, at the very least, for, from eight o'clock in the evening till midnight, the street was constantly full of this moving pageantry, marshalled in such excellent order, with everything so well timed, that though the entire procession, as I have said, was composed of a great number of different societies, coming from different parts, yet not for one moment did I observe any stoppage, or gap, or interruption. Each company was attended by a band of music, and chanted sacred songs as they went along. Between the ranks walked a file of penitents, who every other minute whipped themselves with cords; there were five hundred of these, at least,

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whose backs were torn and bleeding in a frightful manner This part of the exhibition is a mystery I have not yet been able to make out; they are unquestionably most terribly mangled and wounded, yet, from the tranquillity of their countenances, the steadiness of their motion and of their tongue (for I heard several of them speaking), you would have formed no idea they were engaged even in a serious occupation, to say nothing of a very painful one, and yet many of them were lads of but twelve or thirteen years old. As one of them, a mere child, with an exceedingly agreeable and unmoved countenance, was passing just close to where I stood, a young woman near me uttered an exclamation of pity at the wounds he had inflicted on himself, on which he turned round and said, with a laugh: *Basta, disse che fo questo per li sui peccati, non per li miei.*[1] Not only do they exhibit no appearance of pain, or of being reluctant thus to mangle themselves, but, on the contrary, they seem to delight in it; or, at all events, they treat it with such indifference that you hear them chatting together about other matters, laughing, running, jumping, and joining in the shouts of the rest of the crowd, as if nothing ailed them. At certain distances, there are men walking with them, and carrying wine, which they every now and then present to the penitents; some of whom take a mouthful. They also give them sugar-plums. The men who carry the wine, at certain intervals, moisten with it the ends of the penitents' whips, which are of cord, and get so clotted with gore that they require to be wetted before they can be untwisted. Sometimes the wine is applied to the sufferers' wounds. From the shoes and the breeches worn by these penitents, it is easy to perceive that they are persons quite of the lower class, who, at all events the greater number of them, let themselves out for this particular service. I was told, indeed, that the shoulders were protected by some flesh-coloured covering, and that the appearance of the blood

[1] "Pshaw! tell her I'm not doing this for my own sins, but for hers." Montaigne's Italian is never the most correct in the world.

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and wounds was artificial; but I was near enough to see that the cuts and wounds were quite real, and I am sure that the pain must have been very severe; and, besides, where is the merit of these penitential exhibitions, if they are merely a trick and imposition? There are several other remarkable features in this procession, which I cannot stay to describe. After one company has seen *el Viso Santo*, the *Sacra Effigies*, it moves on, and gives place to another company, and so on. The ladies, on this occasion, are at liberty to go about as they please, and the streets all night long are full of them; they are almost all on foot. The church that looks finest on this occasion is that of Santa Rotonda, by reason of its illuminations. It is covered from top to bottom with moving lamps, which keep turning about all night long. On Easter-Eve, I went to see, at St. John Latran, the heads of St. Paul and St. Peter, which are exhibited here on that day. The heads are entire, with the hair, flesh, colour, and beard, as though they still lived; St. Peter has a long, pale face, with a brilliant complexion, approaching the sanguine, with a gray, peaked beard, and a papal mitre on his head; St. Paul is of a dark complexion, with a broader and fuller face, a large head, and thick gray beard. These heads stand in a recess, some way above you. When they are shown, the people are called together by the ringing of a bell, and a curtain is then slowly pulled down, behind which you see the heads, placed side by side. The time allowed for viewing them, is that in which you can repeat an *Ave Maria*, and then the curtain is again raised; shortly after the curtain descends, and once more ascends; and this is repeated thrice; so as to afford every one present an opportunity of seeing. This exhibition takes place four or five times in the course of the day. The recess is about a pike's length above you, and there is a thick iron grating before the heads. Several lighted tapers are placed in front of them, outside the recess, but still you cannot very well distinguish the particular features. At least, I could not, and I saw them two or three times. There was a bright pol

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ish over the faces, which made them look something like our masks.

On the Wednesday after Easter, M. Maldonat,[1] who was then at Rome, asked my opinion as to the manners and character of the people there, more particularly as to religion; and he found that my opinion entirely coincided with his own: namely, that the lower classes are, beyond comparison, more devout in France than here; but that the richer people, especially the courtiers, are somewhat less so. He told me, that whenever he heard it said, as he often did, particularly by Spaniards, of whom there are a great number in his society, that France was sunk in heresy, he always maintained that there were more truly religious men in Paris alone, than in all Spain put together.

The boats here are drawn up the Tiber, by ropes attached to three or four pair of buffaloes, as the case may be. As to the air of Rome, I do not know what other people may think of it, but I found it extremely pleasant and healthy. The Sieur de Vielart said he had lost his tendency to headache here; which would seem to corroborate the popular notion that Rome is bad for the feet and good for the head. There is nothing more injurious to my health than *ennui* and idleness; here I had always some occupation, if not altogether as pleasant as I could have wished, yet very well answering the purpose of relieving me from any access of tedium; such as looking at the antiquities, and walking through the vineyards, which here assume the form of pleasure-grounds, and are places of singular beauty; and here I first learnt how much art can do in transforming rugged, hilly, and uneven spots into delightful gardens, which even borrow an infinity of graces, not known among us, from the very irregularity of the surface. Amongst the handsomest of these pleasure-grounds, are those of Cardinal d'Este, at Monte Cavallo; of Cardinal Farnese, on the Palatine Mount; of the Cardinals Ursino, Sforza, and Medici; that

[1] The celebrated Jesuit, whom Montaigne also met at Epernay

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of Pope Julius; that of Madame;[1] the gardens of Farnese, and of the Cardinal Riario at Transtevere; and that of Cesio, outside the Porta del Popolo. These beautiful spots are open to whomsoever chooses to visit them, and you can do what you like there, and even sleep there with your mistress, when the proprietor is not there, as is mostly the case; there are plenty of ways of passing the time there, either in listening to sermons, which are always going on, or to controversial discussions; or to chat with some *bona roba*, on which occasions I have sometimes been put out by finding that they charge as dear for their conversation (which was what I mostly wanted, for I liked to hear their sharp tongues at work) as they do for the other favour, and are even more chary of it. These various amusements sufficed to keep me in occupation; and neither in-doors nor out, was I ever troubled with melancholy, which is death to me, or with any feeling of annoyance. So you see, this is by no means an unpleasant place to live at; and, moreover, it is to be remembered that while I was at Rome, I only saw it in a general and public sort of way, as any obscure stranger might have done; if I had stayed long enough to see more of Rome, as it is seen and enjoyed by its own population, I cannot tell how much more delighted I might not have been. On the last of March, I had an attack of colic, which lasted all night, but was not very severe; it stirred up my stomach, however, very much, and made my water sharper than usual. I passed some large gravel, and two stones. On Low Sunday, I saw the ceremony of the Virgin's alms. The pope, on this occasion, beside his usual train, has twenty-five horses led before him, richly caparisoned in cloth of gold, and ten or twelve mules decorated with crimson velvet; each of these animals being led by one of the pope's lackeys on foot. His own litter was also covered with crimson velvet. He was immediately preceded by four men on horseback, each bearing, at the end of a truncheon, also covered with red velvet

[1] So called from having belonged to Madame Marguerite, Duchess of Parma.

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and profusely ornamented with gold. a red hat; he himself rode on a mule, as did the cardinals who followed him, all apparelled in their robes of state; the tails of which were fastened with tags to their mule's bridle. The virgins were a hundred and seven in number, and each was accompanied by an elderly female relation. After mass, they left the church, and, forming in procession, filed off. As they left the choir of the church of Minerva, where this ceremony takes place, each kisses the pope's feet, and he, after blessing them, gives to each with his own hand, a purse of white damask, containing an order upon his banker for the amount of her dowry. It is understood, that all the girls who present themselves, are about to be married, and come for their marriage dowry. which is thirty-five crowns a head, besides a white dress, which each has presented to her on the occasion, and which is worth five crowns more. Their faces are covered with white linen veils, which have only an opening for them to see out at.

One of the great advantages of Rome, is that it is one of the least exclusive cities in the world; a place where foreigners at once feel themselves the most at home; in fact, Rome is, by its very nature, the city of strangers. Its sovereign is sovereign also over entire Christendom; his jurisdiction generally subjects to his authority all Christians, wheresoever they are, even in their homes in the most distant countries, as much as in Rome itself; and as to all the princes and grandees of his court, the consideration as to whence they came, is of no sort of weight. The free government of Venice, and the advantages for trade there, crowd it with strangers; but they all have the effect of not being at home there. Here, they have all got charges, offices, and places; at least, all such as are in any way connected with the church; for this is the throne of the ecclesiastical class. You may see quite as many, if not more, foreigners at Venice (as to the number of foreigners in France, or Germany, and other countries, it does not at all come into comparison), but

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resident, domiciled foreigners, are far more numerous here. The common people take no more notice of our fashion of dress, or of the Spanish or German, than they do of their own; and you hardly come across a beggar that does not ask you for charity in your own language.

I set all my wits to work to obtain the title of Roman citizen, if only out of respect for its former dignity, and the once sacred character of its authority. I had some difficulty in the matter, but I succeeded, at least, without having recourse to any grandees' favour, and without even mentioning the subject to any Frenchman. The authority of the pope, however, was called into requisition by the medium of Philippo Mussotti, his major-domo, who had taken a particular fancy to me, and exerted himself very zealously in my behalf. The favour was granted me on the 13th of March, 1581, and I received the official document on the 5th of April, couched in the same complimentary terms that were addressed on the like occasion to the Signor Jacomo Buoncompagnone, Duke of Sero, the pope's son. 'Tis an empty title; but yet I feel infinite delight in having obtained it.

On the 3d of April, I left Rome, very early in the morning, by the Porta S. Lorenzo Tiburtina, and proceeded along a tolerably level road, with cornfields on each side, but, like the other approaches to Rome, with but very few habitations to be seen. I passed the river Teverone, the ancient Anio, first over the bridge of Mammolo, and then over the bridge of Lucan, which still retains its ancient name. On this bridge there are some old inscriptions, the principal of which is quite legible. You pass three old Roman tombs on this road, but there are no other traces of antiquity, and but very little of the old Roman pavement; yet this is the *Via Tiburtina*. I got by dinner-time to

Tivoli, fifteen miles. This is the ancient Tiburtum,[1] a town seated on the very roots of the mountains, just where the first rise takes place, so that the views from it, and the

[1] The Latin name is not *Tiburtum*, but *Tibur*.

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situation itself, are exceedingly rich and picturesque; an uninterrupted prospect over a vast plain, with that fine old Rome full in the distance. Before you the eye reaches as far as the sea; behind you rise the mountains. It is bathed by the Teverone, which river, just at this place, takes a tremendous leap from the high ground down into a basin of rock, five or six hundred paces below,[1] and then flows on into the plain, where, after infinite meanderings, it joins the Tiber, a little above the town. Here are to be seen the famous palace and gardens of the Cardinal of Ferrara; a fine work, but incomplete in many of its parts; nor does the present Cardinal have anything done towards finishing it. I examined every feature with great attention; and I would attempt to give some description of the place here, but there are already accounts of it in books, and representations of it in pictures. The waterworks here, which send forth an infinite number of streams on your touching only one spring, and that at a good distance, I had seen elsewhere during my journey, both at Florence and at Augusta, as I have mentioned. There is a real organ, which plays real music, though always the same tune, and this is effected by the means of water, which, falling in a large body, and with a sudden descent, into a round, arched cave, strikes upon the air in it, and compels it to make its exit through the pipes of the organ, which are thus supplied with wind. Another fall of water turns a broad wheel, furnished with teeth, so fixed in it as to strike in due order the keys of the organ, and thus produce the tune to which the wheel is set; and by the same machinery they imitate the sound of trumpets. In another place, you hear the notes of birds blended in harmony, an artificial effect, produced by the same means, on a smaller scale, as those I have just described; on touching a spring, you give motion to an artificial owl, which on presenting itself on the top of a rock causes a sudden cessation of the previous har-

[1] Montaigne refers to the celebrated cascade of Tivoli, whose performance so delighted Wilson the painter, that he rapturously exclaimed, "Well done, water, by God!"

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mony, the little birds being supposed to have become alarmed at his presence; then, on touching another spring, the owl retires, and the birds recommence, and you can continue this sport as long as you like. In one place you hear a roaring sound, like artillery; in another, you are startled with the sharper discharge of gun-shots; both of these sounds being also produced by water, which falls into hollow places, and ejects the air. All these contrivances, or similar ones, I had seen elsewhere; but there was one thing in particular, that I had never before observed; there are several large water-tanks, or reservoirs, with a margin of stone all round them; on this margin stand a number of high stone pillars, at about four paces one from the other. From the top of these pillars the water dashes out with great force; but, instead of spouting up, the current discharges itself into the reservoir. These various streams cross each other midway in the air, and produce a continuous and heavy rain, which descends violently into the water below, and the rays of the sun falling upon it, produce a rainbow wellnigh as brilliant as that we see in the sky. Under the palace, are constructed a number of hollow places and air-holes, which communicate in the hottest weather a most refreshing coolness throughout the lower part of the mansion; this part of the structure is, however, not quite completed. I saw several excellent statues here; especially a sleeping nymph, a dead nymph, a Minerva, a model of the Adonis at the Bishop of Aquino's; one of the bronze wolf, and another of the Youth extracting a thorn, the originals of which are at the Capitol; another of the figure of Comedy, also at the Capitol; one of the Laocoon, and another of the Antinöus, at the Belvidere; another of the Satyr, at Cardinal Sforza's country-seat; another of the new production, the Moses, the original of which is in the church of St. Pietro *in Vincula;* and another, of the fine female figure, that lies at the feet of Paul III. in the new church of St. Peter. These are the statues that pleased me most at Rome. A very natural comparison arises in the mind between this place and

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Pratolino. In the variety and beauty of its grottos the Florentine grounds infinitely surpass the Ferrarese; in the abundance of water, the latter have the advantage; in the variety of amusing and agreeable waterworks, they are about equal; if the Florentine artist, perhaps, displays somewhat more elegance in the arrangement of his details, the Ferrarese compensates for this by his fine statues and the splendour of his palace. The Ferrarese in charm of situation and beauty of prospect, far surpasses the Florentine; and I should be inclined to say that, in every respect, nature had given him greatly the advantage, were it not that, with the exception of one small fountain, rising in a small garden on an eminence, the water of which is conducted into one of the apartments of the palace, all the water here is river water, derived from the Teverone by means of a canal cut for that purpose. Were this water as clear and drinkable as it is otherwise, the place, in all natural qualifications, would be incomparable, more especially from its grand fountain, which is the most extraordinary construction, and the most beautiful of its kind, that ever I saw, here or elsewhere. At Pratolino, on the contrary, all the water is spring-water, which is brought from a good distance off. As the Teverone approaches Tivoli by a rapid descent from the mountains, several of the inhabitants of the place make use of it in the same way that the cardinal has done, so that his waterworks do not create so much surprise, as they would do, were there no similar pieces of art to be seen about here. I left this place the next day, after dinner, and passed, on the right hand, an immense ruin, which they say extends over six miles, and looks as big as a town; this was the *Prædium*[1] of the Emperor Adrian. Further on, a sulphurous stream crosses the road. Its borders are all whitened with the sulphur, the smell of which is perceptible for half a league round; but they make no use of it medicinally. In this stream they find small substances, formed of the scum of the

[1] The country-house.

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water, which resemble our comfits so much that almost any one would be deceived; and the people of Tivoli form them into all sorts of shapes, and sell them in boxes, of which I bought two at seven sous six deniers each. There are several antiquities at Tivoli, such as two termini of a very early form, and the remains of a temple, several pillars of which are still standing entire; they say this was the temple of their Sibyl. Upon the cornice you can still distinguish five or six large capital letters, which it is evident concluded the inscription, whatever it may have been, for the rest of the wall on the right is entire; the other end of the cornice, however, is broken off, so that other letters may have preceded these; however, all that now remain are: ELLIUS, L. F. I don't know what the meaning is. We returned in the evening to

Rome, fifteen miles. I travelled all the way back in a coach, and, contrary to my ordinary experience, found myself very comfortable in it. They are far more attentive to their health in this city, than in any other place I ever saw or heard of. Each quarter of the city, each street, nay, each portion of each house, is marked by them with some distinctive character as regards health, and everybody, that can at all do so, changes his residence with the seasons. Some gentlemen keep up two or three palaces, at a very great expense, so that they may be able to move about from one to the other, according to the season and their physicians' orders. On the 15th of April, I went to take leave of the *Maestro del Sacro Palazzo* and his colleague, who begged me to pay no attention to the censure of my books, which, they told me, several Frenchmen had since informed them, exhibited very great ignorance and imbecility; they assured me that they held in high honour and esteem my intentions and my ability; and that they had no doubt of my affection towards the church; adding, that they had such confidence in my conscientiousness and candour, that they would leave it entirely to myself to omit or correct, in my book, when I wished to reprint it, what I should, on consideration, think

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:oo free-spoken; and they referred me, among one or two other points, to my treatment of the word fortune. I thought they seemed very well pleased with me. To excuse themselves for having so minutely examined my book, and condemned it in some things, they mentioned several books, written in our own time, by cardinals and other ecclesiastics of good reputation, which had been censured in like manner for some of their details, but which censure was not considered as at all affecting the reputation of the author, or of the book generally. In conclusion, they entreated me to assist the church by my eloquence (these are their *mots de courtoisie*), and to take up my abode in their peaceful city, far removed from the troubles which agitated my own country. Both these were persons high in authority, and eligible for cardinals.

We had artichokes, beans, and peas here in the middle of March. In April, daylight begins at their ten o'clock;[1] and, I believe in the longest days, at their nine o'clock. About this time, I made acquaintance, among others, with a Pole who had been Cardinal Hosius's[2] most intimate friend, and who presented me with two copies, corrected by his own hand, of the pamphlet he has drawn up, giving an account of the cardinal's death. The longer I stayed in this city, the more did I become charmed with it; I never breathed air more temperate, nor better suited to my constitution. On the 18th April, I went to see the interior of Signor John George Cesarin's palace, which contains a great variety of rare antiquities, more especially, the genuine busts of Zeno, Possidonius, Euripides, and Carneades, whose names are inscribed thereon in very ancient Greek characters. He has also a number of portraits of the handsomest living Roman ladies, among others, that of Signora Clælia Fascia Farnese, his wife, who, if not the most lovely, is beyond com-

[1] About half past four, A.M.

[2] A Polish cardinal, who opened the proceedings of the Council of Trent, as legate of Pope Pius IV. Gregory XIII. made him Grand Penitentiary of the Roman Church. He died at Rome, 1579.

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parison, the most amiable women in Rome, or, for anything I know to the contrary, elsewhere. This nobleman claims to be of the race of the Cæsars, and bears of right as such the banner of the Roman nobility. He is a very rich man. His arms have the bear and the column, and above the column an eagle displayed.

One of the great sights of Rome is the gardens and pleasure-houses, but these are seen to most advantage in the height of summer.

Wednesday, 19th of April, I left Rome after dinner, and was accompanied as far as the bridge of Mola, by Messieurs de Noirmontiers, de la Tremouille, du Bellay, and other gentlemen. On passing this bridge, we turned to the right, leaving on the left, the high road to Viterbo, by which we had come to Rome, and on the extreme right, the Tiber and the mountains. We went along an open and irregular road, through a country unfertile and uninhabited. We passed the place called *Prima Porta*, the first gate, at about seven miles from Rome. Some say that the walls of ancient Rome extended as far as this, which, however, does not appear to me at all likely. Along the route, which is the ancient *Via Flaminia*, there are some fine remains of antiquity, very little known. We got by bed-time to

Castel-Novo, sixteen miles, a small fortified town belonging to the Colonna family, completely buried among the hills, in a situation that reminded me very strongly of the fertile passes through our Pyrenean mountains, on the road to Aigues-Caudes. Next day, 20th April, we went on through the same hilly country, which, however, was on both sides of us fertile, thickly populated, and very agreeable in its aspect; and then descending into a small valley, along which ran the Tiber, we came to

Borguet,[1] a small castle and village belonging to the Duke Ottavio Farnese. After dining here, we continued our journey through a very pleasant valley, and passed the

[1] Borghetto.

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Tiber at Corde,[1] where you still see the large stone piers, the remains of the bridge that Augustus built here, to connect the country of the Sabines, that into which we were now entering, with that of the Faliscii, on the other side of the river. A little way on, we came to Otricoli, a small town belonging to the Cardinal of Perugia. Close to this place, seated in a very beautiful spot, there are the ruins of some very large and important structure. The scenery all along this route, is hilly and very picturesque; and the land seems exceedingly fertile, even on the higher slopes of the ascents. You see houses in every corner; and we passed on the way an inscription in Latin, purporting that the pope,[2] had put this road into complete repair, and given it the name of the *Via Buoncompagnone*, after his own patronymic. This custom of setting up inscriptions to give notice to posterity of the share you have had in such works, which prevails very generally throughout Italy and Germany, acts as a very useful incentive; for many a man who does not care a straw for the public, has been induced, by this hope of lasting fame, to execute works which are productive of the greatest advantage to society. As to the road I was traversing, it was now available even for coaches as far as Loretto, whereas before it was almost entirely impracticable. We slept at

Narni, ten miles, *Narnia* in Latin, a small town belonging to the Holy See, built on the summit of a rock, at the foot of which runs the river Negra,[3] *Nar* in Latin. One part of the town looks over a very beautiful plain, where this river is seen making an infinite variety of complicated twistings and turnings. In the public square there is a very fine fountain. I went to look at the church, where I saw some tapestry, in which the writing, both prose and poetry, is in the ancient French language. I could not learn whence this tapestry came;[4] all I collected from my inquiries on the subject was

[1] Orta.
Gregory XIII.
Nera.
[4] It was not improbably brought here by the French, who often passed into Italy in the wars under Charles VIII., Louis XII. and Francis I

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that the people here seem to have an hereditary attachment to our nation. The tapestry in question represents the Passion, and occupies the whole of one side of the nave. Having read in Pliny an account of a particular sort of earth here, which, he says, is softened by heat and dried by rain, I asked the people about it, but they had never heard of anything of the sort. About a mile hence there are some cold springs, which produce the same effect as our hot springs; they are used by a few people, but have attained very little note. The inn we were at was a very good one for Italy. We had no candles, the whole house being lighted with oil. On the 21st, very early in the morning, we descended into an exceedingly pretty valley, watered by the river Negra, which we passed over by a bridge, at the gates of Terni. In the public square of this town, we saw a very ancient column still standing. I could perceive no inscription on it, but at its side is the statue of a lion, beneath which, in old characters, there is a dedication to Neptune, with a roughly carved representation of the god himself and all his train. In the same place there is a pedestal, which has been set in a prominent spot, on which I read an inscription purporting that "to A. Pompeius, A. F., the inhabitants of this town (here called Interamnia, a name derived from the river Negra, that washes it on one side, and another stream which runs by it on the other) have erected a statue, in commemoration of the services he has rendered them." There is no longer any statue, but I judged that the inscription was very old, from the use of the diphthong in *periculeis* and similar words. This is a pretty little town, singularly well placed. On the one side, whence we had approached it, there is a very charming and richly cultivated valley, with a large population, who, among other products, pay particular attention to their olive plantations, which present a very beautiful appearance. Every here and there, among the smaller hills, there rises one of tolerable height, which in almost every instance is cultivated, and yields abundance of

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produce of various descriptions, up to the very summit. I was at this time suffering from a severe attack of my malady, which had now lasted twenty-four hours, and was getting to its height; yet, for all my pain, I could not help feeling delighted at the beauty of the place. Shortly after leaving Terni, we found ourselves more decidedly entering upon the Apennines, and then we began thoroughly to appreciate the advantages of the excellent new road that the pope has formed here, at such expense and labour. The people in the neighbourhood of the road all along, did the repairs and improvements by their forced labour; but they do not complain so much of having been obliged to work without being paid for it, as they do at being compelled to give up pieces of fertile and cultivated land, where these were required for forming the new road. On our right we noticed a hill, with a village on its summit. This hill the people here call Colle Scipoli, and they say that its ancient name was Castrum Scipionis. The other mountains, which are much higher than the one I have mentioned, are all barren and rocky. Following our road, which lay between these and the bed of a winter torrent, we reached

Spoleto, eighteen miles, a celebrated and commodious town, seated amidst the mountains. We were here called upon to produce our certificate of health, not on account of the plague, which at this time did not prevail in any part of Italy, but by reason of the fear which the people here are in of one Petrino, a fellow-townsman of theirs, the most noted robber now in Italy, and of whom some tremendous stories are told. All the places about are in constant dread of being surprised by this man and his band. There are inns at short intervals all along the road and over the country; and in some places, where there is no regular house, you will find a hut formed of the branches of trees, where you can be supplied with boiled eggs, bread, cheese, and wine. They have no butter here, using oil instead, for all purposes. On leaving the town, which we did the same day after dinner, we found ourselves in the val-

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ley of Spoleto, as lovely a place as it is possible to conceive, about two Gascon leagues broad. The mountain sides are every here and there dotted with houses. The road along which we were now proceeding is a continuation of that which I have already spoken, and runs as straight as a line. We passed a number of towns lying on either hand, and, among others, had another view of Terni. Servius, in his notes upon Virgil, says that this is the *Olivi favæque musticæ*, of which the poet speaks in Book vii., but others are of a different opinion. However this may be, it is certain that it is a town built upon a high mountain, on the sides of which it extends until it reaches nearly half-way; and the beauty of the scene is completed by the plantations of olive-trees, which occupy all the other parts of the ascent. We got in the evening to

Foligni, twelve miles, a handsome town, standing in a plain; the general appearance strongly reminded me of St. Foi,[1] though the surrounding country here is far richer, and the town itself, beyond all comparison, prettier and more populous. A streamlet called Topino waters the place. This town was anciently named Fulignium, or, according to other authorities, Fulcinia, and was built on the site of Forum Flaminium. The inns on this route are much about the same as those in France, except that the horses can seldom get anything but hay to eat. They have very little fresh fish in these parts. Throughout Italy they serve up the beans and peas undressed, and their almonds in a green state, and very seldom dress artichokes. Their rooms are floored with tiles. They guide their oxen by a rope fastened to an iron ring, which is passed through the muzzle of the nose, in the same manner that buffaloes are kept in. The carrier-mules, which are very numerous here, and very fine, are not shod in front in our fashion, but wear round shoes, bigger than the feet, and quite encompassing them. Every here and there

[1] St. Foi, in Perigord, near Montaigne's residence

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you meet, on the road, monks who give holy water to travellers, and expect alms in return for it; and there is no end to boys, who run along by your side, begging charity, and promising to say for you in return, an infinity of *paternosters*, on the beads which they carry and hold out to you as a proof of their good faith. The wines are very indifferent. The next morning, soon after resuming our journey, we left the beautiful valley I spoke of, and proceeded up the mountains, where, however, we at intervals came upon other valleys, more or less agreeable. For the greater part of the morning, we were never tired of gazing at the lovely scenery which presented itself on either side of us; in every direction you see hills completely covered with fine fruit-trees and cornfields, even in spots so abrupt and precipitous that it seemed a miracle how any horses or oxen could ever get there; between these hills meander charming valleys, watered by an infinity of streams, and with so many villages and single cottages scattered about, that I should have been reminded of the approach to Florence, but for the entire absence of palaces and the better sort of houses, and that, near Florence, the land is mostly uncultivated, whereas here not one single inch of ground is lost. It is true that the season of the year was more favourable to the landscape, which so excited my admiration here. Very frequently, at a great height above us, we would see a handsome village perched on the mountain's edge; and looking down far beneath us, as it were at the Antipodes, the eye fell upon another village, embosomed in a deep valley. One circumstance that greatly aided the effect was that, behind these fertile and smiling hills, the Apennines showed their rugged and inaccessible peaks, whence we could discern those very torrents rush foaming down, which, after having exhausted their original power and fury, modified themselves into the gentle streams which refreshed and adorned the valleys beneath us. Among the distant heights we could every now and then discern rich and fertile plains, many of which appeared to be of considerable extent. I do not conceive

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that any description, either on paper or on canvas, could at all convey to the eye or the mind the surpassing loveliness of the scenery. We got by dinner-time to

La Muccia, twenty miles, a small town seated on the river Chiento. After dinner, we went on along an easy road, running low among the hills; and should have made a longer day's journey, but that, having given our vetturino a box on the ear, which is considered a great outrage in this country, as was shown in the affair of the vetturino who killed the Prince of Tresignano for having struck him, and having lost sight of the man, I conceived somewhat of an apprehension that he might be plotting some mischief against me, and so, contrary to my first plan, which was to go to Tolentino, I stopped to sleep at

Val-Chimara, eight miles, a small village, though the post-town, standing on the river Chiento. Next morning, Sunday, we went on through the same valley to Tolentino, beyond which the ground grew flatter, and there was soon nothing but slight undulations on either side, which gave the country very much the appearance of the Agenois, where it is prettiest, along the Garonne; except that, just as in Switzerland, you do not see here any castles or gentlemen's houses, but only villages or small towns. The road, which followed the river, continued to be a very fine one, and towards the end was paved with brick. We reached by dinner-time

Macerata, eighteen miles, a pretty town, the size of Libourne, seated on an eminence rising in a cone. There are very few fine houses here, but among them I remarked a gentleman's mansion, built of freestone, the walls of which were all cut out into points, diamond fashion; the form of the house altogether was like that of Cardinal d'Este at Ferrara, and is a construction which makes an exceedingly good appearance. At the entrance of the town there is a gate recently erected, on which is inscribed, in golden letters

Porta Buoncompagno." Here terminates the line of road which the pope has reconstructed. This town is the seat of

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the legate for the Marches of Ancona. In this part of the country, they boil all their wines till at least half the quantity evaporates, imagining that they concentrate the strength and flavour of the whole in the portion which remains. It was now very easy to perceive that we were approaching Loretto, from the extent to which all the roads were crowded with people going and coming, numbers of whom, not merely single travellers, but whole companies of rich men, were performing the journey on foot, dressed as pilgrims. Some of these companies were preceded by a man with a banner, and by another man bearing a crucifix; and all the persons composing each company were dressed alike. After dinner, we went on through a commonplace sort of country, but tolerably fertile, exhibiting the ordinary proportions of river, hill, dale, and level ground, the road itself being almost all the way paved with bricks placed edgewise. We passed through the town of Recanati, a long, straggling place, built on an eminence, whose turnings and twistings it follows closely, and arrived in the evening at

Loretto, fifteen miles, a small town inclosed within walls, and fortified against the incursions of the Turks. It stands on a rising ground, overlooking a fine plain, and beyond this, at no great distance, the Adriatic Sea, or Gulf of Venice; which, indeed, is so near that, in clear weather, you can see the Sclavonian mountains on the other side of the gulf. The town altogether is exceedingly well situated. There are very few inhabitants, beyond those who are actually engaged in the services of devotion; or indirectly, as innkeepers (whose houses are far from eligible places of resort), and dealers in wax candles, images, beads, *Agnus Dei*, *Salvators*, and such commodities, for the sale of which there are a number of fine shops, handsomely fitted up; as may well be, for they drive an excellent trade. I myself got rid of fifty good crowns in this way, while I was there. The priests, the churchmen, and the college of Jesuits, all live together in a large modern palace, where also the governor resides, himself a churchman,

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who has the ordering of all things here, subject to the authority of the legate and the pope. The place of devotion is a small brick house, very old and very mean, much longer than it is broad. At the head of this is a projection, the two sides of which are iron doors, the front consisting of a thick iron grating; the whole affair is exceedingly coarse and antiquated, without the slightest appearance of wealth about it. This iron grating reaches across from one door to the other, and through it you can see to the end of the building, where stands the shrine, which occupies about a fifth part of the space, and is the principal object with the pious visitors. Here, against the upper part of the wall, is to be seen the image of our Lady, made, they say, of wood; all the rest of the shrine is so covered with magnificent *ex-votos*, the offerings of princes and their subjects in all parts of Christendom, that there is hardly an inch of wall discernible, hardly a spot that does not glitter with gold and silver and precious stones. It was with the utmost difficulty, and as a very great favour, that I obtained therein a vacant place, large enough to receive a small frame, in which were fixed four silver figures; that of Our Lady, my own, that of my wife, and that of my daughter. At the foot of mine there is engraved in silver: *Michael Montanus, Gallus Vaseo, Eques Regii ordinis*, 1581;[1] at the foot of my wife's: *Francisca Cassaniana uxor;*[2] and at that of my daughter: *Leonora Montana filia unica;*[3] the figure of Our Lady is in the front, and the three others are kneeling side by side before her. Besides the two doors I have mentioned, there is another door into the chapel, and as you go in at this door, you may see my offering on the left hand, fixed against the wall, to which I had it firmly nailed. I at first had a small silver chain and ring attached to the frame, that it might be hung up against the wall upon a nail, but the person who put it up preferred nailing it directly to the wall. In this place is the chimney, which you can see on

[1] Michael de Montaigne, Frenchman and Gascon, knight of the order of the King, 1581.

[2] Frances de la Chassaigne, his wife.

[3] Leonora de Montaigne, their only daughter.

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lifting up some old drapery that hangs before it. Very few persons are permitted to enter this sanctum; indeed over the door, which is covered with metal plates richly worked, with an iron grating before it, there is a notice forbidding all persons to enter without express permission from the governor. Among other richer presents, they carefully preserve, for the singularity of the thing, a large wax candle, which had not long before been forwarded there by a Turk, who had vowed to make this offering to Our Lady, on an occasion when, finding himself in some extreme emergency, he was willing to catch hold of every string that he thought would help him. The remaining portion of this edifice is used as a chapel, into which no daylight enters, except what may get in through the grating of which I spoke, close to which the altar stands. There is no chair, no bench, no painting, no tapestry, no ornament of any sort, in this chapel. You are not permitted to wear any description of weapon in this sacred place; and, once within its threshold, all distinctions of rank are for the time laid aside. We received the sacrament in this chapel, a privilege not acceded to everybody; there is another place devoted to this purpose, for ordinary cases, on account of the vast number of persons who are anxious to communicate here. There is such a crowd of people congregating in this chapel at all hours, that you had need to be early stirring to secure a place there. It was a German Jesuit who officiated when I received the sacrament. The people are strictly prohibited from taking even a scratching of plaster from the walls; if anything of this sort were once permitted, there would not be one stone left on another in three days. Every step in this place is celebrated for miracles, for which I refer to the printed accounts; there are several quite recent cases, exhibited in the mishaps which have occurred to persons who, from a spirit of devotion, have carried away some bit of the building, even though by the pope's consent; and one little bit of brick, that was carried off at the time of the Council of Trent, has been brought back by

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some miraculous agency. The little building which contains the shrine is surrounded and covered over by a square marble structure of the richest and most ornate description; there are very few structures at all comparable to it. This structure again is inclosed in a magnificent church, around which stand a number of beautiful chapels and funereal monuments, and, among others, one erected to the memory of the Cardinal d'Amboise by M. the Cardinal d'Armagnac. The square building which incloses the shrine is, as it were, the choir of the church; there is, however, a choir belonging to the church, but this is in a corner. The whole interior of the church is hung with pictures, portraits, and historical pieces of every description. There are a great many rich ornaments, too, but by no means so many as I should have expected to find, considering the great fame this sacred edifice has for so long a period enjoyed. I am inclined to suspect that many of the older ornaments are melted down and applied to other uses. The annual donations in ready money are estimated at ten thousand crowns. There are more of the externals of religion here than in any place I was ever at. Whatever is lost here, whether money or otherwise, which elsewhere would be appropriated by the finder, the person who picks it up puts it into a public open box, kept for that purpose, and any other person may there go and take possession of it, without asking or being asked any questions, it being understood, as a matter of course, that he is the owner. While I was at the place, there were a number of things, beads, handkerchiefs, and purses, which lay there ready for the first person who chose to take them. Whatever you purchase here and actually leave for the service of the church, the seller will charge no profit upon, in order, as the idea is, to participate in the blessing which may be obtained; you only pay for the materials; in the same way, the people connected with the church, who are zealous and active to a degree, will take nothing of you for confession, the sacrament and other religious services, which they

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are ever ready to perform. The usual way is for you to give to one or other of them, a sum of money to be distributed in your name among the poor, when you have left the place. While I was in the *sacrarium*, there came in a man who offered the first priest he met a silver cup, which, he said, he had made a vow of; and as his vow was to the value of twelve crowns, and the cup had not cost quite so much, he paid over the difference in money to the priest, who audited the calculation of the value of the cup, and the balance remaining, as a matter due of course, and having thereby satisfied the donor that he had scrupulously fulfilled his vow, he led him to the shrine, where, in his name, he offered the cup to Our Lady, adding a short prayer, and threw the money into the common box. Things of this sort are to be seen every day. The gifts proffered are received with the utmost indifference; indeed, it would seem rather a matter of favour for them to be received at all. I stopped all Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, until after mass, when we left. I have a word to say here, in celebration of a place where I myself experienced very great gratification. While I was at Loretto, there was also there Michael Marteau, Seigneur of La Chapelle, a Parisian, a very rich young man, who was accompanied by a large train. From him and from his attendants, I had a very particular and curious account of the cure of his leg, which he ascribed to the virtues of this holy place, and certainly it was impossible for a miracle to be more clearly made out in all its effects, than in the account which these people gave. They said, that all the surgeons of Paris and Italy had entirely failed; the young man had spent more than three thousand crowns in seeking a cure, yet for the last three years, his knee had been getting worse and worse, more swollen, more painful, more inflamed, until at last it threw him altogether into a dreadful fever. At the time of his cure, he had taken no physic, or other external remedy, for several days; he was lying asleep when, all of a sudden, he dreamed that he was cured, and thought he saw great flash

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of light; he awoke up, exclaimed that he was cured, called his people, got up, and walked about the room, a thing he had not done since he was seized with the malady; the swelling from that time began to subside, the withered and wellnigh dead skin to resume its healthy tone, and his cure was rapidly completed, without any sort of mortal aid. He was at this time in perfect health, for his cure took place a month or two before the time of which I write now, and he had since that been at Rome, where he was at the same time with us. From the account which he and his people gave, never was there a clearer case made out. The miracle by which the *Santa-casa*, which they hold to be the house at Nazareth in which Jesus Christ was born, was transported thence, first to Sclavonia, then to a place near Loretto, and lastly to Loretto itself, is written on large marble tablets along the pillars in the church, in the Italian, Sclavonian, French, German, and Spanish languages. In the choir, is suspended the banner of our kings, being the only royal arms that is to be seen there. I was told that, every now and then, large hordes of Sclavonians make a pilgrimage hither, who set up loud cries at sea as soon as they come within sight of the church, and fall to all sorts of protestations and promises to Our Lady, entreating her to return amongst them, and bewailing themselves for having giving her cause to abandon them. I was informed that you can go from Loretto to Naples along the sea-shore in eight easy days' journeys, an excursion I have a great fancy to make. You must go through Pescara to the city of Chieta, where there is a conveyance that sets out every Sunday for Naples. I offered money to several priests, but most of them refused it, and those that did accept it, were only prevailed upon with the utmost difficulty in the world. They keep their corn here in cellars running under the street. It was on the 25th of April that I offered my *ex-voto*. To come from Rome to Loretto, which occupied us four days and a half, cost me six crowns fifty sols each, the persons who let us the horses keeping both them and us.

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This sort of bargain, however, is exceedingly inconvenient, inasmuch as they hurry you on as much as possible to save expense, and, moreover, give you but shabby entertainment on the way. On the 26th, I went to see the port, which is three miles off, and is a handsome one enough; there is a fortress overlooking it, which belongs to the people of Ricanati. Don Luca-Giovanni, the incumbent, and Giovanni Gregorio da Calli, keeper of the sacristy, on my leaving the place, gave me their addresses, that I might write to them, did I require anything done for myself or others; both these gentlemen had shown me much kindness. The former of them has the charge of the little chapel, and would take no fee from me in respect of it; I shall always feel grateful for their politeness and attention. On Wednesday, as I before said, after dinner, I left this place, and, proceeding through a varied and fertile country, got by supper-time to

Ancona, fifteen miles. This is the principal town of the marches, in Latin, *Picænum*. It has a large population, a considerable portion of whom are Greeks, Turks, and Sclavonians, for the place carries on a good trade. The town is well built, and is flanked by two eminences, which run down into the sea. On one of these, by which we entered, there is a large fort, and on the other a church. The town is seated partly on the slopes of these two hills; but the principal portion is in the valley between them, and along the seaside. There is a good port here, where may still be seen a fine arch, erected in honour of the Emperor Trajan, his wife, and his sister. I was told that the passage over to Sclavonia is often performed in eight, ten, and twelve hours. I have no doubt I could have got a vessel here, which would have carried me to Venice for six crowns or a little more. I gave thirty-three demi-pistoles for the hire of eight horses to Lucca, about eight days' journey, the vetturino to keep the horses, and if I was four or five days on the journey, beyond the eight specified, I was to have the horses for the same money, on paying for their keep and the attendance on them.

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The country abounds with excellent setters, which may be had for about six crowns each. There is an amazing number of quails caught here, but they are very poor. I remained till after dinner, on the 27th, to have a thorough examination of the beauties of the place. At St. Creaco,[1] the church which I mentioned as standing on the hill, there are more relics of note than in any church we ever saw. We learnt that the quails come over here in large flocks from Sclavonia, and that every night they are caught in nets on the sea-shore, by men who allure them in their flight by imitating the quail's notes. In September, these birds return to Sclavonia. In the night, I heard the report of a cannon, as far off as from the Abruzzi, in the kingdom of Naples, and beyond that city. Every league along the coast there is a tower; the first of these that discovers a corsair at sea, by firing a gun, gives a signal to the next tower, and so on, and in this way the alarm spreads with such rapidity that in one hour's time, it reaches from the other end of Italy to Venice. Ancona takes its name from the Greek word (Ἀγχων, *elbow*), from the form of the sharp bend of the sea in which it stands. There is a Greek church here. On an old stone, in the principal gate, I saw some characters, which I took to be Sclavonian. The generality of the women here are good-looking, and most of the men have the appearance of honest industrious artisans. The sea here is much calmer than our ocean-tide. After dinner, we proceeded along the shore, which is cultivated almost down to the water's edge, and by bedtime reached

Sinigaglia, twenty miles, a pretty little town, seated in a fair valley, quite at the seaside. There is a very good port here, for the place is also washed by a river, which flows hither from the mountains. They have formed a large dock, surrounded with walls on every side, where vessels can ride in shelter, and the entry to which may be closed. I saw no remains of antiquity here. We put up at a good inn, the only one they have, which stands outside the town. The

[1] The cathedral; the name is a corruption of St. Cyriaco, the patron saint.

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place was anciently called *Senogallia*, from some of our ancestors, who came and founded the place, after they had been beaten by Camillus; it is in the jurisdiction of the Duke of Urbino. In the last few days, I had not been very well. The day I left Rome, as M. d'Ossat was walking with me, I raised my hand to salute another gentleman, and did it so carelessly that I thrust my first finger into the corner of my right eye, and made it bleed; it remained in a state of great inflammation for some time, and when the pain left that eye: *erat tunc dolor ad unguem sinistrem:* "it went to the other." I forgot to mention that at Ancona, in the church of St. Creaco, there is a flat tombstone, in memory of one *Antonia, Rocamoro patre, matre Valetta, Gatla, Aquitana, Paciocco Urbinati, Lusitano nupta,*[1] who was buried there some ten or twelve years since. We left this place at daybreak, and, proceeding along a very agreeable road, crossed the river Metro, *Metaurus*, by a large wooden bridge, and dined at

Fano, fifteen miles, a small town on the seaside, situated in a pleasant and fertile valley, but in itself ill built and pent up. We got very good bread, fish, and wine here; but the inn was a very poor affair. Fano has this advantage over Sinigaglia, Pesaro, and other places on this coast, that it has plenty of fresh water, there being a number of fountains, both public and private, whereas all the other towns have to fetch their fresh water from the mountains. We saw here an ancient arch of considerable dimensions, on which there is an inscription in the name of Augustus, *qui muros dederat.* The place itself was formerly called *Fanum, Fanum Fortunæ.* Almost throughout Italy, they bolt the flour with wheels, by means of which the baker does more in one hour than ours do in four. Almost at all the inns you find a set of poets, who make off-hand rhymes, applicable to their auditors.[2] Everybody here has a guitar, down to the stocking-mender at the corner of the street. There are no good-looking

[1] Antoinette, a Rocamoro on the father's side, a Valetta on the side of her mother, a Frenchwoman and Gascon; married to Paciocco of Urbino, a Portuguese by birth.

[2] *Improvisatori.*

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women here; they are all excessively the reverse; indeed, an honest fellow in the town, whom I questioned as to this point, told me he believed the age of pretty women was passed. You pay on this route twenty sous a day a man, and thirty a horse, everything included; together fifty sous. This town belongs to the Church. We did not go, though only a little further on, to Pesaro, a fine town, well worth a visit, to Remini, or to old Ravenna; at Pesaro, especially, there is to be seen a fine edifice, oddly placed, which the Duke of Urbino, I was told, was erecting; these are all on the road to Venice, but we did not go to them. We left the sea-coast at Fano, and, turning to the left, went on through a large plain, along which runs the Metaurus. On each side are to be seen, in the near distance, some charming hills, and the whole appearance of the country reminded me of the plain of Blaignac, at Castellon.[1] In this plain, on the other side of the river, was fought the battle of (Livius) Salinator and Claudius Nero against Asdrubal, in which the latter was killed. Just at the opening into the mountains, which rise at the end of this plain, is

Fossombruno, fifteen miles, belonging to the Duke of Urbino, a town built on the slope of a hill, with one or two fine streets at the bottom, straight and well built. The inhabitants, however, are not near so rich as those of Fano. In the middle of the square here, is a large marble pedestal, bearing an inscription of the time of Trajan, in honour of some private citizen of the town; and there is another standing against one of the houses, which has no inscription or mark denoting its period. This place was formerly called *Forum Sempronii*, but the inhabitants maintain that their ancient town stood further off in the plain, in a much finer situation; and they say that some of the ruins are still to be seen. There is a stone bridge here over the Metaurus, towards Rome, *per Viam Flaminiam*. As I arrived here early (for the miles are short, and our days' journeys do not exceed a

[1] In Perigord.

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quiet ride of seven or eight hours), I had plenty of time to converse with some honest fellows belonging to the place, who told me all they knew about the town and its environs. We went also to see a garden belonging to the Cardinal Urbino, where there are a number of vines grafted on other vines for the improvement of the stock. I had a long talk with a worthy bootmaker that lives here, named Vincentio Castellani. I left the place next morning, and, after riding three miles, turned off to the left, and, crossing by a bridge the Cardiana, a river which runs into the Metaurus, followed for another three miles a narrow and very disagreeable road through some wild and rugged hills, at the end of which road we came to a passage of full fifty paces long, cut through the thick of a high rock. This must have been an immense undertaking. It was begun by Augustus, who had an inscription placed here to that effect, which time has since effaced; an inscription at the other end, in honour of Vespasian, who completed the work, still remains. In the vicinity, are some stupendous works for raising and conveying water, for which purpose immense rocks have been cut through in all directions. All along this road, which leads to Rome, the *Via Flaminia*, are remains of the old pavement, which, however, for the most part, has sunk into the ground; and the road itself, which formerly was forty feet wide, is now not more than four. I had come out of my way to see this place; so, having satisfied my curiosity, I retraced my steps, and resumed my route, which led me along the base of a range of easy and fertile hills. Towards the end of our stage, the road became more ascending, and when we reached

Urbino, sixteen miles, an indifferent town, we found it stuck at the top of a tolerably high hill, the streets in all directions following the twistings and inns and outs of the ascent, so that you are continually going up and down hill, as you walk through the place. They were very busy with the market, for it was Saturday. We saw the palace, which is greatly famed for its beauty; it gave us, however, rather an

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idea of size than of anything else, and indeed it is an enormous pile of buildings, extending nearly to the bottom of the hill. The view extends over a great distance, but is not any way remarkable. As the people here have not much to say in behalf of the beauty of the place, inside or out,—for the only garden is a strip of ground of some twenty-five paces,—they insist upon a wonderful story that there are as many rooms in the palace as there are days in the year; and, indeed, there are a vast number, as is the case also at Tivoli and other Italian palaces. Looking through one door you may see a vista of twenty more openings, all running in the same direction, one after another, and looking round to the right or left, you may see as many more through another door. Some portions of the building are old; but the major portion of it was erected in 1476, by Frederic Maria de la Rovera, who wellnigh filled a whole cabinet with the documents connected with his various diplomatic charges and warlike expeditions; with representations of which latter many of the walls also are covered. In one place there is an inscription setting forth that this is the finest mansion in the world. The house is of brick, and built throughout archwise, without any flat ceiling, as is the case with most of the houses in Italy. The present prince is Duke Frederic's great-nephew. They are a race of good princes, and are all beloved by their subjects.[1] They have all had, from father to son, a taste for literature, and the palace possesses a fine library; but the key could not be found when I was there. Their tendencies are altogether Spanish. The arms of Spain are everywhere prominent in their heraldic displays, together with the order of England and of the Fleece; the arms of France do not appear at all. They have a portrait of the first duke of Urbino, a young man, who was killed by his subjects for his tyranny; but he did not belong to this family. The present duke married the sister of the Duke of Ferrara, who

[1] We must except from this praise the two popes this family contributed, in the persons of Sixtus IV. and Julius II., his nephew, who were by no means popular

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is ten years older than he; they lived together for some time on very bad terms, and at last separated, merely on account, as I was told, of her jealous temper. Thus, besides her being forty-five years old, it does not seem very likely they will have any children, in which case the duchy will go to the Church,—a prospect which the people are by no means pleased with. I saw here an exact resemblance from the life, of Pico Mirandola: a pale, handsome face, without a beard. and seemingly of about the age of seventeen or eighteen; a long nose, soft eyes, thin face, and light hair, which falls over his shoulders. He is dressed in a strange sort of costume. They have, in many places in Italy, a way of making the stairs straight and flat, so that you can ascend them on horseback, and this is the fashion of the stairs here. The place, they say, is very cold in winter, and accordingly the duke only comes here in the summer months. To provide against the cold, in the corners of two of the chambers, there are smaller rooms divided off, and inclosed on all sides, with only a window which receives light from the larger apartment, and in one of these cabinets is the duke's bed. After dinner, I went five miles out of my road to see a place that the people, from time immemorial, have called the sepulchre of Asdrubal, situated on a high, steep hill, named Monte Deci. There are four or five wretched little houses here, and a chapel; and, besides those, the tomb in question, a building constructed of large bricks, about twenty-five paces round, and twenty-five feet high. All around it, at every three paces, there are seats with rails to kneel on. The building is strengthened with arched buttresses. You have to get into the place by a ladder, for there is no entry from below; and when you are there, you see nothing but the roof and the bare walls. There is no inscription of any sort; the people of the place say there used to be a marble, with some characters on it, but that, within the last few years, it has been carried away. When or how this building obtained its name, I do not know, and I can hardly believe it was ever

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applied to the purpose which that name imports; and yet, after all, it is very certain that Asdrubal was defeated and killed not far from the place. Upon leaving this spot, we went on along a rugged road, which became a mass of mud, after it had rained about an hour; and by and by recrossed the Metaurus on horseback, for the river here is a shallow stream, that will not float a boat; and then getting into a tolerably good road, towards the evening, we reached

Castel-Durante, fifteen miles, a small town, belonging to the Duke of Urbino, seated in a flat country, on the banks of the Metaurus. The people here were firing *feux-de-joie*, and exhibiting other testimonies of rejoicing on the occasion of a son being born to the Princess de Besigna, their duke's sister. The *vetturino* always takes off the saddles of the horses whenever he takes off the bridles, and lets them drink as much as they like, without any reference to the state they are in. The wines here are not at all good. Sunday morning, we went on along a fertile plain, flanked with gentle hills, and passed through a pretty little town, called St. Angelo, belonging to the Duke of Urbino, seated on the banks of the Metaurus, and approached at either entrance by handsome avenues of trees. We found here some midlent frogs, for it was the eve of the 1st of May. Thence we went on along the same plain, and passed through another small town in the same jurisdiction, called Marcatello, and then, by a road which already began to give one a touch of Apennine ascents, we got at dinner-time to

Borgo-a-Pasci, ten miles; a small village, with a miserable inn, at the edge of the mountains. After dinner, we went on foot along a wild, narrow, and stony road, and then up a high hill of two miles ascent; the road was rough and tiresome, but not dangerous or appalling, for the precipices which it overlooked were not so abrupt but that the eye had something to rest upon. We accompanied the Metaurus to its source, which is on this height, so that we had now watched this river from its end to its beginning, having seen it fall

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into the sea at Senigaglia, and witnessed its rise here. On descending the mountain on the other side, there opened before us a wide and handsome plain, along which runs the Tiber, which is here only eight miles or thereabouts from its source, and beyond this plain rose other mountains. The scene altogether reminded me of La Limaigne, in Auvergne, as you descend from Puy de Dome to Clermont. Upon the height where we now were, terminates the jurisdiction of the Duke of Urbino; and we then entered the territories of the Duke of Florence, the pope's states lying on the left. We got by supper-time to

Borgo San Sepolchro, thirteen miles; a small town, belonging to the Duke of Florence, situated in the plain before mentioned, and presenting no feature worth noticing. We left it next morning 1st of May. At a mile from the town we crossed, over a stone bridge, the river Tiber, the water of which here, and for many miles on, is fair and clear; a proof that the dirty, reddish colour, *flavum Tiberim*, which it exhibits at Rome, is occasioned by the mixture of some other river before it reaches that city. We went along this plain for about four miles, and then ascended a hill, at the top of which we found a small town. Several girls, both here and at other places on the road came up to us, and, taking hold of our horses' bridles, sang a sort of song, begging us to make them some present on that day of rejoicing. From this hill we descended into a low and rocky valley, where we had much difficulty in picking our way along a bad road, which followed the course of a mountain torrent; and then we had to mount a steep hill, three miles up, and as many in the descent, which brought us into another large plain, in traversing which we crossed the river Chiasso, over a stone bridge, and afterwards the river Arno, also over a stone bridge, a very large and fine one, on the other side of which we halted at

Ponte Boriano, eighteen miles; a small and miserable inn, as most of those on this route are. It would be very absurd to bring anything like good horses here; for there is not a

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bit of hay to be got. After dinner, we proceeded through the plain, which is all cut up, as well as the road, with horrible holes and pools of water, so that in winter this part must be exceedingly dangerous; they are, however, mending the road a little. Soon after leaving Ponte Boriano, we passed, about two miles on our left, the town of Arrezo, the situation of which is higher than that of the country about it. Passing over the Ambra, on a handsome stone bridge, we reached, in the evening,

Lavenelle, ten miles. The inn is about a mile or so on this side the town, and is celebrated as being the best in Tuscany, and very likely it is so; for certainly it is the best we have met with in Italy. It is held in such high estimation that the nobility and gentry of the country often meet together here, as we do at Le More's at Paris, or Guillot's at Amiens. They serve up your dinner on pewter, which is a very rare article here. The house stands by itself, in a very agreeable situation, and has a spring of fresh water in the grounds belonging to it. We left this house in the morning, and went on, over the plain, by a very excellent straight road, passing on our way through four small towns, Mantenarea, S. Giovanni, Fligine, and Ancisa, and by dinner-time reached

Pian della Fonte, twelve miles; an indifferent inn, situated a little beyond Ancisa. This latter town, which occupies an agreeable site in the Val d' Arno, is spoken of by Petrarch, who, it is said, was born here,[1] or at least, in a house a mile off, of which only a few ruins remain; the place, however, is pointed out. They were sowing an after-crop of melons amongst those already growing, which they expected would be ready in August. This morning I had a heaviness in the head, and a dizziness before my eyes, such as used to trouble me in my old headaches, which I had not felt for ten years past. The valley through which we were passing was once

[1] Petrarch's father and mother had according to Beccatelli, was born at some property at Ancisa; but he himself, Arezzo.

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a marsh, and Livy[1] tells us that Hannibal was obliged to pass it on an elephant, and lost an eye here from the inclemency of the weather. The place is still very low and damp, and subject to inundations from the Arno. I would not take any dinner here, and was sorry for it afterwards, as eating would have induced a vomit, which is my speediest cure; otherwise I carry this heaviness of the head about with me for a day or two, as was the case on this occasion. The road was full of country people, carrying all sorts of provisions to Florence. We entered

Florence, twelve miles, by one of the four stone bridges which traverse the Arno here. The next morning, after hearing mass, we left this place, and, turning a little to the right, went to see Castello, of which I have spoken elsewhere; but as the duke's daughters, who were staying here, were at this moment going through the garden to hear mass, we were requested to stay until they had returned, which I would not do. We met on the road a number of processions, marshalled in this order: first came the banner; then the women, most of whom were good looking, with white sleeves, and excellent straw hats, which they make better here than anywhere else, and all well dressed for country people; after these came the clergyman, and then the men. The day before we saw a procession of monks, who all wore these straw hats. We proceeded through a broad and lovely valley; and, to say the truth, I was wellnigh constrained to admit that neither Orleans nor Paris have their environs adorned with so great a number of houses and villages, and to so great a distance, as is Florence; as to fine houses and palaces, there is no doubt about the matter for a moment. By dinner-time we found ourselves at

Prato, ten miles, a small town, belonging to the Duke of Florence, situated on the river Bisanzc, which we crossed over a stone bridge at the entrance of the town. There is no country where the roads and bridges are so numerous or so

[1] Book xxii. c. 2.

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well kept up; every here and there, on your way, you see a stone pillar, with an inscription, setting forth what roads are to be kept in repair by such and such a state and district, and intimating that such state is held responsible to the community for maintaining such roads in the requisite order. In the town-hall here we observed the arms and name of the Legate du Prat,[1] who, they say, came from this place. Over the entrance to this town-hall, there is the statue, larger than life, of a man, crowned, holding a representation of the world in his hand, and with this inscription at his feet: *Rex Robertus*.[2] They say that this town formerly belonged to us; there are the *fleurs-de-lys* to be seen everywhere, and the arms of the town are *gueules, semé de fleurs-de-lys d'or*. The principal church is a fine one, enriched with an abundance of white and black marble. Leaving this place, we made another *detour* of full four miles, for the purpose of seeing Poggio, a house which is talked a great deal about, belonging to the duke, and situated on the river Umbrona. The form of the building is a model of Pratolino. 'Tis wonderful how, in so comparatively small a space, they have managed to contrive a hundred good-sized rooms. I saw here, among other things, a quantity of bed-curtains, of a very fine stuff, though of no intrinsic value, being but fine wool, worked with four-thread taffeta. We saw the duke's laboratory, and his turning room, and other work-rooms; for he is a great mechanician. Thence by a very straight road, running through an extremely fertile country, with a hedge on each side of the way, formed of vines trained upon trees, a very picturesque object in itself, we got by supper-time to

Pistoia, fourteen miles; a large town situated on the river Umbrona, with wide streets, paved in the same manner as Florence, Prato, Lucca, and other towns, with broad flat

[1] Anthony du Prat, Chancellor of France, and afterwards Archbishop of Sens, Cardinal, and Legate *à Latere* in France.

[2] It is by no means clear who this King Robert can be. Robert the Devout, King of France, son of Hugues Capet, was never in France, as far as we know. Perhaps it was his son Robert, third of the first royal branch of the Dukes of Burgundy.

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stones. I forgot to say that you can see Florence, Prato, and Pistoia, from the dining-rooms at Poggio, as you sit at table; when we were there, the duke was at Pratolino. Pistoia is but thinly populated. There are a great number of fine churches and houses. I inquired here as to the price of the straw hats, and found they were fifteen sous apiece; it seemed to me that in France they would be worth as many francs. It was in the territory of Pistoia, and not far from the town, that Catiline was defeated and killed. At Poggio they have pictures in tapestry, of every description of hunting; and, among others, I saw one representing an ostrich hunt, in which the game is pursued by men on horseback, who pierce it with javelins. The Latins called Pistoia, Pistorium;[1] it belongs to the Duke of Florence. They say that it was the ancient feuds of the houses of Cancellieri and Pansadissi, that, some time back, depopulated the town to that extent, that it now contains but eight thousand souls altogether; whereas Lucca, which is only the same size, has more than twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Messer Tadeo Rospiglioni,[2] who had received a letter from Rome, recommending me to his favour, from Giovanni Franchini, asked me to dinner the day after my arrival, together with all the gentlemen in my company. The decorations of the palace were very splendid, but the dinner was served up after a somewhat strange fashion; there were very few servants in attendance; the wine was placed on the table after dinner, as it is in Germany. We went to see the churches; in the principal church they have a flourish of trumpets when the host is elevated. Among the choristers there were several priests, who played on sackbuts. This poor town fancies that it indemnifies itself for its lost liberty by this vain image of its ancient form: they have nine magistrates, with a gonfalonier, who is elected every two months, but these authorities, who have charge of the town, are maintained by the duke, as they

[1] And also Pistoria.

[2] The name is Rospigliosi. Pope Clement IX. was of this family

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used to be in former times by the inhabitants, and live at the palace, where they are, as it were, prisoners, seldom leaving it unless they go out altogether. The gonfalonier, in processions, takes precedence of the *podesta*, who is named by the duke, but the *podesta* has all the real power; the gonfalonier, however, assumes quite the air of a petty sovereign, and returns no person's salutation. 'Twas a melancholy sight to see them taking this miserable pretence for current coin, though the grand duke all the while makes them contribute a ten times larger subsidy than they used to be called upon for, in the old time. Most of the principal walks in the large Italian gardens, are covered with grass, which is kept regularly mown. The cherries were beginning to ripen at this time, and on the way from Pistoia to Lucca, the country people accosted us, and offered bunches of strawberries for sale. We left Pistoia on Thursday, Ascension-day, after dinner, and proceeded for some time along the same valley I have already spoken of, and then we came to an ascent, which, after some time, brought us to another broad and picturesque plain. Amid the cornfields, there are ranges of trees, along which the vines are trained in rich profusion, giving the fields the appearance of a wide-spread garden. The mountains on this route are covered with trees, principally olive, chestnut, and mulberry, which latter are of great importance for feeding the silk-worms. In this plain you come to

Lucques,[1] twenty miles, a town one-third smaller than Bordeaux, and a free-town, except that its weakness has compelled it to place itself under the protection of the Emperor and the house of Austria. It is well walled, but the fosse is shallow, with but little water in it, and the bottom is covered with broad flat grass. All round the walls, on the platform inside, are two or three rows of trees, which serve for shade in summer, while their cuttings are given out as firewood to the poorer inhabitants. From the outside, these ranges of trees have the appearance of a forest, which con

[1] Lucca.

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veals the houses of the town. They have a garrison here constantly kept up, of three hundred foreign soldiers. The town is thickly populated, and a great portion of its inhabitants are occupied in the silk manufacture; the streets, though narrow, are handsome, and in every direction you see fine large houses. They are constructing a canal through the town, which will be supplied from the river Cerchio; and they are also engaged in the erection of a palace, now a good way advanced, which is to cost thirty thousand crowns. Besides the population of the town, they state that they have 120,000 subjects, but they have no other town under their dominion, and only two or three small castles. All the people here, including the gentry and the military, are more or less engaged in traffic. The Buonvisi are reputed the richest among the citizens. Strangers are only allowed to enter at one gate, where a strong guard is always posted. The town is one of the most pleasantly situated that I ever saw; it is surrounded by a lovely plain of two leagues in extent, and this again is environed by a circle of picturesque hills, which are for the most part cultivated to the summits. The wines are but indifferent. The expense of living is about twenty sous a day; the inns, as elsewhere throughout the country, are poor places. I received many civilities from several individuals, with presents of wine and fruit, and offers of money. I stayed here Friday and Saturday, and left the place on Sunday after dinner, of which, however, I did not partake, as I was fasting. The hills next the town are covered with handsome houses. Our road, for the most part, lay along a valley, between thickly-wooded hills, with the river Cerchio on our right. We passed several villages, and two large towns, Reci, and Borgo, and crossed the Cerchio over a bridge of unusual height, which throws itself over the wide stream by one single arch; we saw several of these bridges in other places. At two o'clock in the afternoon, we reached

Bein[1] della Villa, sixteen miles. The country here is

[1] Bagno, *bath*

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quite mountainous. In front of the Bath, along the river there is a small plain, of about three or four hundred paces in extent, and the Bath stands above this, on the side of a hill, very much in the situation of the spring at Banieres. The Bath stands on a level spot, and consists of between thirty and forty houses, extremely well adapted to the purpose. The rooms are pleasant and private, so that any visitors that so choose may be quite to themselves. Each set of apartments has a water-closet, and a public and private entrance. I looked at nearly all of them, before I agreed upon one, and chose the best there was to be had, particularly with reference to the prospect, which (at least, from the chamber that I selected) embraces the valley below, with the river La Lima, and the mountains around, which are all cultivated and planted to the very tops; the trees principally grown are chestnut and olive. Each gradation of every hill is surrounded, on the outer edge, with a circle of vines, within which you see another circle, or cornfield; and the slope above this is covered with trees, till you come to another girdle of vines. From my chamber, I could hear all night the gentle murmur of the river below. Adjoining the houses, there is a terrace for the visitors to promenade upon, whence they have a good view of the valley and river, two hundred paces down which you see a pretty little village, which affords additional accommodation for invalids, when the Bath itself is full. Most of the houses are newly built, and there is an excellent road to it. In the winter time, a great portion of the residents at the Bath retire to this village, as being a more sheltered and warmer place, and all round the year, keep up shops there, which are principally apothecaries' shops. My landlord is called Captain Paulini, a real captain in the army. He let me a sitting-room, three bed-chambers, a kitchen, and offices for the servants, with eight beds, two of which had curtains; and agreed to supply us with salt, clean napkins every day, a clean cloth every third day, cooking implements, and candlesticks, for

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eleven crowns a fortnight, a few sous more than ten pistolets.[1] Dishes, plates, which are here of earthenware, glasses, knives, and so on, we had to buy. There is plenty of veal and kid-venison to be had here, but scarcely any other description of meat. In every house, they offer to market for you; and I believe you could manage to board very well at twenty sous a day each; and you can always find, in every lodging, a person that can cook everything you require for table. The wine is by no means good; but those who are particular about the matter can easily procure it, either from Pescia or from Lucca. I was the first arrival at the Bath, except two Bolognese gentlemen, who had no great train, so that I had the whole place to choose in, and, as I was told, got my lodgings cheaper than I should, if the company had arrived, who, it appears, come in crowds; but the season does not commence till June, lasting till September; by October none of the invalid visitors are left; but there are pleasure parties, who come either earlier in the year,—there were several leaving it when I arrived, who had been staying a month,—or in October, though the number in the latter month is limited. One of the houses here, called the Palace, belonging to the Buonvisi family, is much handsomer than any of the rest, and is, indeed, a very magnificent mansion. There is a fine fountain in the hall, and a variety of other useful and ornamental features. I had an offer of this house, either the whole of it or a suite of four rooms, whichever I preferred; the four rooms they would have let me furnished, in excellent style, for twenty crowns a fortnight, currency of that country, but I would only give a crown a day, on account of its not being the season, a circumstance which makes a vast difference in the value of these places. My landlord is not obliged to keep to his bargain after May; if I stay beyond that month, we are to come to a fresh agreement. The waters here are both drunk and taken as a bath. The bath-room is a covered place, vaulted and somewhat dark.

[1] About forty-two shillings.

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about half the size of my drawing-room at Montaigne. They have a machine here called a *doccia*[1] by which they direct showers of water against the particular part of the person that is affected, more especially the head, through small jets, which continually discharge themselves upon the part, and warm it, and the water then falls into a wooden trough, something like that used by washer-women, which carries it off. There is another bath-room, also vaulted and dark, appropriated to the female visitors; both of which are supplied from a spring, very pleasantly situated in a nook, where you have to descend several steps when you drink the water.

On Monday morning, the 8th of May, I took, with very great reluctance, a dose of cassia, which my host brought me, though not with the grace of my apothecary at Rome. I sat down to dinner two hours after, but could not get on with it at all; for as soon as I had eaten a little, the physic made me sick, and I threw up all I had taken, and I was sick again afterwards. I had, besides, three or four stools, with very great pain in the stomach, in consequence of the wind caused by the physic, and which tormented me for twenty-four hours, so I made up my mind I would swallow no more of that stuff. I had rather have a fit of the colic than have my stomach thus disturbed, and my whole system deranged, with this confounded cassia. Before I took this stuff, I was very well; so much so that, on the Sunday, after supper, the only meal I had taken that day, I enjoyed very much an excursion we took to see the Bath of Corsena, a good half mile thence, on the other side of the hill, at about the same elevation as the Bagno della Villa. The former Bath is in much greater repute for bathing and the *doccia*, for our bath is not generally recommended, either by the physicians or by custom, for anything but drinking; and they say, too, that the Corsena Bath is much more anciently known. Indeed they date it back to the time of the Romans; but certainly there is no trace of antiquity at either the one Bath or the

[1] Shower-bath.

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other. At Corsena, there are three or four large vaulted bath-rooms, with an aperture in the centre of the roof for the admission of air; but they are all dark and disagreeable. There is another hot spring at about two or three hundred paces from this Bath, a little higher up the mountain, called Saint John;[1] here they have a small bath-room, also covered, but there is no house on the spot, but only a place with room enough for a camp-bedstead, where you can lie down for an hour or two in the daytime. The waters at Corsena are never drunk, but they diversify their external application in every imaginable way; one operation simply refreshes the system, another warms the blood; one way cures one malady, another another, and they relate a thousand miracles on the subject; the short of which is that there is no malady, on the face of the earth, which may not find its remedy here. They have a good inn, with about twenty other houses of a poor class. There is no comparison between this place and Della Villa; in point of convenience, or in the beauty of the prospect, although the river runs by Corsena as well as by Della Villa, and they have a valley spread out before them of a much larger extent than ours; yet Corsena is by far the dearest place. Many people frequent both Baths, drinking at the one, and then taking a course of bathing at the other. Corsena, however, is, upon the whole, most in vogue.

Thursday, 9th of May, 1581, early in the morning, before sunrise, I went to drink the waters at the spring. I took seven glasses, one after the other, altogether about three pounds and a half, for they reckon by weight here. The seven glasses might, perhaps, hold about as much as twelve of ours. The water is of a medium temperature, like that of Aigues-Caudes, or Barbotan, with less taste than any water I ever drank. I could perceive nothing about it but extreme insipidity, and a sweetish savour. That day it had no operation; and though it was five hours before I took any dinner, I did not discharge a single drop of it all that time.

[1] San Giovanni.

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Some of them said I had taken too little; for here it is a frequent thing to drink a flask containing sixteen or seventeen glasses, about eight pounds. My own notion is that, finding my stomach so empty, in consequence of the cassia, the water resolved itself into aliment. This same day, I had a visit from a Bolognese gentleman, a colonel commanding a body of twelve hundred foot, in the service of the state. This gentleman, who himself was residing at a place four miles off, stopped with me two hours, and offered me his best services. On leaving, he ordered my landlord and other people in the place, to show me the utmost attention in their power. It is part of the plan of government, here, to employ foreign officers for the higher grades; the troops are distributed throughout the towns and villages, in numbers proportioned to the size of the respective places; and there is a colonel appointed for each district, which districts vary very much in extent. These colonels receive regular pay; but the inferior officers, who are chosen from among the inhabitants of each place, are only paid in time of war, when they are called upon to take their respective commands. My colonel had sixteen crowns a month, and had nothing to do except keeping himself ready for service. They observe a stricter regimen here than they do at our baths, and pay particular attention to fasting before they drink. I was more comfortably lodged here than I had been at any other bath, not even excepting Banieres. The situation of the place, too, is far more picturesque than any of the others, except that of Banieres. The accommodations for bathing, and the lodging-houses at Baden, are, no doubt, far more elegant and commodious, than is the case here; but the prospects at Della Villa are infinitely prettier than those at Baden. As I before said, the water I drank on Tuesday had no sort of operation; for, though I had a stool immediately after taking it, I attributed this to the medicine of the preceding day, there being no sign of the water in it; so on Wednesday morning, when I again took the waters, I drank seven pound glasses, which was at

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least twice as much as I had taken the day before, and, I believe, much more than I had ever before drunk at once. This dose gave me a great inclination to perspire, which I resisted, having been often told that this was not what I needed. All that day I kept in my room, sometimes walking about, sometimes sitting still. The water was principally voided in the shape of several thin, loose stools, which came from me without the slightest effort. I am convinced that I did wrong to take the cassia, for the operation of the water afterwards, followed the course which the physic had, as it were, opened for and pointed out to it, whereas my object was to ease and benefit the bladder; and I am determined, the first bath I take, simply to prepare for it by dieting myself the day before. I take these waters to be of very mild operation, and therefore very safe and good for persons of a delicate turn. They are much praised for strengthening the liver, and for removing eruptions and blotches on the skin; which I note as a useful memorandum for an amiable lady, a friend of mine, in France. The water of St. John's Bath is much used in the preparation of pomade, it being very oily. There are large quantities of it conveyed in barrels, on the backs of asses and mules, for the use of people in Reggio, Lombardy, and elsewhere. Some of the patients drink it in bed; but, wherever it is taken, the rule is to keep your stomach and feet warm, and to remain quiet for some time after. The people in the neighbourhood have it brought to their houses, perhaps three or four miles off. To show that this water is not very aperient, I need only mention that it is the custom here to take previously a glass of the water of a bath near Pistoia, the taste of which is very sharp, and which is very hot at the spring; this is dispensed by the apothecaries here, for the express purpose of helping the Della Villa waters. The second day, I voided coloured water, and a quantity of gravel; but this I ascribed, in great measure, to the cassia, which produced the same effect the day I took it. I was told a curious thing: a native of the place, named

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Giuseppe, once a soldier, but now a galley-slave at Genoa, several of whose relations I saw here, being sometime since at sea, in time of war, was taken prisoner by the Turks. In order to be set free, he turned Turk, (a thing which has been done by a good many of the people from these mountains, when similarly circumstanced,) was circumcised, and got married. Having entered the enemy's service, and taking part in an expedition to pillage this coast, he landed; and getting too far up the country, was taken prisoner, with several other Turks, by the inhabitants, who had rushed to arms. It at once occurred to him to say that he was a Christian, and that he had come there for the purpose of getting out of the power of the enemy, and he was accordingly set at liberty a few days after; and, returning to his native place, proceeded to his mother's house, which stands just opposite to where I lodge. He entered without ceremony, and saw his mother, who sharply asked him who he was, and what he wanted; for he still had his sailor's dress on, a somewhat unusual garb in that part of the country. He had been absent and deemed lost for ten or twelve years, so that he was not readily recognized; but when he made himself known, and advanced to embrace his mother, she uttered a terrible shriek, and fell breathless and senseless on the floor; nor was it till the next day that the physicians succeeded in restoring her to animation. She recovered, however, but only for a short time, for she died in a few weeks; and every person was of opinion that the shock had materially abridged her life. Our friend Giuseppe was joyfully received by his former companions, and, publicly abjuring the faith he had adopted, received the sacrament from the hands of the Bishop of Lucca, and several other imposing ceremonies were gone through; but it was all deception on his part. His heart was with the Turks; and, in order to return among them, he slipped away from Della Villa and got to Venice, whence he easily managed to find his way back to Barbary, and joined a fresh expedition, which was then on the point of starting. He fell into the

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hands of the Genoese, who, finding him to be a man of unusual strength, and of great experience as a sailor, kept him in their service, taking the precaution to have him constantly well fettered and bound. The seigneury have a large force of militia, consisting of the male inhabitants of the country places, whose names and abodes are all carefully registered, so that they may be called upon when required. The sole business of the colonels, in time of peace, is to exercise these militia-men, and to render them conversant with the various military manœuvres. The men receive no pay, but they are privileged to wear what arms and armour they please; they are exempt from arrest for debt, and in time of war they receive pay. The captains, ensigns, sergeants, and so on, are all selected from the natives of each place; it is only the colonel that must be a foreigner, and stipendiary. Colonel del Borgo, the gentleman who came to visit me, sent, the next day, a man with a present to me of sixteen lemons and sixteen artichokes, from the garden of his house, which lies four miles from the Bath. The mildness of the water here is further shown in the circumstance that it readily turns into aliment; it soon becomes coloured, and does not occasion that constant, uneasy desire to urine, which I have experienced elsewhere, but not here, and others have made the same remark to me. As I said before, I was exceedingly well lodged here, wellnigh as well as at Rome, and yet there was neither chimney nor glass window in my room. This shows that the weather in Italy is much more equable than among us, for we should consider the merely having wooden shutters, without glass windows, as an insupportable disadvantage, yet this is the case here almost universally. Besides this, I slept very well. The bedsteads, indeed, are miserable little trestles, crossed breadthways with wooden laths; but putting a palliasse on this, and a mattress upon the palliasse you can manage exceedingly well, if you have got a curtain. They have three plans for hiding the frame of the bed; first, by valances, the same as the curtain, like what I

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had at Rome; secondly, by having the curtains made so long as to reach to the ground, and completely cover in the whole bed, which is the best plan; thirdly, by a coverlid, which reaches to the ground, and is fastened at each corner with buttons. This coverlid is made of some light material, such as white fustian, and there is another coverlid beneath it for warmth. At all events I have got, from seeing these beds, an idea that will effect some saving of expense and trouble for my own house, and for the poor people about me, for these beds are cheap and comfortable, and the vermin do not get into them. This same day I took a bath after dinner, contrary to the rules of the people here, who say that the one operation impedes the other, and who accordingly go upon the plan of taking the waters internally for so many days, and then externally for so many days, without mixing the operation. The general rule is to drink the waters eight days, and to bathe for thirty, drinking here, and bathing at the other place. The bath is very mild and pleasant; I was in it for half an hour, but scarcely perspired at all; it was about supper-time. As soon as I left the bath, I went to bed, and supped upon sugared lemon salad, without taking anything to drink; the whole of that day I had not drunk a pound of water, and I believe that by the next morning I had barely voided that quantity. I was rather alarmed at finding that the water did not pass more freely, yet my breath seemed tolerably good, and my spirits were light, as at the other baths. It was much the same with me elsewhere, but here they deem it almost a fatal presage, and if you do not void at least two thirds of the water you have taken the very first day, they forthwith advise you to leave off drinking, or, at all events, to take medicine at the same time. My opinion about these waters is that they neither do much harm nor much good; except, indeed, that I doubt whether, if they produce any effect at all, they do not heat the parts more than they clear them; I strongly suspect that I require much warmer and more aperitive waters. Thursday morning, I

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drank five pounds, apprehensive that the dose might again fail me, and that I should not pass the water properly. They occasioned a stool, had but very slight operation in the other respect. This morning, as I was writing to M. d'Ossat,[1] my thoughts reverted to M. de la Boëtie, and the recollection threw me into such a fit of desponding melancholy, that it was some time before I recovered my serenity, and the depression of my mind made me feel quite ill. The bed of the spring, whence the water is taken is red, and covered with rust, which, coupled with its insipidity, gave me an idea that there is a great deal of iron in it, and that it is binding. I did not dine this Thursday till five hours after I had taken my dose, yet all that day I did not void the fifth part of what I had drunk. There's but poor reliance upon these physicians and their remedies! I said just now, that I was sorry I had purged myself so much, for that I conceived that the water, finding me empty, stopped to serve as aliment, instead of passing on. I have just seen a book that has been printed on the subject of these waters, by a Doctor Donati, who practises here, and who advises the patients to make but a light dinner, and to eat the more at supper; and the experience I have had, in drinking these waters, makes me think he is right, and that I, too, was right in regretting I had taken the waters on an empty stomach. The other physician, Doctor Franciotti, is of the contrary opinion, both on this and on several other points. Towards the close of the day, I felt a heaviness in the bladder, which I feared was occasioned by the water collecting there; yet, reckoning all I had voided in the twenty-four hours, I found it came very near what I had drunk, including the little I took with my meals. Friday morning, instead of drinking, I took a bath, and bathed my head also, contrary to the practice of the place. It is the custom here to assist the operation of the waters by some drug, sugar-candy, manna, or even stronger auxiliaries, and they also generally mix with the first glass

[1] Afterwards Cardinal d'Ossat.

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you drink of their water, some *aqua del Testuccio*, which I tasted separately, and found it saltish. I have, however, some suspicion that the apothecaries, instead of sending for this water from Pistoia, fabricate it at home with some infusion or other in river water; for, besides the saltness, there is a taste about it that I did not at all understand, and had never before met with. The water is heated, and some people take as many as two or three glasses to begin with, but I have never noticed any particular effect that it produced. Others put salt into the first few glasses. They have a notion that to perspire, or go to sleep, after taking the water, is a most alarming symptom, but, I sometimes found the water had a great tendency to produce perspiration.

Let me try [1] my hand at the other language, more especially now that I am in that part of the country where, as it appears to me, they speak the purest Tuscan, particularly those of the inhabitants who have not corrupted their tongue with the admixture of the surrounding *patois*. Saturday, very early in the morning, I went to drink the waters at St. Barnaby, one of the springs which this mountain produces, and what an amazing quantity of water, hot and cold, it discharges! The mountain itself is of no great height, and may have a circuit of three miles. The only waters, that are ordinarily drunk from it, are those of one principal spring, and of the other I mentioned, which has only been in vogue a few years. A leper, of the name of Barnaby, having tried all the other baths in vain, came here, and was cured, and hence its name, and what reputation it has. There are no houses here, but only a small covered room,

[1] The remainder of the Journey, as left by Montaigne, was written in Italian, and formed by no means the least difficult portion of the task which the original Editor undertook. The orthography was in the last degree defective, and the work was full of all sorts of almost unintelligible licenses in grammar, Gallicisms, and *patois*. No one but an Italian, and an Italian scholar, could decipher this portion of the Journey, and render it intelligible; and, fortunately for M. de Querlon and for the world of letters, M. Bartoli, antiquarian to the King of Sardinia, and who had just been elected a Foreign Associate of the *Academie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, happened to be in Paris while the French portion of the work was printing, and took upon himself the editing of the Italian portion, a task which he executed with great ability. It is from his edition that the present translation has been made.

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and stone seats round the fountain, which, though formed of iron, and placed there very recently, is already much eaten with rust, which shows the power of the mineral in the water. The water is hotter than that at Della Villa, and, according to the general opinion, heavier and more violent in its operation; it smacks of sulphur, but only slightly. The bed of the spring is tinged with a colour like ashes, as ours is, but not so marked; the distance from Della Villa is about a mile, and it stands much lower down the hill than any other of the hot springs. The distance from the river is about two or three pikes' length. I drank five pounds with some difficulty and distaste, for I did not feel at all well. The day before, I had taken a walk of about three miles, after dinner, in the sun, and perhaps in consequence of this I the better felt the effects of the water. It began to digest about half an hour after I had taken it. On leaving the place and returning home, I made a *detour* of about two miles, and I don't know whether the unusual exercise did me any great good; all the other mornings I had returned immediately to my chamber, to avoid the cold morning air, for the houses are not thirty paces from the spring. On this occasion, the first water I voided was liquid, with a good deal of gravel; then came some that was colourless and immature, and I was sadly plagued with the wind. When I had passed about three pounds, the urine began to assume a reddish hue. Before dinner I had passed more than half what I had taken. In my walks about the mountain, I saw several hot springs, and the country people say that, in winter, you can perceive distant exhalations from other parts of the hill, which shows that there are a vast number of these springs about it. What I tasted of these other waters was hot, insipid, and without smell or smoke, as compared with ours. At Corsena, besides the principal bath, I saw a place lying lower down the hill, where the water is collected from different springs into little channels, where it is much easier got at. They told me that these reservoirs were supplied from eight or ten springs.

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Each of these has a name inscribed upon it, in reference to its supposed effect; one is *the Savoury*, another *the Sweet*, another *the Amorous*, a fourth *the Crowned*, a fifth *the Despairing One*, and so on. Some of these canals are hotter than others.

The mountains in the neighbourhood where, fifty years ago, nothing but chestnut and other forest-trees grew, are now covered with rich cornfields and vineyards. There are visible from this place several mountains, bare, uncultivated, and capped with snow, but these are a long way off. The people eat *pane di legno*,[1] by which name they popularly designate the chestnut, an article which with them is of the very first importance to life, and which they make into a cake, something like our gingerbread. I never saw so many snakes and toads as there are here. The children very often are even afraid, on account of the snakes, to go and pick the strawberries that grow in quantities on the mountain and among the bushes. Many of those who drink the waters take, in every glass, three or four grains of coriander seed, as a remedy against wind. Easter Monday, 14th May, I drank five pounds and more of the water of Barnaby, for my glass holds rather more than a pound. I immediately voided a quantity of gravel, and, within two hours, had passed more than two-thirds of the water I had taken. It kept the stomach free, and passed without any difficulty. The Italian pound contains only eleven ounces.

You live here very cheap. Veal, very good and tender, costs about three French sous a pound. There are plenty of trouts, but they are small. There are several excellent parasol makers here, an article that everybody carries. The whole country is very hilly, and the roads in general very uneven; but, in other respects, they are pleasant enough and all those on the mountain itself have a paved way. After dinner to-day, I gave a dance to the country girls, and danced with them myself, in order not to appear airish. In

[1] Wood-bread.

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some parts of Italy, such as Tuscany and the duchy of Urbino, the women courtesy in the French fashion, by bending the knees. At the spring nearest the village there is a low square marble pillar, which was placed there exactly a hundred and ten years ago, on the 1st May, whereupon is an inscription setting forth the various properties of these waters. I do not give the inscription, as it may be found in several books, wherein mention is made of the baths of Lucca. At all the bathing places there are sand-glasses for the use of the visitors; and I had, besides, two of them on my table, which the host had lent me. In the evening, I took only three slices of toast, buttered and sugared, without anything to drink. On Monday, thinking that by this time the Barnaby water had sufficiently cleared the passage, I resumed the ordinary waters, of which I drank five pounds; but on this occasion it did not make me perspire, as it usually did. The first time I passed water, I voided with it some gravel, which had every appearance of being fragments of stone. This water seemed to me almost cold, in comparison with that of Barnaby, although the latter itself is but of a moderate heat, very far from the heat of the waters of Plombieres and Bagnieres. The two together had a very good effect, and I was excessively delighted that I had paid no attention to the directions of those physicians who say you are to leave off drinking the waters, if they do not succeed the very first day. On Tuesday, 16th May, in compliance with the custom here, a custom which hits my taste very well, I took a bath, instead of drinking, and remained in the water a full hour, placing myself close under the source, for elsewhere the water seemed to me cold. Afterwards, as I experienced a great deal of annoyance from wind, which I considered was owing to the waters, I left off drinking them. I felt so comfortable in the bath, that I could willingly have gone to sleep there. It did not make me perspire, but it opened the pores thoroughly; and when I got out, I had myself well rubbed, and went to bed where I stayed some time.

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Every month, in each parish, they have a review of the soldiery. My friend the colonel, from whom I had continued to receive infinite civilities, at this time reviewed those of the parish in which we now were. There were about two hundred pikemen and harquebussiers, who, being arranged in parties, manœuvred against one another, and, for rustics, seemed to understand their evolutions very tolerably; the colonel's principal business, however, is to keep them in good order, and to teach them military discipline. The people here are divided into two parties, French and Spanish, and this division often produces serious quarrels, which sometimes breaks out publicly. The men and women who are of our party wear bunches of flowers in their caps or hair, over the right ear; while the Spanish party wear similar bunches of flowers over the left ear. The country people here all dress like gentlefolks. There is not a woman among them that does not wear white shoes, fine thread stockings, and a coloured silk apron! They are very fond of dancing, and cut their capers and turn their pirouettes in excellent style. When they speak of *the prince* in this State, they mean the Council of one hundred and twenty. The colonels of the troops cannot marry without the permission of *the prince*, which is not obtained without a great deal of difficulty; for it is not considered good policy to allow these officers to make any very close connections with the people of the country. Neither are they permitted to acquire any property within the territories of the State. No soldier may leave the country without leave of his superiors. There are many of them whom poverty compels to beg upon their mountains, until they have saved enough to buy their military equipment with.

Wednesday, I went to the bath, and remained in it for upwards of an hour; I perspired a little, and dipped my head. The stoves that they use in Germany are exceedingly convenient in winter for drying your clothes, and so on; here the person who has charge of the baths dries the towels and clothes by means of a chafing-dish, filled with coals, and

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placed on bricks over a small fire, which answers the purpose much better and more quickly than our way.

They call all the grown-up girls, until they are married, and all the lads, until they have beards, children.

On Thursday, I took another bath, very much at my ease, and perspired a little. I put my head quite under the spout. I felt that the bath weakened me a little, and caused a heaviness in the bladder; however, I voided gravel, and expectorated a good deal of phlegm, as when I was drinking the waters; and, in other respects, I found that taking these waters externally produced much the same effect as drinking them. I took another bath on Friday. Every day there are large quantities of the waters, both of this bath and of Corsena, sent off to different parts of Italy. It seemed to me that the bathing cleared my complexion. I was still annoyed with wind, though it was not painful; it was probably this that produced in the water I passed a great deal of foam, and small bubbles which did not burst for a considerable time. Sometimes, also, it contained black hairs, though very few, and now I recollect that, on former occasions, I have passed a great many more than I did here. Almost always my water was full of some oily matter. The people about here are not near such meat-eaters as we are. They have nothing but the commonest kind of meat, and hardly set any price upon it. A very fine hare was sold to me, just about this time, for six French sous. They do not sport at all, and nobody brings any game here, for nobody would buy it.

Saturday, as it was very bad weather, the wind, among other discomforts, blowing so hard that even in our chambers we were sensibly reminded of the want of glass windows, I neither bathed nor drank the waters. I observed one extraordinary effect of these waters in the case of my brother,[1] who, though he did not recollect ever having voided gravel, either naturally or from the other waters he had elsewhere drunk with me, passed a large quantity here. Sunday morn-

[1] M. de Matteseulen, who would thus seem to have rejoined Montaigne

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ing, I bathed again, but without dipping my head. After dinner I gave a ball, and distributed a number of public presents or prizes, as is the custom here, and I was glad to pay them this compliment in the spring time. Five or six days before, I had caused notice to be given of the intended fête in all the neighbouring villages; and, the evening before it took place, I sent special invitations, as well to the ball as to the supper that was to follow, to all the gentlemen and ladies who were then staying at the two baths. I sent to Lucca for the prizes; the custom is to give several of these, in order not to appear to favour one particular woman more than the rest; and, to avoid all jealousy and suspicion, there are always eight or ten prizes for the women, and two or three for the men. I had no end of applications made to me by different women, one begging me not to forget herself, another not to pass over her niece, a third, not to omit her daughter, and so on. Some days before, M. Gio. da Vincenzio Sammiati, a particular friend of mine, sent me from Lucca, as I had requested him by letter to do, a leather belt and a black cloth cap, for presents to the men; and for the women, two taffeta aprons, one green, and the other violet colour (for you always have some articles better than others, that you may favour one or two amongst them); two other aprons of taminy, four boxes of pins, four pair of shoes, of which I gave one pair to a pretty girl, out of the ball; a pair of slippers, to which I added a pair of shoes, making one present of the two articles; three gauze headdresses with braids of hair, which made three prizes, and four small pearl necklaces, making nineteen prizes for the women. The whole cost me something more than six crowns. Then I had five fifers, whom I found in provisions for the whole day, and paid them a crown amongst them; and I had a good bargain here, for in most cases you have to pay them more. The prizes are attached to an ornamented hoop, and placed where everybody can see them.

We began dancing on the green, and at this time there

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was no one present but our own people, and I began to fear we should remain by ourselves; but soon after there arrived plenty of company, from the different places in the vicinity, and among them several ladies and gentlemen, whom I entertained in the best way I could, and they seemed very well pleased with their reception. As it was rather hot, we adjourned to the great hall in the Buonvisi palace, which was extremely well adapted for a ballroom. When the evening began to close in, about 22 o'clock,[1] I addressed the most distinguished ladies present, and said that being myself neither able nor willing to decide among the number of charming and beautiful girls that I saw around me, I entreated that they would take upon them the charge of distributing the prizes, according to their knowledge of the respective merits of the parties. We were a long time getting this point arranged, for the ladies to whom I appealed at first declined so delicate a commission, supposing that I made the offer out of mere politeness to them. At length they accepted the charge, on my agreeing to this compromise, that, if they thought fit to admit me to their deliberations, I would give my opinion in any case suggested to me. Accordingly, I made the best use I could of my eyes among the crowd of my fair visitors, selecting those who struck me as being the prettiest and the most graceful; for I pointed out to my coadjutors that the charm of a dance does not merely consist in the movement of the feet, but has a great deal to do with the face and figure and elegance of the fair ones who take part in it. The presents were distributed in the proportions, and among the persons we had agreed upon; the lady who undertook their distribution presented them to the dancers in my name, and I, on my part, transferred all the merit to her. All this part of the affair passed off exceedingly well, and without any interruption, except that one of the girls declined the present we offered her, and begged me to give it, for her sake, to another girl, whom she pointed out, but this I did

[1] Seven o'clock, P. M.

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not think fit to do, inasmuch as I did not at all admire the looks of the latter. The manner of distribution was this: as the name of each girl we had selected was called out, she left her place in the circle, and came and stood before the lady-distributress and myself, who were seated side by side. After giving her a kiss, I handed the prize intended for her to the lady, who then presented it to her, saying, with an amiable smile: "It is this gentleman whom you must thank for this handsome present;" whereupon I would say: "Not at all; whatever obligation you may feel is due to this lady, who, among so many other candidates, has judged you worthy of this slight token of approbation. I only regret that it is not more worthy of your such or such qualities," particularizing in each case the quality which most struck me about the recipient. There was much the same sort of form gone through in giving the men their prizes. The gentlemen and ladies of course had nothing to do with these little presents, but they all took part in the dancing. It is really a most charming, and, for a Frenchman, unusual spectacle, to see these country girls so handsome and so well dressed, quite like ladies, dancing with as much grace and elegance as the best amongst us, only in a different fashion. I invited every one there to take supper, which in Italy is a very slight affair, in comparison with our notion of the thing in France. I got off for a joint or two of veal, and a few pair of fowls. The only persons I had to supper at my own table, were the colonel of the district, M. Francisco Gambarini, a Bolognese, and a French gentleman. I, however, gave a seat at my table to Divizia, a poor peasant, who lives two miles from the Baths, and who, as well as her husband, lives by the labour of her hands. She is very ugly, is thirty-seven years old, has a goitre in her neck, and can neither read nor write. But there having resided in her father's house, an uncle of hers, who, from her tenderest years, used to read aloud in her presence Ariosto and some other poets, her mind became so alive to, so imbued with, the spirit of poetry, that not only

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does she compose verses off-hand with the most surprising facility, but she moreover introduces into her compositions ancient fables, the names of gods, countries, sciences, and illustrious men, as readily as though she had gone through the regular course of studies. She composed a number of these verses before me. They are indeed nothing but verses and rhymes, but they are at the same time conceived in an easy and elegant style. There were more than a hundred women at my ball, though the time was not very favourable, it being just at the period when they are gathering in their grand harvest of all; and when the whole of the labouring population is engaged, every morning and evening, without regard to any fêtes or other amusements, in picking mulberry leaves for their silk-worms; and, almost without exception, all the young women take part in this work, so that I was especially favoured.

Monday morning, I went to the Bath somewhat later than usual, for I was detained by the barber cutting my hair and shaving me. I bathed my head, and had a shower-bath, for a quarter of an hour, right under the great spring.

Among my visitors at the ball, was the deputy-judge, one of the officers whom the government appoints in each district, with cognizance of civil cases, where the amount in question does not exceed a small fixed sum; the appointment is for six months only, and the officer is then transferred to another district, and succeeded by the officer whom he displaces, if their conduct has been such as to merit their continuance in office. There is another officer, who has cognizance of criminal cases. I told this gentleman that it appeared to me the government would do well to institute a certain regulation here, which it would be very easy to introduce, and the outline of which I pointed out to him. It was simply this: that all the water-dealers, who come here in great numbers to purchase the waters, and carry them to all parts of Italy, should be furnished with an attestation of the quantity of water they have purchased, which would prevent their com-

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mitting a fraud, a specimen of which had fallen under my own observation. One of these muleteers had come to my landlord, who is only a private individual, and begged of him to give him a written certificate that he had twenty-four loads of these waters, whereas, in point of fact, he had only four. My landlord, at first, refused to sanction this falsehood; but he at last gave the certificate, upon the muleteer's promising to return in four or six days and fetch the other twenty loads, which he never did. The judge paid great attention to my suggestion, and was very anxious to learn from me the name of the muleteer, or, in default of that, his appearance, and the horses he had, but I did not give him any information of the sort. I told him that I was going to try and establish here a custom observed in all the more noted baths of Europe, where every person of any rank leaves a copy of his armorial bearings in or on the house where he lodged, as a testimony of the obligation he has to the waters; for which intention of mine, the gentleman warmly thanked me, in the name of his government. They were beginning to cut hay at about this time, in several places.

Tuesday, I remained two hours in the bath, and kept my head under a shower-bath for somewhat more than a quarter of an hour.

To-day, there arrived at the baths a Cremonese merchant, settled at Rome; he was afflicted with several extraordinary maladies, yet talked and walked about nevertheless, and even seemed gay and satisfied with life. His principal malady was in the head; which had become so weak that he told us his memory had got so bad that, after he had dined, he had no recollection of what he had had for dinner. If he went out on some business, he had always to come back eight or ten times, to ask what it was he was going about. He could hardly say his pater-noster through. Even when he had managed to say it, he would begin again, and so on, perhaps half a dozen times, never in the slightest degree aware when he had finished that he was beginning again, or, when he was begin

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ning again, that he had finished. He had laboured under deafness, blindness, and wellnigh every possible malady; he was even plagued with such heat in the reins, that he was obliged to wear a leaden girdle there. For several years past, he had been under the discipline of physicians, whose directions he observed with religious exactitude. It was amusing enough to hear the different regimens that had been prescribed him in different parts of Italy, all differing from one another, especially as to these baths, and as to shower-baths. There had been twenty consultations about him, in no one of which had the learned professors come to anything like an understanding; in each case, the present physician had condemned his predecessor, and denounced him as a homicide. This gentleman was subject to one very strange effect from the wind that he was full of; it would burst from him at the ears with such violence as frequently to prevent his sleeping; and, whenever he yawned, it would burst out impetuously at the same place. He said that the best recipe for clearing the stomach was to put into your mouth four large grains of coriander comfits, and having moistened them into one mass with your saliva, to use them as a clyster, the effect of which, he told us, was immediate and apparent. He was the first person I ever saw with one of those peacock feather hats, that some people use instead of parasols, the carrying of which on horseback is certainly very inconvenient. This gentleman's hat was about seven inches high, and very large in diameter; the width of the crown was not less than a foot and a half. The frame of the hat is of taffeta, wadded with silk, to keep out the heat.

As I have on former occasions been sorry that I had not written more at length my observations upon the baths I had visited, inasmuch as that I thereby lost materials for comparing them with the baths I subsequently used, I will this time go into greater detail upon the matter.

Wednesday, I went to the bath, where I experienced great heat in the body, and perspired to a very unusual ex

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tent, which made me feel somewhat weak. My mouth became dry, with a bitter taste in it; and on leaving the bath a faintness came over me, such as I had felt on former occasions from the heat of the water at Plombieres, at Bagnieres, at Pressac, &c. I did not, however, experience this effect at Barbotan, nor had I felt it here until to-day; whether it was that the water was hotter than usual, or that on this occasion, I bathed earlier than on former days, and before I had eased myself. I remained in the bath an hour and a half, and had the water poured on my head for about a quarter of an hour. It was going quite contrary to rule to have the shower-bath in the other bath, for the custom is to take them separately; and it was a further departure from rule to have the shower-bath here at all; for the general custom is to take this sort of bath at the other bath, where they take it at such and such particular springs; some at the first spring, some at the second, some at the third, according to the doctor's direction. So again, in drinking the waters, I used to drink the waters, and then bathe, and then drink again, without attending to any of the rules as to the particular course of days for drinking, and days for bathing, which are carefully observed here; paying no attention to the regular routine of drinking ten days, and bathing twenty-five; some weeks I bathed every day, others every other day; and, finally, I persisted in bathing but once a day, while the other visitors always bathed twice, and would never remain long under the shower-bath, while the general practice is to remain under it always an hour at least in the morning, and another hour in the evening. As to the fashion in use here, of having the top of the head shaved, and wearing there a piece of stuff or wool fastened with a band, my bald head made this unnecessary.

This morning, I received a visit from the deputy and other distinguished gentlemen who were lodging at the baths about here. The deputy told me of a singular accident that had happened to him some years ago, in consequence of

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prick from a beetle, that he received in the fleshy part of the thumb, and which threw him into such a state of weakness, that he was wellnigh at death's door. He was reduced to such an extremity that he was kept to his bed five months, without being able to stir; and remaining in this position for this long time so heated his reins, that at length the gravel was generated, from which, and from the colic, he endured great suffering for more than a year. At about the end of that time, his father, who was governor of Veletri, sent him a particular sort of green stone, which he procured from a monk, who had been in the Indies; and the virtue of which was such, that while he carried it about him he was never troubled with gravel. He had been in this state for two years. As to the local effect of the prick, the thumb, and nearly the whole hand, had since been all but useless; and the arm was so weakened that he was under the necessity of coming every year to the baths at Corsena to strengthen it, as well as the hand, by the use of the shower-bath.

The people here are wretchedly poor; so much so that I have seen them eat green mulberries, which they pick as they are gathering the leaves for their silk-worms.

As the bargain for letting the house I occupied, had been left uncertain in reference to the month of June, I thought it better to come to an understanding on the subject with my landlord; and he, seeing how I was solicited by all his neighbours to lodge with them, especially by the proprietor of the Buonvisi Palace, who offered to let it me for a gold crown a day, made up his mind to allow me to stay where I was as long as I liked, at the rate of twenty-five gold crowns a month, commencing from the 1st of June, up to which time my first bargain remained in force. Envy, hatred, and malice, more or less disguised, reign here, as well as elsewhere, among the inhabitants, though they are almost all related amongst one another; a woman one day repeated to me this proverb: "Whoever wishes his wife to become fruitful, let him send her to these baths, and keep away from

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them himself." What, among other things, more particularly pleased me in the house where I lived, was that I could pass from it to the bath and back again, over a smooth path, across a court-yard of about thirty paces long. I was vexed to see the mulberry trees stripped of their foliage; it produced the effect of winter in the middle of summer. The gravel that I was continually passing with my water seemed to me at this time more rough than usual, and gave me a great deal of pain.

Every day you see people going about to the different visitor's lodgings, with samples of wine in small flasks, but there is very little good wine to be had here. The white wine is light, but sharp and rough to the taste, and by no means salutary for the stomach. If you take the trouble to send to Lucca, or Pescia, for the *Vino Trebiano*, you get a tolerably mellow white wine, but not pleasant to the taste.

Thursday, Corpus-Christi Day, I took a bath, and it being of a temperate heat, remained in it for more than an hour; I perspired very little; and when I came away, did not feel any debilitating effect from it. I had a shower-bath on my head for seven or eight minutes; and when I got into bed again, fell into a profound sleep. This bathing and taking the shower-bath I found exceedingly pleasant, more so than anything else. I felt an itching occasionally, in my hands and all over my body indeed; and the people about, I understood, were very subject to the itch; among the children, the thrush was very prevalent. Here, as well as at the other baths I have visited, the people about think nothing at all of that which strangers come so far to procure; a great many of the country people, that I spoke to, had never even tasted the water, and had no sort of opinion of it. Yet it is surprising they do not try the effect, for they seem by no means a long-lived people. In the mucous matter which I was constantly passing with my water, there was occasionally gravel. When I took the shower-bath on the lower part of my stomach, I found it produce the effect of expelling wind; and at these

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times, the swelling which troubled me in those parts visibly diminished; so that I concluded this swelling to be occasioned by the wind.

Friday, I remained in the bath the usual time, and took a shower-bath on the head, for somewhat longer than my general custom. The extraordinary quantity of water that I was constantly passing, made me suspect that it proceeded from the bladder, where it had gathered, for by putting the gravel together, I could often have made a large ball; which proved that it rather proceeded thence than from the water, which would have passed it immediately that it had formed it.

Saturday, I remained in the bath for two hours, and took a shower-bath for more than a quarter of an hour.

Sunday, I took no bath. The same day, one of the gentlemen of the place gave us a ball. The want of clocks here, as well as almost all over Italy, seemed to me an extreme inconvenience. In the bath-house there is an image of the Virgin, with this inscription in verse: *Auspicio fac, Diva, tuo quicumque lavacrum ingreditur, sospes, ac bonus hinc abeat.*[1] One cannot too warmly praise the combination of beauty and utility which characterizes the method they have here of cultivating the mountains, up to the very summits, by laying out the circumference of each hill in great circular platforms, round and round, ascending from one to the other by a sort of staircase, the top of each of which is strengthened, where necessary, by stones, or some other casing. Each platform forms a cornfield, on the outside of which is a border of vines, which thus encircle the whole mountain, in gradually ascending gyrations, up to the very top. Where one of these platforms is not sufficiently level by nature, and cannot be rendered so by art, it is covered with vines altogether.

At the ball given by the Bolognese gentleman, which I mentioned just now, a woman danced for some time, balancing on her head a pitcher full of water, and managed this

[1] "Grant, holy Lady, that whosoever entereth this bath, may leave it in good health, both of mind and body."

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feat with such skill and nicety that she did not spill one drop of the water, nor did the pitcher once seem to lose its equilibrium.

The physicians were astonished at seeing most of us Frenchmen drink the waters in the morning, and then bathe the same day.

Monday morning, I remained two hours in the bath; but I did not have a shower-bath, as I took it into my head to drink three pounds of water, which had a slight operation. I used to bathe my eyes every morning, by opening them when I was in the water, a process which did me neither good nor harm. I believe I got rid of my three pounds of water before I left the bath, what with perspiration and other evacuations. As for the last two or three days, I had found my stomach somewhat too bound, I took, as had been recommended me, three grains of coriander comfits, which greatly relieved me both of the wind, which I had been full of, and in other respects. But though I had thus thoroughly purged my reins, I still felt a sort of pricking there, which I attributed more to the wind than to anything else.

Tuesday, I did not drink the waters, but I remained two hours in the bath, and kept my head a quarter of an hour under the shower-bath.

Wednesday, I stayed in the bath an hour and a half, and had a shower-bath for about half an hour.

Up to the present time, sooth to say, the little intercourse I had had with these people, had not even given me an opportunity of bearing out the reputation for capacity and mind, that, somehow or other, I had got credit for; I had given no specimen of any extraordinary talent, to excite their admiration, or warrant them in overestimating the few advantages I possess. Yet, to-day, some physicians, having to meet on a more than usually important consultation, namely, respecting a young nobleman, M. Paul de Cesis (nephew of the cardinal of that name), who was at this time at the baths, came at his request, to beg that I would be present at their consul

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tation, and, having heard their various opinions, would give my opinion thereon; for that he had made up his mind to abide entirely by my decision. This made me laugh in my sleeve; but the same thing has happened to me more than once before, both here and at Rome.

I at times experienced a weakness and dimness in the eyes, when I read much, or looked fixedly at any luminous object: and what made me the more uneasy at this was that I had felt it, more or less, ever since I had the attack of sick headache near Florence. A heaviness in the forehead, unaccompanied by pain, would come over me, and then before my eyes there would arise a sort of hazy cloud, which, though it did not prevent my seeing, confused the sight, in a peculiar way that I cannot describe. By degrees, these headaches, when they came, lasted longer and longer, though, except in the way I have mentioned, they did not incommode me; and since I had taken to the shower-baths on my head, I had suffered an attack every year, and there was almost constantly a mist before my eyes, but still without pain or inflammation. Now up to the time when this disagreeable sort of thing came upon me at Florence, I had not had a headache for full ten years, so that it somewhat alarmed me; and, fearing lest the use of the shower-bath should weaken my head, I determined not to repeat it.

Thursday, I was in the bath only an hour.

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, I did nothing, being somewhat alarmed at these headaches, and not feeling, in other respects, inclined to bathe, or drink the waters, for I was constantly passing a quantity of gravel. My head, however, did not regain its proper state; every now and then it became troublesome, especially whenever I got thinking about anything.

Monday morning, I drank thirteen glasses, containing six pounds and a half, of the common spring; I passed about three pounds of this in a crude state before dinner, and the rest afterwards, by degrees. Though my headache was neither

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very violent nor unremitting, it turned my complexion to a shocking hue. Yet still it did not incommode or weaken me, as it had done on former occasions, except in the one respect of confusing my vision. To-day they began cutting rye in the plain.

Tuesday, at daybreak, I went to Barnaby's spring, and drank six glasses, containing six pounds of water, which made me perspire a little. There was a drizzling rain this morning. The water I had taken soon produced its effect, and gave me a thorough scouring; I did not, however, pass much water, but in two hours I had resumed my natural colour.

You can board at some houses here for six gold crowns a month, or thereabout, for which you have a room to yourself, and every convenience you can desire, and they keep your valet into the bargain; if you have no servant of your own, the landlord provides you with every necessary attendance.

Before the day was over, I had passed all the water, and indeed more than I had drunk altogether, which, besides what I had drunk at the bath, was a half pound of wine and water I took at dinner. I ate hardly any supper.

Wednesday, a very wet day, I drank seven pounds of water in seven glasses, and passed it all before the end of the day, together with what else I had drunk.

Thursday, I took nine pounds, seven in the first instance, and when I began to pass it, I sent for two more, and this, too, I passed the whole of, in due course.

Friday and Saturday I repeated the dose. Sunday, I drank none at all.

Monday, I drank seven pounds of water, in seven glasses. I still passed gravel, but somewhat less than when I used to bathe; and I observed that this was also the case with several other persons, at the same time. To-day I felt a pain in the lower part of the stomach, the same as I generally feel in passing a stone, and towards the evening, accordingly, I did pass a small one.

Tuesday, I passed another, and I am convinced by experi-

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ence that the water here is powerful enough to break stones, for I have felt them descending into the bladder quite large, and afterwards I passed them broken into small pieces. To-day I drank eight pounds of water, at eight times.

If Calvin had known that in these parts the preaching monks call themselves ministers, he would doubtless have given his preachers some other name.

Wednesday, I took eight pounds of water, in eight glasses. I nearly always passed half what I had taken in three hours, in a crude state, and in its natural colour; and, shortly afterwards, a half pound more, tinged of a red colour; the rest passed off after dinner, and in the course of the night.

The season that was now come on, brought a great deal of company to the bath; and from the instances that I now had an opportunity of observing, and from the opinions of the physicians themselves, particularly of M. Donato, the author of a treatise on these waters, I found I had not been so very wrong in taking a shower-bath on my head in the bath; for it is a frequent practice for them to apply the shower-bath to their stomachs, by means of a long tube, one end of which is attached to the mouth of the spring, and the water is thus conveyed in a powerful stream to the exact part of the body where it is required. It is also the custom always to bathe the same day that you take this shower-bath; so that the only difference between them and me was, that I took the shower-bath when I was actually in the bath, and put my head directly under the spring, instead of having the water brought through a tube. The only question is, whether I was not wrong in not continuing this course. I have, ever since, all along, had a strong notion that, had I done so, I might by degrees have got rid of all the humours that plague me. M. Donato approved of people's drinking and bathing in the same day; and his sanction makes me the more vexed that I had not the firmness to persevere in my first idea, of drinking the waters every time I bathed. The doctor was also loud in his praises of the Barnaby spring; but, notwith-

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standing all his learned reasonings, it is quite clear that these waters produced no effect upon several persons I saw there who were not subject to passing gravel in their water, as I continued to do; which I mention because I cannot make up my mind to believe that this gravel was produced by these waters.

Thursday morning, in order to get the first place, I went to the bath before daybreak, and drank at intervals, for an hour, without bathing my head; and I imagine that this getting up so early, and the going to bed again afterwards, disagreed with me; my mouth got so hot and dry that, in the evening, before going to bed, I drank two large glasses of the same water cooled, which produced no other effect than that of refreshing me.

Friday, I did nothing. The Franciscan minister, as they call the provincial, a man of great merit, learned, and very pleasing in his manners, who was residing at the bath, with several other monks of different religious orders, sent me a present of some excellent wine, and a variety of sweetmeats.

Saturday, I neither bathed nor drank the waters, but went to dine at Menalfio, a large and handsome village, situated at the top of one of the mountains of which I have spoken. I took some fish with me, and got accommodation at the house of a soldier, who, after travelling about a great deal in France and other countries, married a woman in Flanders, with whom he received some money, and has since settled here; his name is Santo. There is a fine church here. Among the inhabitants there are a great number of retired soldiers, most of whom have also seen a good deal of the world. They are all divided off here into two parties, the one siding with France, the other with Spain, and I happening, without thinking of it, to put a flower behind my left ear, it gave vast offence to the French party. After dinner I went up to the fort, which stands at the very summit of the hill, and is a tolerably strong place, with high walls rising from the steep sides of the rock. Even up to the very base of this fort, however, the

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ground is highly cultivated: indeed, all about this part of the country, it seems to be a rigid principle not to lose a single yard of ground that can by any possibility be made available; on the wildest and most rugged places, on rocks and precipices, even in the crevices of the mountain, you find vines and crops of corn and hay, while in the plain below they have not a bit of hay. I descended the mountain on the other side, and then returned home.

Sunday morning, I went to the bath with several other gentlemen, and remained there half an hour. I received from M. Louis Pinitesi a present of a large quantity of very fine fruit, amongst which were some figs, the first that had appeared this season at the bath, and also a dozen flasks of excellent wine. The same day the Franciscan minister also sent me a quantity of fruit, so that I was able, in my turn, to make presents to my neighbours.

After dinner, there was a ball, where several ladies were assembled, very well dressed, but by no means remarkable for beauty, though they were reckoned among the handsomest women of Lucca.

In the evening, M. Louis Ferrari of Cremona, who knew me very well, sent me some boxes of excellent quinces, some lemons of a rare sort, and some oranges of an extraordinary size.

In the night, a little before daybreak, I had a cramp in the calf of the right leg, accompanied with severe pains, which came on every now and then. The cramp held me for a full half hour. 'Tis a long time since I had a similar attack, and that only lasted for half a minute or so.

Monday, I went to the bath, and kept my stomach under the spring for an hour; at one time I felt a little pricking in the leg where I had the cramp.

It was now the time of year when the weather begins to feel warm; the grasshoppers are not more troublesome here than in France; and the air seemed to me generally much fresher and purer than it is at home.

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Among free nations, you do not see the same distinction of ranks and persons as among other people; here, where I am, persons of the humblest station bear themselves quite in a lordly style; even the beggars address you in an authoritative and dictatorial tone; for instance: "Give me something, will you?" or, "Give me something, d'ye hear?" At Rome, the phrase is, "Benefit me, for your own sake."

Tuesday, I remained an hour in the bath.

Wednesday, 21st June, early in the morning, I left this place, and, upon taking leave of the company whom I found assembled at the bath, I received from them the kindest assurances of friendship and good-will. I proceeded through a series of steep, but at the same time picturesque and well-cultivated, hills to

Pescia, twelve miles, a small town with a castle, situated on the river Pescia, in the territory of Florence, where there are some good houses. Here is the chief mart of the famous Trebiano wine, the growth of a vineyard situated in the centre of large plantations of olive-trees. The inhabitants of this town are warm friends of France, in token of which, apparently, they have a dolphin for their town-arms.

After dinner, we went on through a fine open plain, thickly studded with gentlemen's seats and other houses. I had intended a visit to Monte Catino, to taste the hot salt water of the Tettuccio; the place lay on my right hand, about a mile out of the road, and nearly seven miles from Pescia, but I forgot all about it until I had nearly reached

Pistoia, eleven miles. I put up at an inn on the other side of the town, where I received a visit from the son of M. Ruspiglioni, who is making a journey through Italy with a vetturino; and herein he is wrong; for it is far better in every respect to take horses from one place to another, than to put yourself into the hands of a vetturino for the whole of a long journey. From Pistoia to Florence, a distance of twenty miles, the horses cost only four julios. Leaving Pistoia next morning, I passed through the little town of Prato, and got

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by dinner-time to Castello, where we dismounted at an inn opposite the grand duke's palace. After dinner, we went to give his garden a close examination, and I found herein another instance how the imagination transcends reality. I had seen this garden in the winter-time, when it was all bare and leafless, and at that time my fancy had pictured forth a glowing representation of what the place would be in a more favourable season; but I now found that my imagination had been far too sanguine.

From Prato to Castello, seventeen miles. After dinner, we went to

Florence, three miles. Friday, I witnessed the public processions, and the grand duke in his state-coach. Among other grand sights exhibited on this occasion, there is a sort of small movable stage, gilt on the outside, on which there are four little children, and a monk, or a nun dressed up as a monk, with a great false beard, who represents St. Francis d'Assisi, standing, holding his hands crossed upon his breast, as in the portrait of him, and with a crown over his head, fixed on his hood. There were other children on foot, armed, one of whom represented St. George. When these came to the square, there rushed out upon the champion a great dragon, made to look very terrible, and spouting flames from his jaws, and so large as evidently somewhat to stagger the men who carried him.

The young St. George attacked in his turn the dragon, and struck him, now with his sword and then with his lance, and at last vanquished the monster, and stabbed him deep in the throat.

While at this place, I received a great deal of kindness from one of the Gondi family, who resides at Lyons. He sent me some excellent wine.

The weather had now got so hot that the people of the place themselves were astonished at it.

In the morning, at daybreak, I had an attack of colic in my right side, and suffered a great deal of pain from it for

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about three hours. To-day I ate the first melon I had tasted this year. They had had pumpions and almonds here from the very first day of June.

On the 23d, there was a grand chariot-race, in a large open square, of an oblong form, and surrounded on all sides by handsome houses. At each corner of this place they had erected a wooden obelisk, and a long cord extended from each of these to the other, to prevent people from crossing the ground; there were, besides, several men stationed along these ropes, to keep any person from getting over them. The balconies were full of ladies; the grand duke, with the duchess and the court, occupying the lower balcony of the principal house. The other spectators were ranged along the sides of the square, outside the ropes, and on a sort of scaffolds, on one of which I got a place. There were five chariots or cars to run. They took their places by lot, in a row, by one of the obelisks. It seemed to be considered that the outside place was the best, as giving the driver the most command of the ground. The horses started at the sound of a trumpet. The chariot that had the lead on arriving at the starting-post, in the third run round the course, was the winner. The grand duke's car had the best of it up to the commencement of the third round, but then Strozzi's charioteer, who had kept very close to the grand duke's, urged his horses to the utmost, and managed to get so nearly on a level with the latter as to make the victory a question between them. I observed, that the populace broke their previous silence when they saw Strozzi's charioteer making head, and began shouting and encouraging him with all their might and main, utterly regardless of their prince's being present. And afterwards, when the dispute, as to the victory, was referred to the decision of the judges of the course, those among them who were in favour of Strozzi having appealed to the judgment of the assembly, there was raised an almost unanimous shout in favour of Strozzi, who ultimately obtained the prize, though it seemed to me that the grand duke's charioteer was

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really the winner. The value of the prize was a hundred crowns. I was more pleased with this spectacle than with any other I had witnessed in Italy, for my fancy was tickled with its resemblance to the races of the ancients.

This being St. John's eve, the roof of the cathedral was surrounded by two or three rows of lamps, and a number of rockets were let off. They say, however, that it is not the general custom in Italy, as in France, to have fireworks on St. John's day.

This festival came round, in its due course, on the Sunday, and being, of all the saints' days, the one observed by the people of Florence with the greatest solemnity and rejoicing, everybody was from an early hour abroad to take part in it, dressed in their best. I had thus an opportunity of seeing all the women, old and young; and I must confess that the amount of beauty at Florence appeared to me very limited. Early in the morning, the grand duke took his seat in the palace square, upon a platform, which occupied the whole front of the palace, the walls of which, as well as the platform, were hung with rich tapestry. He was seated under a canopy, with the pope's nuncio at his side on the left, and the Ferrarese ambassador on his right, but not so near him by a good deal as the nuncio. Here there passed before him a long procession of men in various guises, emblems of the different castles, towns, and states dependent upon the archduchy of Florence, and the name and style of each, as its representative passed, was announced to the assembled multitude by a herald, who stood by in full costume. Representing Sienna, for instance, there came forward a young man, habited in white and black velvet, bearing in one hand a large silver vase, and in the other, an effigy of the she-wolf of Sienna. These offerings he laid at the feet of the duke, accompanying them with a suitable address. When he had passed on, he was followed in single file, and as their names were successively called out, by a number of ill-dressed men, mounted on sorry backs or on mules, some carrying a silver cup, others a rag-

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ged banner. These fellows, of whom there were a great number, went on through the streets, without any sort of form or ceremony, and, indeed, without exhibiting the slightest gravity or even decency of demeanour, but rather seeming to treat the whole thing as a jest. They took their part in the affair as representatives of the various castles and other places in immediate dependence upon the state of Sienna. This ceremonial takes place every year.

By and by, advanced a car, bearing a great wooden pyramid, with steps all up it, on which stood little boys dressed in different fashions, to represent saints and angels. The pyramid was as high as a house; and at the top of it was a St. John, that is to say, a man dressed as St. John, bound to an iron bar. Next after this car came the public officers, those connected with the revenue occupying the first rank.

The procession was closed by another car, on which were several young men, with three prizes, which were afterwards run for, in different sorts of races. On each side of the car were the horses that were about to take part in the races, led by the jockeys, wearing the colours of their different masters, among whom were some of the greatest nobles of the country The horses were small, but exquisitely formed.

The heat at this time was no greater than we feel it in France; but, to avoid the effects of it as much as possible, I resorted to the expedient of having my bed made up on the dining-table, every night, for the bedsteads and beds they have here are utterly intolerable to strangers; and I moreover managed in this way to escape the vermin, which swarm in every bed of every inn, in these parts. In fact, in almost every respect, this is a very uncomfortable place for travellers, who are not pretty well case-hardened.

There is very little fish to be got at Florence, and what you do get, in the way of trout, &c. comes from such a distance, that it has first to be salted. Giovanni Mariano, a Milanese, who was staying in the same inn where I was, had a present sent him from the grand duke of wine, bread, fruit

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and some live fish; but these fish were very small, and were brought in jars of water.

All day long my mouth felt dried up, and I was tormented with a parching, insatiable thirst, such as I am sometimes annoyed with at home in the extreme heats of summer. I ate nothing but fruit, and sugared salad; yet, notwithstanding this temperate diet, I continued very unwell.

The amusements which we in France enter upon after supper, here precede that meal. In the very long days, supper is not taken till late at night, and people do not rise till seven or eight in the morning.

After dinner, everybody went to see the horseracing. The Cardinal de Medici's horse won; the prize was worth about two hundred crowns. This spectacle is not so agreeable as the chariot-race, for it takes place in the street, and all you see is the horses tearing past where you stand, at the top of their speed, and there is an end of the matter, as far as you are concerned.

On Sunday, I went to see the Palace Pitti. Among other things there, I noticed the statue in marble of a mule; the original is still alive, and earned its honours by its services as a draught-mule during the erection of this palace; at least, so say the Latin verses, which form an inscription on the statue. I saw here also, the antique chimera, an animal with the body of a lion, and a head with horns and ears.

On the preceding Saturday, the grand duke's palace was thrown open to all comers, without exception, and was crowded with country people, who, by and by, nearly all collected in the great hall, where they fell to dancing. As I looked upon them, it seemed to my fancy an image of a people's lost liberty, an all but extinguished light throwing out a flickering gleam once a year, amid the shows of a saint's day.

Monday, I went to dine with Signor Silvio Piccolomini, a man of distinguished merit, and, among other accomplishments, preëminent for his skill in the use of the rapier.

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There was a large party of gentlemen present, and we conversed upon a variety of topics. Signor Piccolomini holds in very slight estimation the practice of even the most celebrated Italian fencing-masters, such as Il Veniziano, Il Bolognese, Il Patinostrato, and others; the only professor that he thinks anything of, is a pupil of his, that has established himself at Brescia, where he teaches the art to the gentry about there. He said, that the way in which all the masters he spoke of taught fencing, had neither method nor manner about it. He particularly condemns those long, sprawling passes, which, nine cases out of ten, place your weapon in the power of a skilful adversary; he maintained that men who are actually engaged in combat do nothing of the sort, as all experience showed; he said it was to him quite absurd to see a man making an immense lunge, which all but throws him off his balance, then draw back, and then make another lunge, longer, if possible, than the first, as if he had nothing to do but to go through a set of postures. M. Piccolomini told us he was about to print a work on this subject. The conversation then turned upon warfare, in reference to which our host expressed his contempt for artillery, and proceeded to make some remarks upon this point, which pleased me very much. He quite concurs with what Machiavel has written upon the subject. In reference to fortifications, he said that the most skilful engineer living is a gentleman now at Florence, in the service of the Grand Duke Francis.

They have a custom here of cooling their wine, by putting snow in the glass. I myself put very little, for I was far from well; I had frequent pains in the kidneys, and was constantly passing quantities of gravel; and, moreover, had not yet succeeded in getting rid of the disagreeable fits of weakness and aching in my head; every now and then I had a swimming there, accompanied by a heaviness that involved forehead, eyes, nose, and every part of my face, in its effects. It occurred to me that these attacks were brought on by the sweet heady wines of the country. I remember that just

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after my arrival here, when I was tormented with a sick headache and a horrible thirst, I drank a quantity of Trebiano; but it was so sweet that it did not at all quench my thirst, and only made me feel heavy.

After all I cannot refrain from confessing that Florence has most justly received the title of *La Bella*.

To-day, just in order to pass away the time, I went to call upon some of those ladies whose doors are open to all comers with money in their pockets. I saw some of the most celebrated of them, but they did not strike me as being anything remarkable. They live by themselves, in a particular part of the town assigned them, and their wretched lodgings as little resemble those of the Roman and Venetian courtesans, as they themselves resemble the latter ladies in beauty, dress, and deportment. If any public woman prefers living in another part of the town, she must keep her vocation a secret, and have some other occupation, as a blind to cover her frailty.

I went to look at the silk-spinners, and observed that, by means of a certain machine, one woman can turn five hundred spindles at once.

Tuesday morning, I passed a small red stone.

Wednesday, I went to see the grand duke's country-house. What struck me most here was an artificial rock, of a pyramidical form, composed of all sorts of natural minerals, piled together in some particular arrangement. From this rock spouted a powerful fountain of water, which, falling into a grotto that formed the interior of the rock, worked all sorts of machinery and automata there, such as mills, clocks, sentinels, animals, &c. &c.

Thursday, there was another horserace, but I did not think it worth while to go and see it. After dinner I went to Pratolino, which I examined once more in detail. The keeper having requested I would give him my opinion of the beauties of the place, as compared with Tivoli, I did so, comparing the two places, not in general, but in detail, point

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ing out the advantages of each, and wherein the one was superior to, or fell short of, the other.

Friday, I bought at the Juntas[1] eleven plays, and some other pieces. I saw here a printed copy of Boccaccio's will, with a discourse on the Decameron. This will shows to what astonishing poverty, to what extreme misery, this great man had become reduced. He leaves his sisters and cousins nothing but his bed and some bedclothes; the few books he had are bequeathed to a certain monk, on condition of his allowing any person to see them, who applies for that purpose; he gives an exact inventory of every wretched little article of furniture, of every utensil he is possessed of; and at the end of the document, he gives directions about his funeral, and what masses are to be said for him. The will is printed verbatim from the original, which was written on a ragged bit of parchment.

The Roman and Venetian courtesans sit at their windows to attract visitors; here, these ladies stand at the doors of their houses, where they remain on the look-out, during a good part of the day. Here you may find them, with more or less company, chatting, or very often dancing in the middle of the street, with a circle of spectators round them.

Sunday, 2d of July, I left Florence, after dinner, and passing the Arno, left that river on the right, though we still went in the direction of its course. We proceeded along a lovely and richly fertile plain, which produces among other things the finest melons that are grown in Tuscany. The best sort of melons are not ripe till about the middle of July. The place where the very choicest are produced is Legnaia, three miles from Florence. Our route continued through a splendid open country, with castles, gentlemen's seats, detached houses, and villages, on one side or the other, almost the whole way along. Among the rest, we passed through a pretty place called Empoli, a name which to my ear smacked of the old time; but I saw no vestiges of antiquity there, ex-

[1] The celebrated Florentine booksellers and printers.

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cept, close by the high road, a ruined bridge, which had a look of something about it.

I was struck in these parts, with three things: first, with seeing all the people of the district working on Sundays at getting in the harvest; secondly, with seeing the peasantry, after their day's labour, sitting with lutes in their hands, and their fair ones beside them, reciting from memory whole stanzas of Ariosto; but this is also to be seen in every other part of Italy; and thirdly, with finding that they left their corn out in the fields, ten or fifteen days or more, without any apprehension of its being stolen.

Towards evening, we arrived at

Scala, twenty miles. There is only one inn here, but that is a very good one. I took no supper, and when I got to bed I hardly slept a wink, in consequence of a severe toothache in my right jaw. I was often troubled with this malady, in combination with my headaches; but it generally plagued me most when I was eating, for everything I put into my mouth gave me pain.

Monday morning, 3d of July, we proceeded along a road on the banks of the Arno, which by and by brought us into a wide plain, covered with golden corn. About mid-day we arrived at

Pisa, twenty miles, a town belonging to the Duke of Florence. It stands in a plain, on the banks of the Arno, which traverses its centre, and thence flows on to join the sea, six miles from the town. The river between Pisa and the sea is navigable by tolerably large vessels.

The colleges and schools had just commenced their long vacation, which lasts the three hottest months in each year.

We found here an excellent troop of comedians, called the Desiosi.

As the inn where I at first put up, did not please me, I hired a small furnished house, containing four bedrooms and a sitting-room. The landlord undertook to cook for us. The rooms were large and handsome, and I only paid eight

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crowns a month for the whole. The landlord also supplied us into the bargain, with table-linen, such as napkins and tablecloths, but this did not much add to his expenses, for in Italy they only give you two changes of these a week. We put our servants on board wages, and we ourselves dined regularly at the inn, for four julios a day.

Our house was very agreeably situated, with a fine view of the Arno, and the large basin which it forms here, and which is covered with merchant vessels and boats laden with goods. Along the sides, are some handsome quays, like the Quai des Augustins, at Paris; and, overlooking these, are two rows of houses, among which was that I had hired.

Wednesday, 5th of July, I went to see the cathedral, on the site of which formerly stood a palace of the Emperor Adrian. Here are an infinite number of marble columns, nearly all different in form and workmanship. The doors are made of some metal. This church is adorned with a variety of spoils of Greece and Egypt, and is itself almost entirely constructed out of the ruins of the ancient edifice that preceded it. Every here and there, you see inscriptions, some upside down, others half broken off and defaced; and there are a few, in unknown characters, said to be the ancient Etruscan.

The Campanile here is an inclined one, like that at Bologna, deviating from the perpendicular not less than forty-two feet; it is surrounded by open pilasters and corridors.

One day, I went to see the church of St. John, an edifice full of fine sculptures and paintings. Among other beautiful things, is a marble pulpit, enriched with a number of figures, so exquisitely sculptured that Lorenzo, who, they say, killed Duke Alexander, took off the heads of some of them, as a present for the queen.[1] The form of the church closely resembles that of La Rotonda,[2] at Rome.

[1] Montaigne probably refers to Queen Catherine de Medicis.

[2] The Pantheon.

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The natural son of the Duke Alexander I spoke of, resides here. He is an old man, as far as I could judge. He lives very comfortably upon a pension from the present duke, and does not trouble his head about anything beyond that. His amusements are hunting and fishing, for which the surrounding country affords him every possible facility.

There is no place in Italy which more abounds in holy relics, in rich works of art, in fine marbles, than does Pisa.

I had very great gratification in going over the public mausoleum here, in the Campo Santo; it is an oblong building, of a very large size, three hundred paces long and a hundred wide; the corridor that surrounds it is forty feet wide, and is roofed with lead, and paved with marble. The walls are covered with old paintings, among which is a portrait of a Gondi of Florence, the founder of the family of that name.

The nobles of this town have for centuries been entombed under this corridor; you see here the names and arms of about four hundred families, of whom barely four now remain here, escaped from the ruthless sword of war, and the ruin of their ancient town, which, it is true, is still populous, but it is principally so with strangers. Of these noble families, among whom ranked marquisses, earls, and counts, some migrated to other parts of Christendom, where their descendants still flourish.

In the middle of this building, there is an open space, where they still bury their dead. I was told that in most cases the bodies deposited here, in the first eight hours swell so much that they seem to raise up the earth that covers them; eight hours after, the swelling goes down, and the bodies decay; and in another eight hours the flesh is entirely consumed, so that in twenty-four hours nothing remains but the bare skeleton. This is a phenomenon similar to that which takes place in the cemetery at Rome, where, as it is said, the earth thrusts back the body of any Roman that is deposited in it. This place is paved round with marble, as

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well as the corridor. Upon this marble there is a layer of earth, four or five feet deep, which earth, they say, was brought from Jerusalem, at the time of the expedition that the Pisans made there with a large army. By permission of the bishop, a handful of this earth is occasionally carried away and put into other sepulchres, under the impression that it has the effect of consuming the bodies more speedily; an idea which would seem to gather strength from the fact, that in the cemetery here you find hardly any bones, as you do in other towns.

The neighbouring mountains produce very fine marble, and the town is celebrated for the excellence of its works in this material. At this moment, they are actively engaged in preparing for the King of Fez, in Barbary, a splendid set of ornaments for a theatre, of which they have made a design, and which, among other things, is to be adorned with fifty marble columns, of an immense height.

In a great many places in this town, you see the arms of France; and there is a column here which our King Charles VIII. presented to the cathedral. On the wall of one house, looking into the street, this prince is sculptured, the size of life, kneeling before the Virgin, who appears to be giving him advice. The inscription informs you that, as this monarch was supping one night in this house, there came into his head, all of a sudden, and quite fortuitously, a resolution to restore the Pisans to their former freedom; wherein, says the inscription, he surpassed the greatness of Alexander the Great himself. Among the titles of this prince, as set forth in this inscription, are *King of Jerusalem, of Sicily, &c.* The words which relate to this circumstance, of giving the Pisans their liberty, have been purposely defaced, so that they are scarcely legible. There are several other houses which are also decorated with the arms of France, to commemorate the nobility which the same king conferred upon their proprietors.

There are very few remains of antiquity here; the only

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things worth mentioning in this way are some ruins of a fine brick edifice, on the spot where the palace of Nero stood, whose name distinguishes these remains; and a church dedicated to St. Michael, which was formerly a temple of Mars.

On Thursday, St. Peter's Day, it was mentioned to me that formerly the Bishop of Pisa went in procession to the church of St. Peter, four miles from the town, and thence to the seaside, where, casting a ring into the ocean, he solemnly espoused it; but at that time Pisa possessed a very powerful navy. At present the sea is married by deputy, by one of the masters of the college, who is not accompanied by anything at all in the shape of a procession. The clergy go no further than the church, where they distribute a number of indulgences. The pope's bull, which dates about 400 years back, says, upon the authority of a book which contains more than 1200 of them, that this church was built by St. Peter, and that while St. Clement[1] was officiating in it, at a marble table, there fell upon the table three drops of blood from the holy father's nose. These drops of blood still remain, and are as fresh as though they had fallen yesterday. The Genoese, a good many years ago, came and broke off a piece of this table, in order to get possession of one of these drops of blood; whereupon the Pisans forthwith removed the rest of the table from the church, and took it into the town. But every year, on St. Peter's Day, it is carried to the church in procession, accompanied by almost the entire population, some on foot, some on horseback, others in boats.

Friday, 7th of July, I went, early in the morning, to see the *cassino*, or farm, belonging to Peter de Medici, two miles from the town. This nobleman possesses immense property in this neighbourhood, which he makes exceedingly productive, by the plan of, every five years, putting upon the estate a set of new labourers, who, in return for their services, receive half the fruit and vegetables, to the cultivation of

[1] His successor.

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which a considerable portion of ground is applied. The arable parts of the estate are fertile in the highest degree, and an immense quantity of all sorts of sheep and cattle are raised on the pastures. I dismounted from my horse in order the better to examine the details of the farm-house, and found an immense number of persons engaged in making cream, butter, cheese, &c., the apparatus for all which was on the most extensive scale.

Thence, crossing the plain, I rode on to the shore of the Tuscan Sea, where, on the right hand, I saw before me Ereci, and on the left, a good deal nearer me, Leghorn, a town with a castle, quite on the edge of the sea. From this point, you have a view of the Isle of Gorgona, and beyond it of that of Caprea, with Corsica in the extreme distance. I turned to the left, and rode along the sea-shore, till we came to the mouth of the Arno, the entrance of which is very difficult for vessels of any size, in consequence of the mud and earth which are brought down into the Arno by the different streams which run into it, and which form in heaps at its mouth. I bought some fish here, which I sent to the actresses of the Pisa theatre. Along the banks of this river, you see a great many thickets of the tamarisk tree. I bought next day, a small rundlet, made of the wood of this tree, and had it hooped with silver, for which part of the bargain I gave a goldsmith three crowns. I bought also an Indian cane, as a walking-staff, for which I paid six julios; and a small vase and cup made of Indian nut,[1] said, like the tamarisk, to be good against the spleen and the gravel, and for these I gave eight julios.

The person of whom I bought these things, a man of great note as a mathematical instrument maker, told me that trees have all within them as many rings and circles as they number years. He showed me examples of this in every kind of wood in his shop, for he is a turner by trade. Those trees in a forest which look northwards, have these rings

[1] Probably the cocoa-nut.

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closer and thicker than the trees which stand in other directions; and this person told me that this was so invariably the case, that, by looking at a piece of timber, he could tell how old the tree was, whence it came, and in what direction it had stood.

About this time, I was extremely annoyed with several attacks of a kind of heavy, dull headache, accompanied with a constipation so severe, that I had not a single stool, except by the aid of medicine, a bad and treacherous assistant. As to the stone, it was much as usual.

The air of this place was for a long time considered very unhealthy; but since Duke Cosmo drained the marshes, which used to surround it almost on all sides, the air has become very good. Formerly, indeed, the place was so bad in this respect, that when the government wanted to get rid of a man, they banished him to Pisa, where his business was settled in a very short time, and he gave the state no further trouble than to bury him.

The Tuscan princes have at various periods taken a great deal of pains to introduce partridges in this neighbourhood; but, somehow or other, they have never succeeded, and no such thing as a partridge is to be found here.

I had received several visits from Jerome Borro, a doctor of physic; so on the 14th I went to see him in turn, when he made me a present of his book, *on the Flux and Reflux of the Sea*, written in the vernacular. He showed me another book he has written, in Latin, upon the various maladies of the body.

The same day, twenty-one Turkish slaves made their escape from the arsenal, near my house; and getting possession of a frigate full rigged, which Signor Alessandro del Piombino had left unguarded while he went fishing, set sail and got clear off.

The Arno, and the canal which it forms as it traverses the town, some of the churches, and a few old ruins, and some private edifices, are well worth seeing; but, in other respects,

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Pisa presents few points of attraction. It is, in some sense, a deserted place, and in its solitude, the form of its buildings, its size, and the width of its streets, it bears a close resemblance to Pistoia. One of its greatest defects is the bad quality of the water, which has a horribly marshy taste.

The inhabitants are very poor, but not the less haughty and intractable, and rude towards strangers, and more especially so towards the French, ever since the death of one of their bishops, Pierre Paul de Bourbon, who claimed to be of our royal blood, and whose family still exists here. This bishop was so attached to our nation, and was of so generous a nature, that all the French who came here were entertained in his palace. This excellent prelate left behind him, throughout his diocese, the highest character for virtue and kindness. He only died within the last five or six years.

On the 17th of July I took part in a raffle, at a crown a head, for some clothes and other things, the property of an actor, named Fargnocola. There were twenty-six of us in the raffle, and we threw first to decide who should play first, who second, and so on. As there were several prizes to be won, it was agreed that the two who threw highest and lowest, should be the winners. For my part, I played second, and got nothing.

On the 18th, there was a grand squabble at the church of St. Peter's, between the priests of the cathedral and the monks. The evening before, a gentleman of Pisa had been buried in the church, and in the morning the priests came with all their paraphernalia for celebrating mass. The monks denied their right to do this; the priests contended that it had been their undoubted privilege and practice from time immemorial; the monks, on the other hand, maintained that it was their privilege, and nobody else's, to say mass in their own church. A priest then approached the high altar, and attempted to take possession of the table there; a monk went up to him, and tried to make him let go, whereupon one of the vicars hit the monk a slap on the face. This was a signa

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for hostilities, which then began in good style on both sides; from slaps on the face they got to fisticuffs; and from fisticuffs to fighting with sticks, candlesticks, tapers, and anything else they could lay hands upon. The result of the battle was that neither party said mass, and that everybody was terribly scandalized. As soon as I heard of it, I went to the place, and heard the rights of the affair.

On the 22d, at daybreak, three Turkish corsairs landed on the coast, not far from us, and carried off as prisoners fifteen or twenty poor devils of fishermen and shepherds.

On the 25th, I went to call on Cornacchico, the celebrated Pisan physician and professor. This gentleman lives after a fashion of his own, altogether opposed to the rules of his art. He goes to sleep after dinner, drinks a hundred times a day, &c. He showed me some verses of his composition, in the Pisan dialect, which were pleasant enough. He has no great opinion of the Baths in the vicinity of Pisa, but thinks highly of Bagnacqua, about sixteen miles off. These Baths, according to him, are of marvellous efficacy in liver complaints (and he told me of some very extraordinary cures), and also very good for the stone and the colic; but, before using them, he is of opinion that one should use the *Della Villa* waters. He is convinced, he said, that, with the exception of bleeding, physic has no remedy equal to baths, if you only know how to employ them properly. He also told me, that at the Baths of Bagnacqua the lodgings are very good, and that you are very comfortable there.

On the 26th, I passed, in the morning, some water thicker and blacker than I ever passed it before, and with it a small stone; but, notwithstanding this, the pain that had been tormenting me for about twenty hours before, below the navel, did not lessen; as, however, it did not affect either the reins or the sides, it was endurable. Some time after I passed another small stone, and the pain went away.

Thursday, 27th, early in the morning, we left Pisa, where I had found occasion to be abundantly gratified with the kind-

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nesses I received from MM. Vintavinti, Lorenzo, Conti, Sanminiato (this last gentleman, who lodges in the house of the Cavaliere Camillo Gaetana, offered me his brother to accompany me into France), Borro, and others, merchants and tradespeople, with whom I had made acquaintance. I feel sure that, had I wanted money, I should have been furnished with it, though the people here have a character for being haughty and rude; but, somehow or other, civility begets civility.

On our way, we passed a great many houses, and saw quantities of nuts and mushrooms growing on both sides of the road. After a tiresome ride over the plain, we got to what are called the Baths of Pisa, situated at the foot of a slight ascent. There are several baths here, on one of which is a Latin inscription, on marble, which I could not very well make out, further than that it celebrates, in rhyme, the virtues of these baths, and is dated, as far as I could decipher, A.D. 1300.

The largest and best of these baths is a square building, with one of its sides open. It is exceedingly well arranged, and has a handsome marble staircase. It is thirty paces long, on every side. The spring is in one of the corners; I drank a little, just to see what sort it was, and found it without smell or taste, except, perhaps, that it left a slight sharpness on the tongue; the heat is moderate, so that you have no difficulty in drinking off the water at once.

I looked into the water, and saw the same sort of white stuff floating about that annoyed me at the baths of Baden, and which I then took to be some filth or other that got into it from the outside; but I now imagine that it is the result of some mineral decomposition, and I am the more inclined to this opinion from the circumstance, that this matter is in greater quantity close to the spring, where otherwise the water would be purer and clearer. The lodgings here are very indifferent, and the place has a most desert appearance the baths, indeed, are very little frequented, and the few who

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do use them generally come in the morning from Pisa, which is only four miles off, and return home the same day.

The great bath has no roof, and is the only one that has any appearance of antiquity about it; it is, perhaps, for this reason that the people here call it the Bath of Nero. It is said that this emperór had the water conveyed to his palace at Pisa, by an aqueduct.

There is another bath, with a slight covering over it, which is used by the poor people; the water in it is very pure. It is said to be very good for all diseases of the liver. You drink the same quantity of water here that is prescribed at the other baths I have visited, and after drinking it, you walk about to assist the operation. After looking over these baths, we proceeded up the hill, and at its summit came upon one of the finest prospects in the world, embracing hill and valley, continent and island, sea and cities; the two principal towns which lay before us being Leghorn and Pisa. Descending the hill, we once more found ourselves in the plain, over which we proceeded until we came to

Lucca, ten miles. This morning I passed another stone, a great deal larger than those that preceded it, and that had every appearance of having been detached from a still more considerable body. God knows how this may be; his will be done! In the inn where we lodged, we were charged the same as at Pisa, namely, four julios a day for each of the gentlemen, and three julios for each of the servants.

On the 28th, I was induced by the kind and pressing solicitations of M. Louis Pinatesi, to accept of a suite of apartments in his house, consisting of five bedrooms, sitting-room, and a kitchen. The rooms were low, but very neat and clean, and well furnished in the Italian style, which in many respects is inferior to our fashion. It must be admitted that the fine arched roofs and ceilings, which form so prominent a feature in Italian architecture, the lofty porticos, and the nigh, wide doors, add very much to the effect of the houses here. The gentry of Lucca take their meals, during the

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summer months, in the porticos, in the sight of everybody.

In fact, I have always been, not merely well, but agreeably lodged, in every place that I have stopped at in Italy, except at Florence (where I did not quit my inn, though I found it very uncomfortable, especially when it was hotter than usual), and Venice, where we put up with very unsatisfactory accommodations, merely because we were going to make so short a stay, that it did not seem worth while to change. My own chamber here at Lucca, was quite private, and nothing was wanting to make it perfectly convenient and agreeable. I experienced no annoyance or interruption. Even the politest attentions are sometimes troublesome and tedious, but here I was very seldom interrupted by the people of the place. I slept and studied just when and as I liked; and when I took it into my head to go out for a walk, I always found plenty of men and women to chat with; and then the shops, the churches, and the change of scene, altogether furnished me with materials for satisfying my curiosity.

Amidst these various recreations, my mind was as tranquil as my infirmities and the approach of old age[1] would permit; there was very little out of myself to disturb it. All that I felt was the want of a suitable companion, with whom to interchange feelings and opinions, which the constant novelties gave rise to. As it was, I had no one but myself to whom I could communicate the sentiments of delight which each stage of my journey produced.

The Lucchese are excellent players at football, and almost every day there are matches played at this game. It is not the custom here, and you very seldom see it done, for men to ride on horseback in the streets, and it is quite as unusual for them to ride in coaches; the ladies ride on mules, attended by a running footman. Strangers have a great deal of trouble in getting lodgings or houses, for there are so few visitors who

[1] Montaigne, though he talks here about the approach of old age, was only in his forty-eighth year.

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come to stay at all, that no arrangements are made for them, and the town itself is pretty full of its own population. They asked me at one place seventy crowns a month, for a very ordinary set of apartments, consisting only of four furnished bedrooms, a sitting-room, and kitchen. There is very little society kept up at Lucca; for almost every soul in the place, man, woman, and child, is forever at work, manufacturing or selling the stuffs, which are the staple trade of the town. It is therefore a somewhat dull and disagreeable place for strangers.

On the 10th of August, we took a ride into the country in company with several gentlemen of Lucca, who lent me horses for the occasion. There are a number of very pretty country-houses in the environs, about three or four miles from the town, with handsome porticos and long balconies, which have an extremely good effect. I noticed one large balcony in particular, full arched on the inside, and covered on the outside with a magnificent vine.

My headache sometimes left me for five or six days, or more, but I never get quite clear of it.

I had taken it into my head, some time back, to study Tuscan, and to get thoroughly acquainted with its principles, and I devoted a good deal of time and trouble to this pursuit, but I made very indifferent progress.

The heat this summer was much greater here than is usually the case.

On the 12th I rode a little way out of Lucca, to see the country-house of M. Benedelto Buonvisi, which did not strike me as particularly handsome. Among other things, I observed several artificial thickets, which are very much in fashion about here, and are formed in this way, and for this purpose: upon an elevated piece of ground they plant a diameter of about fifty paces, with all sorts of evergreens, intersected with very narrow covered paths, and surrounded with a small ditch. In the middle of this thicket, there is an open space where the huntsman, at a certain time of the year towards November, places himself, provided with a silver

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whistle, and some tame thrushes, trained for the purpose, and by means of these and birdlime, disposed about in the different little lanes or runs, they sometimes catch two hundred thrushes in a single morning. This is only done in a particular district, near the town.

Sunday, 13th, I left Lucca; I had previously ordered one of the servants to offer M. Louis Pinatesi, fifteen crowns for the apartments he had given up to me in his house (which was at the rate of a crown a day), and he was very well satisfied.

That day we went to see several country-houses belonging to different Lucchese, all of which had their various beauties. There is plenty of water, but it has to be brought by artificial canals. It is, indeed, quite surprising to find so few springs in so hilly a country.

The source whence they derive their supplies of water is the streams which run in different directions; from these they cut small canals, which bring the water to the place where it is required, and it is then raised, in various ornamental shapes, through vases, figures, and so on. We go in the evening to a country-house belonging to M. Pinatesi, where we were entertained by M. Horace, his son, who accompanied us. He gave us an excellent supper, which was laid out in a large balcony, where we had all the enjoyment of the fresh air. After this, he provided us with beds, each of us having a separate room, and we had plenty of fine clean linen, of the same excellent quality with that which had been furnished us in the house of his father at Lucca.

Monday, early in the morning, we left this place, and on our way made a call, but without dismounting, at the country-house of the bishop, who happened to be at home. We were received with much politeness by his people, and were asked to stop and dine, but we preferred going on at once to the

Baths Della Villa, fifteen miles, where I met with a cordial reception from all the gentlemen and ladies there, who, indeed, were so kind in their manner, that it seemed quite as though

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I had returned home, amidst relations and friends who had been long expecting me. I took up my quarters in my old lodgings, upon the same conditions as before, and on the same terms, namely, twenty crowns a month.

Tuesday, 15th August, I went early in the morning to bathe, and remained in the water somewhat less than an hour; it seemed to me rather cold, and did not make me perspire at all. At the time of my return here, I was well, and in excellent spirits. Upon leaving the bath, I passed some very thick water; in the evening, after I had taken a rather long walk up the hill, I found that my water was tinged with blood; and when I got to bed, I felt a great deal of pain in the bladder.

On the 16th I repeated the bath, and in order to be by myself, I bathed in the women's bath, which I had never before visited. It appeared to me too hot, either because it really was so, or because my pores being opened by the previous bath, I felt the heat more; however I remained in the water more than an hour. I perspired a little; the water that afterwards came from me was natural, and unaccompanied with gravel. After dinner, however, the water I passed was thick and red, and towards evening was again tinged with blood.

On the 17th, I went into the same bath, which then appeared more temperate. I did not perspire much; there was a little gravel in the water I voided; and my complexion had assumed a sort of jaundice hue.

On the 18th, I remained two hours in the same bath. There was a very disagreeable feeling of weight about the bladder; as to my stomach, it was as open as was necessary. From the first day of my return here, I was annoyed with flatulence, and this I have no hesitation in attributing to these waters; for, when I was here before, I found precisely the same effect from the same cause.

On the 19th, I bathed somewhat later in the day, in order to give time for a lady of Lucca to bathe before me, for it is

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a very reasonable rule here, that the ladies shall have the use of their bath for their own full time. I stayed in the water two hours.

My head, for several days, had been very well; but to-day I felt a heaviness in that quarter. My water was still very thick, and contained a good deal of gravel. I felt also a great deal of commotion in the reins, which I take to be one of the principal effects of these baths. They not only dilate and open the passages, but they project the matter, dissipate it, and eventually make it disappear. The gravel that I passed seemed to be pieces of broken stone, recently separated.

In the night I felt, in the left side, the commencement of an attack of colic, which had every promise of being a very severe and painful one, and it plagued me for some time, but without getting worse, and at last went off, without descending to the lower part of the stomach, and in a way that induced me to suppose it was only wind.

On the 20th, I remained two hours in the bath. Throughout the day, I had a great deal of pain in the lower part of the belly, from flatulence. My water was still thick and red, and contained some gravel. My head ached, and my stomach was more out of order than usual.

They do not observe saints' days, nor even Sundays, so religiously here, as is the case amongst us; the women do most of their work after dinner.

On the 21st, after taking my bath, I felt a great deal of pain in my reins; my water was abundant and thick, and brought some gravel with it. I conceived that these pains were occasioned by wind, which I was now excessively troubled with. The state of my water lately made me anticipate the descent of some large stone, and I was right enough in this. During the morning, I wrote the preceding portion of my journal, and then went to dinner; and I had no sooner finished this meal, than I had a horrible attack of colic; to which, in order to keep me quite on the alert, was added a frightful toothache in the left jaw, a malady to which I had

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never been subject. Not being able to endure so much misery up, I went to bed in about a couple of hours, and here my toothache soon left me. The colic, however, continued in full force, and as I found from the flatulence, that sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, constantly annoyed me, it was rather wind than the stone that disturbed me, I was obliged to ask for a clyster, which accordingly they gave me in the evening, made up by the apothecary with due proportions of oil, camomile, and anise-seed water. My landlord, Captain Paulino, administered it himself, with a great deal of skill and address, concluding with the recommendation that I should retain the remedy within me as long as I could, a recommendation which I had no sort of difficulty in following, and I did retain it for three hours, when I thought it better to void the greater part of it. When I was out of bed, I swallowed, with a great deal of difficulty, a little marchpane and four spoonfuls of wine; I then returned to bed, and slept for a short time. In the course of the day, the remedy I had taken produced such effects, that the next morning I found myself infinitely better, the flatulence having, to a great extent, disappeared. I felt very fatigued, but had no pain. At dinner, I ate a little, but without appetite; and although I was thirsty, the wine I drank had no flavour. After dinner, the toothache returned in my left jaw, and made me suffer a great deal till I went to bed. As I was convinced that the flatulence was occasioned by the bathing, I did not take a bath, and slept very well all night.

On awaking the following morning, I felt myself weary and low-spirited, my mouth dry, with a bad taste, and my breath very feverish. I did not, however, feel any actual illness, but my water continued very thick and bad.

At last, on the 24th, in the morning, I felt a stone, which, after making some way, stopped in the passage until dinner-time, when I passed it with a great deal of pain, and the loss of a good deal of blood, both before and after its exit. It was of the size and length of a pine-nut, on one side as

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broad as a bean, and exactly resembling in form the member through which it had passed. I felt infinite delight when I had got rid of it, though the passage was very painful; for I had never before voided so large a stone. I knew very well that something unusual was at hand; I shall see, thought I, what the result is.

It would be weak and cowardly in me, to the last degree, if, living in the constant danger of dying from this cause, and death, besides, approaching me, in the due course of nature, nearer and nearer every moment, I were not to brace myself up, and unceasingly prepare myself to meet the common fate when it befalls me. Reason enjoins us to receive with joy and gratitude the good it may please God to send us; and as to the ills which come upon mortals from every quarter, and at every moment, the sole remedy against them, the simple rule for meeting them, whatever they may be, is to resolve either to endure them like a man, or at once, like a man, promptly and bravely to put an effectual end to them.

On the 25th of August, my water resumed its natural colour, and I found myself as well as before. I suffered, indeed, both day and night, from headache, but the attacks were soon over, and by no means so painful as they were before.

On the 26th, I went into the bath in the morning, and remained there two hours.

On the 27th, after dinner, I was so tortured with the toothache, that I sent for the doctor, who, having carefully examined the seat of the disorder, was of opinion—an opinion corroborated by the circumstance that the pain had already subsided,—that the disorder was not occasioned by any local cause, but was owing to the wind, and to the stomach being otherwise out of order; and I was disposed to concur with him in this view of the matter, from having, at different times, had pains all over me, arising, as I imagine, from the same source.

Monday, 28th of August, I went early in the morning to

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Barnaby's spring, and drank seven pounds and four ounces of the water, reckoning twelve ounces to the pound. They operated before dinner, and I voided about half the quantity I had taken. I had no difficulty in perceiving that this water gave me a feeling of weight and confusion in the head.

Tuesday, 29th, I drank at the common spring nine glasses, each containing eleven ounces, and I had immediately afterwards a severe headache. It is true, that my head was by no means in a good state, and I had not, indeed, been myself, in this respect, ever since the first bath I took; but of late, I had not been so much troubled with it as I used to be, a month or so ago, and there had not been the same weakness in my eyes. Whenever I had a headache, it brought on a toothache, always in the left jaw, which would become thoroughly affected, to the very back teeth, and even to the ear, and part of the nose. The pain, indeed, did not last long, but it was very severe, and came on frequently.

I am convinced that the vapour of this water, whether you bathe in, or only drink it (though more so in the former case), is very bad for the head, and even still more injurious for the stomach; and this is the reason why the visitors here are obliged to take physic, to remedy this disadvantage.

From one morning to another, I generally passed, within a pound or so, all the water I had taken, including what I drank at my meals, which, however, was no great deal, not a pound a day. To-day, after dinner, towards sunset, I went into the water, where I remained three quarters of an hour, and on the following morning I perspired a little.

August 30th, I drank two glasses, holding nine ounces each, and of these eighteen ounces I had passed half before dinner.

Thursday, I drank nothing, but mounted a horse, and went to see Controna, a populous village among the mountains. I went over several of the fine fertile plains that lie between the hills here, and observed several excellent pasture-grounds, nearly at the top of some of the loftiest elevations. The

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village I speak of, has several small farms attached to it, and has some neat stone houses, roofed with stone. I took a tolerably wide circuit before I returned home.

I was not at all satisfied with the manner in which the water I had drunk latterly had come away from me, and I made up my mind, therefore, to give up the drinking of it altogether.

Friday, 1st of September, 1581, I bathed for an hour in the morning; before I had left the bath, I perspired a little, and, when I passed my water afterwards, I found it accompanied with a great quantity of red gravel. When I drank the waters, I passed hardly any. My water was much as usual, that is to say, in very bad condition. I began to get tired and annoyed with these baths; so much so, that had I received at this juncture the news from France, which for four months I had been fruitlessly expecting, I should have left the place forthwith, and have spent the autumn at some other bath, I cared not much which, wherever there seemed a chance of benefit; and there were several of these; for on the way to Rome there lay, at a short distance from the high road, the Baths of Bagnacqua, of Sienna, and of Viterbo; and, on the road to Venice, those of Bologna and Padua.

While I was at Pisa, I had had my arms emblazoned, in fine rich colours and gold, on canvas; and I now had the canvas framed, and carefully affixed against the wall of the chamber which I occupied, at Captain Paulino's, on condition that it was to be considered as a fixture there, as given to the house, not to the master of the house, and that these my arms were not to be removed from the place where I had them fixed, under any circumstances that might happen, and this condition the captain promised me, and gave me his oath, he would strictly abide by.

Sunday, the 3d, I went to the bath, and remained there rather more than an hour. I felt a good deal of flatulency but it was not accompanied with pain.

In the night, and on the morning of Monday, the 4th, I

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was cruelly tormented with the toothache; and I began to suspect that these repeated attacks must arise from some decayed tooth. I chewed mastic all the morning, without getting any relief. Towards dinner-time, and for three or four hours after, the pain left me; but about twenty o'clock,[1] it returned with such violence, and in both jaws, that I could not stand. The disorder was so violent, indeed, that it made me feel quite sick. Sometimes I was all in a perspiration, at other times I was shivering. And now again that the pain had become general, I doubted whether it could arise from a decayed tooth; for though the pain was greatest on the left side, it was sometimes very violent in the temples, and in the chin, and extended even to the throat and both shoulders, so that I passed the most horrible night that ever I went through; I was mad with anguish and rage.

In the course of the night I sent for an apothecary, who gave me some brandy to hold in the part of the mouth where I suffered most, and this gave me great relief. The instant that I got the cordial into my mouth, all the pain ceased, but, as soon as the brandy became absorbed, the malady returned. I had thus the glass in continual requisition; but I could not keep any of the liquor in my mouth; for the moment that, by its influence, the pain left me, the fatigue I had endured made me drop off to sleep, and then the brandy would get down my throat, and half choke me, before I could spit it out again. The pain, however, left me of itself towards daybreak.

Tuesday morning, all the gentlemen who were at the Baths came to see me in bed. After they were gone, I had a small mastic plaster applied to the left temple, and I was not much troubled with the pain all that day. When night came they put hot lint on the cheek, and on the left side of the head. I slept free from pain, but 'twas somewhat a disturbed sleep.

Wednesday, I had still some remains of the malady, both in the teeth and in the left eye; my sleep, as on the day be-

[1] Six in the evening.

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fore, was free from pain, but disturbed. I passed gravel with my water, but not in so great a quantity as when I was here in the first instance; the gravel had sometimes the appearance of small red millet.

Thursday morning, 7th of September, I went into the grand bath, and remained there an hour.

The same morning, I received, by way of Rome, a letter from M. Tausin, dated Bordeaux, 2d of August, wherein he informed me that, on the preceding day, I had been unanimously elected mayor of Bordeaux, and my correspondent called upon me to accept this office, for the love of my country.

Sunday, 10th of September, I bathed for an hour, in the morning, in the women's bath, and, as it was somewhat warm, I perspired a little.

After dinner, I rode out by myself, to have a look at some other places in the neighbourhood, more especially a small country-seat called Gragnaiola, situated at the very top of one of the highest mountains of the district. As I rode along the high lands, I saw some of the most fertile and most agreeable hill scenery that ever came under my observation.

I got into conversation with some of the people of the place, and among other things, asked one very old man whether they ever made use of the baths in their vicinity; and he replied that it was very much the same case with them, as with the people who live too near Our Lady of Loretto; the latter very seldom go a pilgrimage to the shrine, and the people here as rarely visit the baths, leaving them to operate almost entirely for the benefit of strangers. He added that, of late years, he had perceived with regret that these baths did more hurt than good to the persons who used them, which he attributed to the circumstance that, whereas formerly there was not one single apothecary in the whole district, and that it was an exceedingly rare thing to see a physician pay them a visit, the whole place now swarmed with these people, who, to promote their own ends, have spread

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abroad this notion: that the baths are of no avail, unless you physic yourself, not only before and after you bathe, but even while you are bathing; and that to drink the waters is useless, unless you mix some medicine or other with them. The result was, he observed, that more people died at these baths than were cured there; and he was fully convinced that, before long, the baths altogether would get into complete disgrace, and be altogether abandoned.

Monday, 11th of September, I passed in the morning a great deal of gravel, almost all of which was of the form of round, firm millet, red on the outside, and gray within.

September the 12th, 1581, we left the Baths Della Villa, early in the morning, and got by dinner-time to

Lucca, fourteen miles. The vintage was just commencing. The festival of the Holy Cross is one of the principal holidays observed here; on this occasion, all persons belonging to the town, who are keeping away on account of debt, are permitted to come and spend eight days with their friends, that they may be able to take part in the devotions which mark the festival.

Throughout Italy, I have not been able to get hold of one single barber that could either shave me, or cut or arrange my hair properly.

On Wednesday evening, we went to hear vespers in the cathedral, where almost the entire population was assembled. The *Volto Santo* [1] was exhibited, an image held in great veneration by the Lucchese, from its great antiquity, and its having performed a vast number of miracles. The cathedral was built expressly as a worthy receptacle for this sacred relic; the small chapel, in which it is generally kept, stands in the very centre of the cathedral, where, certainly, it has a very awkward appearance, and evidently violates all the rules of architecture. When vespers were over, the whole assembly, churchmen and laymen, proceeded to another church, which formerly was the cathedral.

[1] The *Sacred Face*, a very ancient cedar cross.

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Thursday I heard mass in the choir of the cathedral, where were assembled all the officers of state. They are very fond of music here; you hardly ever meet with either man or woman that does not know something of one instrument or another; and everybody sings, though fine voices are rare. The mass that I heard was no great things; the only point aimed at, apparently, was who should shout loudest. They had constructed, for this occasion, an immense high altar of wood and pasteboard, which was covered with images, large candlesticks, and silver cups and plates, ranged as on a side-board, that is to say, a large basin in the middle, and four dishes round it. The altar was covered in this way from bottom to top, and produced a very grand effect.

Every time the bishop says mass, as he did on this occasion, at the instant that he commences *Gloria in excelsis*, they set fire to a large bundle of tow, placed in some iron grating that is suspended for this purpose in the middle of the church.

The weather here was already getting cold and damp.

Friday, 15th of September, I passed at least twice as much water as I had taken in the last twenty-four hours, so that if there had remained in me any of the bath water, I imagine every drop of it must have left me now.

Saturday morning, I passed, without any pain, a small rough stone; I had felt it during the night in the lower part of the stomach.

Sunday, 18th of September, took place the change of the gonfaloniers of the town,[1] and I went to witness the ceremony at the palace. They make hardly any distinction here between Sundays and other days; they work on Sundays, and keep many of the shops open, just the same as in week days.

Wednesday, 20th of September, after dinner, I left Lucca, having previously had packed up a number of things in two chests, which I sent off direct for France.

[1] Or, more correctly, the election of the gonfalonier of the republic, who was changed every two months.

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We proceeded along a tolerable road, through a sterile district of country, which reminded me very much of the Landes of Gascony. On our way we crossed a large stream that works the duke's iron-mills, over a bridge built by that nobleman, with a handsome house on this side of it. On your right hand, close to this place, there are three fish-ponds, full of eels; the bottom of these ponds is paved with bricks, and the water is so shallow that you can see the fish quite plain. We crossed the Arno at Fusecchio, and got in the evening to

Scala, twenty miles, which we left at daybreak, and rode on through a very pretty undulating country, closely resembling the general character of the scenery of France.

We passed through Castel Fiorentino, a small walled town, and then through Certaldo, which is close to it, a fine town with a castle, standing upon a hill. This is the native place of Boccaccio. We reached by dinner-time

Poggibonzi, eighteen miles, a small place, whence, after a short halt, we rode on to

Sienna, twelve miles. You feel the cold at this time of the year much more sensibly in Italy than you do in France.

The great square of Sienna is the finest in Italy. Mass is said here every day in public, at an altar so placed, that all the people who live in the square, or are at work there, can hear the service, without leaving their houses, or laying aside what they are about. At the moment of elevation, a trumpet sounds, to give notice to the public.

Sunday, 23d of September, after dinner, we left Sienna, and by an easy, though somewhat unequal road, for the country is hilly, got to

San-Chirico, a small town and castle, twenty miles from Sienna. We lodged at an inn outside the walls. The horse that carried our baggage had fallen, on the road, into a stream that we forded, and all my clothes and what was worse, my books, got wet, so that we had to stay till they were thoroughly dried. Among the places that we passed on our left were Montepulciano, Montecello, and Castiglioncello.

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Early on Monday morning, I rode over to a bath, two miles off, called Vignone, after a small castle that stands near it. The bath is situated on a gentle elevation, at the foot of which runs the river Urcia. There are about a dozen small, mean, inconvenient houses here, and the whole place has a beggarly appearance. The principal bath is a large pond, about sixty paces long, and twenty-five wide, surrounded by a wall. The water, which rises through several springs, has no flavour of sulphur about it, and there is very little vapour from it. It deposits a reddish sediment, and seemed to me to have more of iron in it than of anything else. They do not drink it. Around this large bath, which is kept very neat and clean, there are several smaller ones, covered in, and which are more generally used.

The waters that the people about here drink are those of San Cassieno, which is near San-Chirico, somewhat more to the left.

The earthenware they make in this neighbourhood closely resembles porcelain, and is so white and clean, and so very cheap, that it seemed to me it would be infinitely preferable to the pewter we use in France, and which, especially in inns, is often very dirty and disagreeable.

I thought my headaches were entirely gone; but, for the last two or three days, I have had slight attacks every now and then. They came, as before, in the shape of a heaviness and confusion in the forehead and back part of my head, and a dazzling and mist before my eyes.

Tuesday, we left San-Chirico, and went on to dine at

La Paglia, thirteen miles, whence we proceeded to

San Lorenzo, where we slept. The inns at both places were wretched holes. The vintage hereabouts was just beginning.

Wednesday morning, there was a dispute between our people and the Vetturini of Sienna, who, finding that we were longer than usual on the journey, got angry at the additional expense they were at for the horses, and refused to pay for

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their keep this evening. The dispute, indeed, ran so high, that I was obliged to go and speak to the mayor on the subject, who, having heard the rights of the matter, decided it in my favour, and put the Vetturini in prison. I explained to him that the delay they complained of was solely owing to the sumpter-horse's falling, an accident with which we had nothing to do, and by which I had the greatest part of my clothes spoiled.

Near the high road, on the right hand side, about six miles from Monte-Fiascone, there is a Bath, which we stopped at for an hour or two. It is in the plain, three or four miles from the hills, and is formed by a considerable spring of nearly boiling water, of a very sulphureous flavour, and which deposits a white sediment. The supply from this spring is so plentiful as to form a small lake, whence the water is conveyed, through a pipe, to a house close by, where the baths are. There are two of these baths, and the house is divided off into a number of inconvenient little apartments, for the use of visitors; but, as I understood, very few people come here. Those who do, generally drink ten pounds of water a day, for seven days. The water has to be cooled before you can drink it, as is the case at the Preissac Baths; there are also places for bathing in. The season here is in the spring. The person who leases this bath pays a rent of fifty crowns a year for it to some church, to which it belongs; but, besides the profit he makes of the visitors, he makes a good deal of money by selling a particular sort of mud, which he gets out of the lake, and which the good souls about here imagine to be good for the itch in men, when mixed with oil, and for the scab in sheep and dogs, when mixed with water. This mud, as dug out of the lake, is sold for twelve julios the measure, and, when made up into dry balls, for seven *quattrini*. There were a number of Cardinal Farnese's dogs here, going through a course of this mud and water. Proceeding on, we found ourselves, after a three-mile ride, at

Viterbo, sixteen miles. The day was so far advanced, that

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we were fain to make but one meal of dinner and supper. I found I had got a sad cold, and I could hardly speak, I was so hoarse.

Instead of going to bed at San Lorenzo, I had laid down on a table, with my clothes on, for fear of the vermin, a thing which I had not had occasion to do before, except at Florence; and I accounted for my cold in that way. I ate here a sort of acorn, or mast, very plentiful in Italy, called *gensole;* it is by no means a bad thing. There are such quantities of starlings about here, that you can buy one for two liards.

Thursday, 26th of September, I went to see some other Baths in the plain here, a good way from the mountains. Not long ago, these Baths were rather considerable; but the two principal ones have been abandoned, and all that remains is one small spring, which forms a pond, where you bathe. The water is warm, tasteless, and without smell. I should imagine there is a good deal of iron about it. Further on, there is a building, which the people here call the Pope's Palace, from its having been, as they say, built or repaired by Pope Nicholas V. Close to this palace, there are three hot springs, one of which is sometimes made use of. The water is of temperate heat, and has no disagreable smell about it. I fancied that it had a good deal of nitre about it. My intention, in coming here, was to drink the water for three days. The plan of proceeding is much the same as at other baths; you drink a certain quantity, then you walk about, and it is considered a beneficial thing to perspire a good deal.

These waters are held in such high repute, as to be carried about all over Italy. The author of *a General Treatise on the Italian Baths*, himself a physician,[1] assigns the first rank to these Baths for drinking. They have more particularly attained a great name as a remedy for maladies of my sort. The usual season for drinking them is May. My expectations from them were, however, very considerably damped

[1] Dr. Donati.

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from an invective against them, that a former visitor left written on the wall of the bath-room, in which he abuses the physicians for sending him here, and says the water made him worse than he was before; and my doubts of a beneficial result were augmented by the manner of the owner of the Baths, who said the season was too far advanced, and did not appear at all desirous that I should make any experiment.

There is but one house here, but this is large and commodious; and as it is only a mile and a half from Viterbo, I proceeded thither on foot. It contains three or four baths, the effects of which are various; there is also a shower-bath. The spring produces a very white foam or scum, which does not dissipate, but forms into a crust on the surface of the water. If you put a bit of linen on this substance, it adheres to it, as though it were frozen. This foam is thought an excellent dentifrice, and is sold, and even exported, for that purpose. It tastes like earth and sand. It is said to be the primary matter of marble, and if so, might very easily be supposed to petrify in the bladder. They assured me, however, that this water deposits no sediment in the flasks in which it is bottled off, but remains quite clear and pure. I fancy, you may drink as much of it as you like, without its hurting you.

On my way back, I made a *detour*, for the purpose of seeing the place where the inhabitants of Viterbo (among whom there is not a single gentleman, every soul in the town being engaged either in manufacturing or selling) collect the flax and hemp of which they manufacture their goods. The women take no part in the work. I found a great number of these labourers, near a large pond of water, which, they told me, is hot and boiling all the year round. From this pond, which, they say, has no bottom, is supplied the smaller ponds, in which they steep the hemp and flax.

On my return from this little trip, I passed a small hard red stone, about the size of a large grain of wheat; I had felt the descent of this stone the night before, but it had

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stopped in the passage. To facilitate the exit of this sort of stone, you would do well to stop the course of your water for a minute or two, for the increased force with which it comes forth afterwards, greatly aids the progress of the stone. I got this hint from M. Langon, at Arsaci.

Saturday, St. Michael's Day, after dinner, I went to see the *Madonna di Quercio*, half a league out of the town. The road to this shrine is wide, straight, and well kept, with a row of fine trees on each side, extending the whole distance. It was made under the direction of Pope Farnese. The church, which is a very handsome structure, is full of religious monuments and votive pictures. In a conspicuous part of the interior, there is a Latin inscription, setting forth that, about a hundred years ago, a man who was attacked by robbers took refuge, half dead with fear, under the shade of an oak, whereon was suspended this image of the Virgin; and that having invoked her aid, he became miraculously invisible to the robbers, and was thus delivered from manifest danger. This miracle created a peculiar feeling of devotion in favour of this Virgin; and, ere long, the present handsome church was built round the oak. The trunk of the tree still remains in the centre of the sacred edifice; the upper part of it stripped of its branches, is fixed against the wall, and on it you see the image of the Virgin.

Saturday, 30th of September, I left Viterbo early in the morning, and took the road to Bagnaia, a country-seat belonging to Cardinal Gambara, one of the most richly ornamented places I ever saw. It is so well provided with fountains, that in this respect it not only equals, but surpasses, both Pratolino and Tivoli. In the first place, there is a fountain of spring water, which is not the case at Tivoli; the water of this fountain is abundant, which is not the case at Pratolino; and this water has been made available for an infinity of ornamental designs, under the direction of Signor Tomasi, of Sienna, the constructor of the waterworks at Tivoli, who, in addition to the admirable effects which his

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genius originated elsewhere, has here introduced some novelties, which infinitely surpass all his former efforts. When the decorations here are completed, it will be the finest place of the sort in the world. One of the most remarkable features, is a pyramid, which spouts forth water in different directions; at each base of this pyramid, is a small lake, full of pure and limpid water. In the centre of each lake is a stone boat, wherein stand two figures, in the costume of crossbowmen, who, through their crossbows, shoot continuous streams of water against the pyramid. The grounds are traversed by a number of well-planned walks, with carved stone seats at short distances. The palace is small, but well arranged. The cardinal was not at home; but, as he is French at heart, his people received us with the utmost kindness.

Thence we proceeded to Caprarola, a palace belonging to the Cardinal Farnese, and which is highly spoken of throughout Italy. And well it may be so; for I have seen no structure at all comparable to it, in the whole of this fine country. It is surrounded by a wide deep fosse, cut out of the soft gravel stone, on which the place is built; and the roof of the palace on each side forms a fine terrace, by which arrangement a very unseemly feature in ordinary domestic architecture is avoided. The form of the building inclines to the pentagonal, but it presents to the eye the appearance of a perfect square. Its internal form is exactly circular; and a large vaulted corridor, whose walls are covered with pictures, encircles the whole building, winding round and round it, from the base to the summit, and connecting the different floors. The rooms are all square. Among the other splendid apartments which adorn this structure, there is one, the vaulted ceiling of which represents a celestial globe, with all the figures accurately depicted: while upon the walls of the apartment is represented the terrestrial world, with all its various continents and regions, forming a complete cosmography. These paintings which are all in the richest colours, entirely cover the walls and ceiling. In other rooms are

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depicted, in pictures of various sizes, the life and actions of Paul III., and the other distinguished members of the House of Farnese. Besides these, there are portraits so admirable, that those who have seen the originals at once recognize them all at the first glance, of our Constable,[1] the Queen-Mother, her children, Charles IX., Henry III., the Duke of Alençon, the Queen of Navarre,[2] and King Francis II., the eldest of them all, as well as Henry II., Piero Strozzi, and others. In the same room with these, are two busts, one at each end; one, which stands in the place of honour, of Henry II., with an inscription upon it, in which he is designated the preserver of the house of Farnese; and the other, which stands at the other end of the room, that of King Philip II. of Spain, the inscription on which sets forth, that it was placed there in memorial of the numerous benefits which the Farnese family had received from him. In the grounds, also, there are several things well worth seeing, and among others, a grotto, whence the water showering out into a small lake, gives to the eye a close imitation of the fall of real rain. This grotto stands in a wild and desert spot, and the water whence it is supplied has to be brought from Viterbo, which is fully eight miles off.

Leaving this magnificent place, we rode on, over a wide plain, where, every now and then, upon barren and grassless spots, we found springs of cold water, clear and pure to the sight, but so impregnated with sulphur, as to cast the odour of it for some distance around. We slept at

Monte-Rossi, twenty-three miles; and next day, Sunday, 1st of October, reached

Rome, twenty-two miles. The weather was excessively cold, and we were annoyed with a freezing north wind. On the Monday, and for several days after, my stomach was so much out of order, that I determined to take my meals for a short time by myself, so that I might eat less. However, it

[1] Anne de Montmorency.
[2] Catherine de Medici.
[3] Margaret, first wife of Henry IV.

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other respects I was tolerably well, except, indeed, that my head had not yet quite resumed its proper state.

On arriving at Rome, I found a letter from the jurats of Bordeaux, reminding me in very courteous terms of my election as mayor of that town, and earnestly requesting me to proceed thither without delay.

Sunday, 8th of October, 1581, I went to Monte Cavallo, to see an Italian who, having been for a long time a slave in Turkey, had there acquired amazing skill in equestrian exercises. For instance, while riding at full speed, he would jump up, and, standing erect on his saddle, hurl a javelin at some object with great force, and then resume his seat. Next, in the midst of a furious gallop, resting one hand on his saddlebow, he would alight from his horse, touching the ground with his right foot, the left remaining in its stirrup; and this he performed several times, alternately with the feat of turning right round in his saddle, with as much facility as though his horse had been standing still. He showed us the way in which the Turks use the bow on horseback, both in attack and in retreat. By and by, withdrawing both feet from the stirrups, and planting them firmly against his steed's left haunch, while his head and shoulder reclined on the animal's neck, he would in this position ride round and round the circus at full speed. Resuming his seat, he received from the attendant a large ball, which, notwithstanding the pace at which his horse was galloping, he threw up into the air, and caught again, over and over again, with the utmost facility and certainty. The last feat he showed us, on horseback, was standing upright on his saddle, and running at a glove with a lance, which he directed with such accuracy and force as to hit his mark just in the centre, and to carry it off. Then dismounting, he concluded by exhibiting several extraordinary feats of strength, such, among others, as bending a bar of iron round his neck.

On the 10th of October, after dinner, the French ambassador [1] sent a lackey to tell me that, if I liked, he would come

[1] M. D'Elbene.

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and fetch me in his coach, to see the palace of Cardinal Orsino, who died this summer at Naples, leaving all his vast property to a niece of his, and she being quite a child, the executors had thought best to sell the furniture. Among the articles here that more especially attracted my attention, was a taffeta counterpane, covered with swans' feathers. At Sienna they have quantities of swans' skins on sale, with the feathers entire, and prepared in some particular way for use; and they only ask a crown and a half apiece for these. They are about the size of a sheep's skin, and one of them is sufficient to make a counterpane of. There was also an ostrich egg, carved and painted very exquisitely; and a square jewel-box, in which there were three or four articles of jewelry, but the interior of the box was so ingeniously arranged with crystal plates that, when opened, it seemed much wider and deeper than it really was, and it appeared quite full of precious stones, so extraordinary was the effect produced by the reflection of the crystal.

Thursday, 12th of October, the Cardinal de Sens took me in his coach to see the church of St. John and St. Paul, of which he is titular and superior, as he is also of the order of monks, who make a business of distilling the perfumes I spoke of, some time back. This church stands on Mount Celius, a situation apparently selected for its affording such facilities for the construction of the numerous subterranean buildings which are attached to the edifice. This is said to be the site of the Forum of Hostilius. The gardens and vineyards belonging to this society are very beautiful, and command an extensive prospect, which embraces the whole of ancient Rome. The church, from the steep and rugged nature of the spot on which it stands is almost inaccessible on every side. The same day, I sent off a well-filled box to Milan. The vetturini generally take twenty days to get there. The box weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, and they charged me two *bajocchi* a pound for the carriage, about two French sous. There were several articles of value in it

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more especially a magnificent chaplet of Agnus Dei, the handsomest there was to be had in Rome. It had been made expressly for the empress's ambassador, and had been blessed by the pope.

Sunday, 15th of October, I quitted Rome shortly after sunrise, leaving my brother behind me, to whom I gave forty-three gold crowns, which he reckoned would be enough to pay all his expenses for the five months he was to remain there, to perfect himself in the practice of arms.[1] He had previously hired a pretty suite of rooms, for twenty julios a month. Messrs. d'Estissac, de Monbaron, de Chase, Morens, and one or two other gentlemen, accompanied me the first stage, and several more of my friends would also have accompanied me so far, and had hired horses for the purpose, but I started earlier than I had at first proposed, in order to save these gentlemen, at least, the trouble which their kindness to me would have occasioned them. Among these were Messrs. du Bellay, d'Ambres, d'Allègre, &c. I got by bedtime to

Ronciglione, thirty miles. I had hired the horses to take me as far as Lucca, and I was to pay twenty julios each for them, the owner contracting to provide their keep all the way.

On the Monday morning, the weather was astonishingly cold; indeed, as it seemed to me at the time, more so than I had ever felt it before, yet the vintage was not near over in that part of the country. I dined at Viterbo, where I got out my furs and winter clothing. Thence I went on through

San Lorenzo, twenty-nine miles, to San Chirico, thirty-two miles, where I slept. All these roads had been mended a month or two before, by order of the Duke of Tuscany, who has therein done a great public service, for which may God reward him; the roads, which previously were of the very

[1] It was probably in the course of this five months that the Sieur de Matteoulon took part in the duel of which mention has been made.

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worst description, are now as level and commodious as the streets of a town. It was quite astonishing to see the number of people who were flocking to Rome. As a matter of course, the hire of horses on the way to the Eternal City was preposterous, while those who were coming away from it could get conveyance for next to nothing. Near Sienna there is a double bridge, that is to say, a bridge which, passing over one river, serves as the channel for another river. You see the same sort of thing in several other places. In the evening we reached

Sienna, twenty miles. During the night, I had a severe attack of colic, which tormented me for two hours; it seemed to me that a stone was descending. Early on the Thursday morning, I sent for William Felix, a Jewish physician, who entered at great length upon his views of what regimen I ought to pursue for my malady. I left Sienna immediately afterwards, and, on my way, was plagued with the colic for three or four hours; at the end of which time I felt that a stone had fallen. I got to supper at

Ponte Alce, twenty-eight miles, where I passed a stone, somewhat larger than a grain of millet, and some gravel, without any pain or difficulty. I left this place, Friday morning, and on the way dismounted at

Altopascio, sixteen miles, where I stopped for an hour, to feed the horses. Here, without any great pain, I passed a quantity of gravel, and a longish stone, part of it hard and part soft, and somewhat larger than a grain of wheat. We saw a number of peasants on the road, some of whom were picking the vine leaves, to store away as fodder for their cattle in the winter, while others were collecting fern, to mix with their cheese. We arrived in the evening at

Lucca, eight miles, and within an hour, several gentlemen and others, whom I had made acquaintance with when I was here before, came to see me.

Saturday, 21st of October, early in the morning, I voided another stone, which stopped for a short while in the passage,

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but then came out without pain or difficulty. It was nearly round, hard, rough, white inside and red out, and much larger than a grain of wheat; I still passed a great deal of gravel. It is manifest, from this, that nature often relieves herself, for all that had thus passed from me, did so as by a perfectly natural operation. God be praised, that I got rid of these stones with so little pain and inconvenience!

As soon as I had eaten a bunch of grapes (for when travelling I take little or nothing in the morning), I left Lucca, without waiting for several gentlemen who had volunteered over night to accompany me. The road was exceedingly good. On my right was a succession of low hills, covered with olive plantations, and on my left the marshes, with the sea in the distance.

No great way from Lucca I saw a machine, which the government has most negligently allowed to go to ruin, very much to the injury of the surrounding country. This machine, which was made for the purpose of draining the marshes, and rendering them cultivable, was constructed in the following manner: a deep and extensive ditch was dug, to receive the drainings from the marshes, and at the head of this were placed three wheels, turned by a stream which descended from a neighbouring height. These wheels, by means of spouts, like those of a mill-hopper, drew up the water from the ditch into a raised canal, walled in with brick, which carried it down to the sea. By means of this construction, the marshes were gradually draining, but the works are now at a standstill.

I passed through Pietra-Santa, a town belonging to the Duke of Florence, where there seem to be more houses than inhabitants. The reason of this, as I was told, is that the air is so bad that hardly any one can exist there, and the few who do manage to live are a poor sickly set. The next place we reached was

Massa di Carrara, twenty-two miles, a small town belonging to the Prince di Massa, a member of the Cibo family.

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The place consists of a fine castle, standing on the summit of a hill, half-way down which are the castle-walls, and below these, encompassing the hill, the town itself, which is again surrounded with a wall. The place is well situated, and has a number of good houses, tastefully painted on the outside. I was obliged to put up with new wine here, for there is no such thing as old wine to be got. They have a way of clearing their wine with the shavings of some particular wood and the white of eggs, so as to give it the colour of age, but it also communicates a flavour which is by no means natural or pleasant.

Sunday, 22d of October, I proceeded on my way, along an excellent level, straight road, the Tuscan sea lying on my right, at about a gunshot off. We saw some inconsiderable ruins on our way, half-way between the road and the sea, which, according to the notion of the people here, are the remains of a large town of antiquity, called Luna.

Afterwards, we passed through Sarrezana, a town belonging to the seigneury of Genoa. Over the gate are the arms of the republic, a mounted St. George. There is a garrison of Swiss mercenaries here. This town formerly belonged to the Duke of Florence; and, were it not that the Prince of Massa separates the two places, there is no doubt that Pietra-Santa and Sarrezana, the frontier towns of Florence and Genoa, would be continually at blows.

As we were leaving Sarrezana, where, by the way, we had to pay four julios a horse for one post,—they were firing off salvos of artillery in honour of Don Giovanni di Medicis, natural brother of the Duke of Florence, who was passing through the town, on his return from Genoa, where he had been, on the part of his brother, to pay his respects to the empress,[1] who had received similar visits from many other Italian grandees. The prince, whose magnificence on this occasion excited the most admiration, was the Duke of Ferrara, who escorted the empress to Padua, with four hundred

[1] Mary, daughter of the Emperor Charles V., and widow of Maximilian II.

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carriages. He had requested permission from the seigneury of Venice to pass through their territories with six hundred horsemen, but, although they gave him leave to pass, they said he must not have so many horsemen with him; and he, on his part, not being willing to have fewer attendants, put all his people into coaches, so that the number of horses, only, was less. I met Don Giovanni on my way. He is a young man, very well made, and was accompanied by twenty men, handsomely dressed themselves, but mounted on hired horses; which, however, in Italy is considered no discredit, even to princes.

The road to Genoa lies on the left, shortly after you leave Sarrezana; and, in going to Milan, it makes very little difference whether you pass through Genoa, or take the direct Milan road; the distance, in fact, is as near as possible the same; I had a great fancy to see Genoa and the empress, but I gave up the idea for the following reasons: there are two roads to Genoa on this route; one, at three days' journey from Sarrezana, is forty miles in length, and a very bad and very hilly road, along rocks and precipices, and with only a few lonely, poverty-stricken, and unfrequented inns; the other route is from Lerice, three miles from Sarrezana, where you embark, and in twelve hours reach Genoa. Now the weakness of my stomach is such that I can never remain on the water for any length of time, and I was afraid that, even when I got to Genoa, I should have a difficulty in procuring lodgings, owing to the concourse of strangers who were then visiting the place; moreover, I had heard that the road from Genoa to Milan was infested with robbers, and my main object, after all, being to get back to France as soon as possible, I made up my mind not to go to Genoa, but to make the best of my way to Milan by the direct road, which runs to the right, towards the mountains. We proceeded along the valley of the Magra, the river so named lying on our left. Thus, passing now through part of the territories of Genoa, then through an isolated district belonging to Florence, and

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anon through the states of the Malaspina family, but everywhere finding an excellent road, with the exception of a few miles here and there, we got by bedtime to

Ponte-Mola, thirty miles. This is a long town, very full of ancient buildings and ruins, which are in no way remarkable. The people here say the town was formerly called Appua; it formerly belonged to the Fieschi family, but it is now a dependency of the state of Milan. The first course at dinner was cheese, such as they make round Milan and Placenza, which was followed by stoned olives, seasoned, in the Genoese fashion, with oil and vinegar, like a salad. The town stands close at the foot of the mountains. After dinner, they take round a basin of water, which they place on a stool for you to wash your hands in, and every guest washes in the same water.

I left this place, Monday morning, the 23d, and, on quitting my inn, at once commenced the ascent of the Apennines, which, however, notwithstanding the height of these mountains, is neither a difficult nor dangerous undertaking. We were all day ascending and descending mountains of various altitude, but almost without exception, wild and barren; and at nightfall reached

Fornoua, in the territory of Count San Secondo, thirty miles, and highly delighted I was to find myself clear of the rascally mountaineers, who make pitiless havoc with the pockets of all the unhappy travellers who get into their hands, by their charges for eating and horse-hire. At dinner here, they gave me some excellent *ragouts à la moutarde*, dressed in different ways; one of them was made with quinces. There is a terrible scarcity of horses for hire all about this part of the country; and as to the people, every soul you meet seems to think it almost a point of duty to cheat and deceive the strangers who journey among them. Elsewhere, you pay two julios a post for each horse; here, they exacted from me three, four, and even five a post, so that the hire alone of my horse cost me more than a crown a day; and, besides this

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they sometimes charged me two posts when there was only one.

When at Fornoua, I was only two posts from Parma, and from Parma to Placenza the distance is only the same as that from Fornoua to the latter place, so that my going to Parma would merely have taken me two posts out of my way; but I determined not even to make this slight *detour*, for I was anxious to get home without delay. Fornoua is a very small place, consisting of but six or seven houses, standing in a valley along the banks of the Taro, for such, I believe, is the name of the river that waters this valley. Tuesday morning, we proceeded along the same valley for a considerable way, and got by dinner-time to

Borgo-San-Doni,[1] twelve miles, a small town, which the Duke of Parma is surrounding with fine flanked walls. Here I found on the table, mustard, mixed with honey and orange pulp, cut into small bits, like quince marmalade.

Thence, leaving Cremona on the right, at about the same distance as Placenza, we proceeded along a fine road, through a country which, on either side, as far as the eye can reach, exhibits not one single hill, not the slightest inequality of surface; from horizon to horizon all is a level and fertile plain. We changed horses at every post; and I went the last two stages full gallop, to try how my strength stood in this respect, and I was not at all fatigued with the exertion; the water I passed all this time was quite natural and healthy.

Near Placenza, there are two high columns, one on each side of the road, about forty paces from one another. On the bases of these columns are Latin inscriptions, forbidding all persons to raise any sort of building, or to plant any sort of tree, in the space between them. I did not understand whether this prohibition was intended merely to preserve the width of the road, or to leave the prospect open from these columns to the town, which is about half a mile off. We got early in the evening to

[1] Borgo San-Donnino.

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Placenza, twenty miles, a very large place. As I had plenty of time before supper, I walked about the town for nearly three hours. The streets are unpaved and muddy, and the houses small. In the square, the chief ornament of the town, is the hall of justice, with the prisons; the citizens assemble in this square for their promenades. The shops in the streets are very poor.

I went over the castle, which is in the possession of King Philip,[1] who has a garrison here of three hundred Spanish soldiers, very ill paid, as they told me. They sound the *diane* here, night and morning, for an hour, with the instruments which we call *hautbois*, and the people here *fifes*. There are a great many people living in the castle, and it is furnished with some fine pieces of artillery. The Duke of Parma,[2] who was in the town at this time, never enters the castle; he resides in the citadel, a fortress in another part of the town. In short, I saw nothing here worth any particular observation, except the new church of St. Augustin, which King Philip is building, in place of the old church that he made use of in the construction of the castle, applying also part of the revenues of the establishment for the same purpose. The church, which promises to be a fine building, is not yet finished; but the conventual house, where the brotherhood, to the number of seventy, reside, and the double cloisters, are entirely completed, and appeared to me the handsomest and most commodious structure for the use of a religious society that I ever beheld. The galleries, the dormitories, and every part of it, is admirably adapted for its particular purpose. They place the salt here in lumps on the table, without any saltcellar, and the cheese in like manner is served up without a dish.

The Duke of Parma had come here to await the arrival of the eldest son of the archduke of Austria, the young prince whom I saw at Insprug, and it was said he was going to Rome to be crowned King of the Romans. Here also they mix

[1] Philip II., who retained it till 1585. [2] Ottavio Farnese.

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water with their wine at table, and use a latten spoon for the purpose. The cheese here is the same that is universal throughout the Placentine. Placenza is exactly half-way between Rome and Lyons. In order to go direct to Milan, I should have proceeded straight to

Marignan, thirty miles, whence Milan is distant only miles; but I determined to extend my journey another ten miles in order to see Pavia. Accordingly, on Wednesday, 25th of October, I started very early in the morning, and rode on along an excellent road. On my way I voided a small soft stone, and a good deal of gravel. We passed through a small town, belonging to Count Santafiore, and some time after, crossed the Po, on a flying-bridge, consisting of two barges fixed together, with a small cabin on the deck, which is propelled across the stream by the means of a long rope. Near this place, the Tesino mingles its waters with those of the Po. Early in the afternoon we reached

Pavia, thirty miles; and I immediately proceeded to examine the principal objects of interest in the town; such as the bridge over the Tesino, the cathedral church, and the churches of the Carmelites, of St. Thomas, and of St. Augustin. In the last-named edifice, is the splendid monument of the sainted bishop, made of white marble, and adorned with several fine statues of the same material. In one of the squares in this town there is a brick column, with a statue surmounting it, apparently a copy of the equestrian statue of Antoninus Pius,[1] in front of the Capitol at Rome. If this be the case, the copy is smaller than the original, and in no way to be compared with it; and a further doubt arises from the circumstance that the statue at Pavia has stirrups and a saddle with saddlebows before and behind, while the statue at Rome has neither stirrups nor saddle. This induces me to concur in the opinion of the learned, who regard stirrups and saddles, at all events such stirrups and saddles as these, as a

[1] Marcus Aurelius. By some authorities, the statue at Pavia is supposed to represent Lucius Verus. The face is larger than that of the Roman figure.

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modern invention. Perhaps, after all, this may really be a copy from the statue at Rome, the stirrups and saddle only being supplied by the modern sculptor, whose self-sufficiency and ignorance induced him to suppose that the want of them was a defect in his original. I also saw the edifice, which, under the Cardinal Borromeo's direction, had been begun for the use of the students.

Pavia is a large town, tolerably handsome, thickly populated, and abounding in artisans of every description. There are few fine houses, and even that which was assigned to the empress, during her stay here a little while back, is but an indifferent affair. Wherever the arms of France remain against houses or elsewhere, the lilies have been effaced. In short, I saw nothing that particularly struck me here. Horses in this part of the country can be hired for two julios a post. The best inn that I came across between this and Rome, was the post-house at Placenza, which, indeed, as far as I can remember, is the best I had seen in Italy, since I left Verona. However this may be, certain it is, that the very worst inn that I had to endure throughout my whole journey was the Falcon at Pavia. Both here and at Milan, you pay separately for firewood. The beds have no mattress.

I left Pavia, Thursday, 26th October, and went out of my way, about half a mile on the right, to see the plain on which the army of King Francis I. was defeated by Charles V.,[1] as well as to pay a brief visit to the Chartreuse, which, with good reason, is regarded as a splendid edifice. The façade is all of marble, elaborately sculptured. One of the altars in the church has an ivory front, on which are carved, in relief, representations of the Old and New Testament. Another object of interest is the tomb, in marble, of Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, founder of this establishment. I next viewed the choir, the decorations of the high altar, and the cloisters, which are extraordinarily lofty, and very beautiful. The conventual house is a vast building; indeed, when you con

[1] February 24th, 1525.

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sider its extent, its variety, the infinite number of attendants, workmen, and artisans, of horses and carriages that it contains, it seems more like the court of an exalted prince, than a monastery. New works and decorations are being constantly added at an immense expense, the amount of which is taken from the revenues of the establishment itself. The Chartreuse stands in the centre of some beautiful meadow land. Thence we proceeded to

Milan, twenty miles, the most populous town in Italy, of large extent, and carrying on a very considerable trade. It is something like Paris, and in many respects looks more like a French than like an Italian town. You do not see here the fine palaces that give so great an effect to Rome, Naples, Genoa, and Florence; but it makes up for this defect by its extent; and the concourse of foreigners, which is quite as considerable as at Venice. Friday, 27th October, I went to see the outworks of the castle, and examined them thoroughly. This fortress is one of the largest and best fortified that I ever saw. The garrison consists of at least seven hundred Spaniards, who are well supplied with artillery. They are adding fresh works to every part of it. I stopped at Milan the whole of this day, in consequence of the rain, which fell heavily and without intermission. Up to this time, the weather, the roads, everything had favoured us. Saturday morning, 28th October, I left Milan, and travelled along so excellent a road, that though the rain continued to pour, and the roads were all covered with water, there was no mud; one reason for this, however, was that the country is sandy. I got by dinner-time to

Buffalora, eighteen miles, where we crossed the Naviglio, over a bridge. The channel of this stream is narrow, but deep enough to transport barks of a considerable size to Milan. A little further on we crossed the Tesino, in a boat, and by bedtime reached

Novarre, eighteen miles, a small and by no means agreeable town, standing in the midst of a plain. The place is

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completely environed by vineyards and groves of fruit and other trees, for the land here is exceedingly fertile. We left this place in the morning, and stopped to bait our horses at

Verceil, ten miles, a town in Piedmont, belonging to the Duke of Savoy;[1] this place also stands in a plain, along the banks of the Lesia, which river we crossed in a boat. The duke has built a fortress here, a strong and handsome one, as far as I could judge from the outworks; its construction, which was executed suddenly and promptly, has given great offence to his neighbours the Spaniards. After leaving this place, we passed through two other towns, St. Germain and St. Jacques, and continuing along the same fertile plain, which, in the article of trees, appears to abound chiefly in walnut-trees (olive-trees they have none in this part of the country, and the only oil used is that from walnuts), we got by bedtime to

Livorno, twenty miles, a small village, with tolerable houses. We left this place early on Monday morning, and dining at

Chivas, ten miles, proceeded on, and, after crossing several rivers and small streams, sometimes in a boat, sometimes fording them, we arrived at

Turin, ten miles, which we might easily have reached by the ordinary dinner-time, but we were somewhat later. This is a small town, standing on very marshy ground, and neither well built, nor very pleasant, I should imagine, as a residence, though it is traversed by a stream, which carries off the dirt and filth. I here hired horses for six days, to carry us on to Lyons, at five crowns and a half each horse, the owner undertaking to keep them all the time. French is commonly spoken here, and everybody appears to hold our people in great esteem and affection. The vernacular, even, has very little of Italian about it, except the pronunciation; in itself it seems made up, for the most part, of French words. We left Turin, Tuesday, 31st October, and by dinner-time reached

[1] Charles-Emmanuel, I.

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St. Ambroise, two posts. Thence, along a narrow valley, hemmed in by considerable hills, we went on to sleep at

Suza, two posts, a considerable town, with a castle. Here I was attacked, in the night, with a terrible pain in the right knee, which did not leave me for several days, but on the contrary, got worse and worse. The inns here are better than in the other parts of Italy that I have visited; the bread is not good, but the wine is excellent, and there is plenty of everything. Throughout Savoy, the landlords are exceedingly civil and well-behaved. On All-Saints' day, after hearing mass, I went on to

Novalese, one post, where I hired eight men, to carry me to the top of Mont Cenis, and down the other side, in the sort of litter that they use here for this purpose.

[*Montaigne continues his Journal, from this point, in French.*]

Here French is the tongue spoken; so here I will quit the foreign language I have so far employed, and which comes as easy to me as it goes incorrectly from me; for, having been almost entirely in the company of my own countrymen ever since I left France, my opportunities for making any progress in Italian have been but very inadequate. I crossed Mont Cenis, partly on horseback, and partly in a litter carried by four men, who, when they were fatigued, were relieved by four other men, all of whom I engaged at Novalese, as I have just mentioned. The ascent occupies two hours, and, being rugged and stony, is very difficult for horses, who are not accustomed to such travelling, but is easy enough for pedestrians; and there is no danger to be apprehended, except falling on your knees now and then, for the road winding up the middle of the mountain, there are no precipices at the side to tumble over. On reaching the summit, you see before you a plain, extending about two leagues from the foot of the mountain, diversified with a few houses, some pieces of water, and the post-house; there are no trees, and at this

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season there was no grass, for the whole space was thickly covered with snow. The descent is about a league, and I was carried down it in my litter. At the bottom, I dismissed my eight porters, giving them two crowns for their trouble. The regular price for being merely carried down, however, is only a tester; and sometimes there are amusing scenes enough, when people get frightened. I then mounted my horse, which had been led for me, and we then rode on to dinner at

Lanebourg,[1] two posts, a village at the foot of the mountain with which commences Savoy. We slept at a small village two leagues further on. All about this part of the country, they have got plenty of trout, and excellent wines, old and new. Next day, we rode on, along a hilly and rugged road to

St. Michel, five leagues, a village, in which is the post-house. After dining here, we proceeded on our route; but it was very late, and we were all wet through before we reached

La Chambre, five leagues, a small village, which gives his title to the Marquis de la Chambre. Next day, Friday, 3d November, we went on to dine at

Aiguebelle, four leagues, a walled town, whence we proceeded to our sleeping-place,

Mont Mellian, four leagues, a town and fortress, the latter of which occupies the summit of an isolated rock, rising in the centre of a small plain, surrounded by high mountains. The town itself stands at the foot of this rock, upon the banks of the river Isne, which then runs on to Grenoble, seven leagues hence. I began now to appreciate the excellence of the Italian oil; for that which I got in this part of the country disagreed amazingly with my stomach, whereas in Italy I never had the slightest after-taste of the oil. We dined at

Chamberi, two leagues, the capitol of Savoy, a small but handsome town, with an excellent trade. It is surrounded

[1] Lannlebourg.

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by mountains, but its immediate site is a tolerably large plain. Passing on, we crossed Mont du Chat, a high, rugged, and rocky mountain, the passage of which, however, is neither difficult nor dangerous. At its foot there is an extensive lake,[1] on the banks of which stands a town called Bordeau, where they make swords, which are held in considerable estimation. We slept at

Hyene,[2] four leagues, a small town. Sunday morning, we crossed the Rosne, which lay on our right. The rocks here abut very closely on the road, and in one particular place almost block up the passage altogether. On a rock, commanding this defile, the Duke of Savoy has constructed a small fort, very nearly resembling that built by the Venetians at Chiusa, in the Tyrol, of which I spoke in the proper place. Proceeding along this narrow pass, we went on without stopping to

St. Rambert, seven leagues, a small town, standing in the valley, where it becomes somewhat wider. Most of the towns in Savoy have a stream running through them, and the space between this stream and the houses, on each side, is nearly all covered in with penthouses, so that you can walk about in all weathers, but there is this inconvenience, that the shops are the darker for it. In the course of the evening, M. Francesco Cenami, a Lyons banker, who had come here to avoid the plague, sent his respects, and a servant to me with some wine, coupled with some very handsome compliments. I left the place on the Monday morning, and having now entirely got clear of the mountains, entered upon our French low country. Passing the river Ain in a boat, near the bridge of Chesai, I rode on without stopping to

Morestel, six leagues, a small but much frequented town, belonging to the Duke of Savoy, and the last of his dependencies in this direction. Tuesday, after dinner, I took post-horses, and went on to sleep at

Lyons, two posts, three leagues. I was very much pleased

[1] The Lake of Bourget. [2] Yenne.

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with this town. Friday, I bought of Joseph de la Sone, three stout horses for two hundred crowns. I had previously purchased of Malesieu a riding nag, for fifty crowns, and another horse for thirty-three. Saturday, St. Martin's day, I had in the morning a terrible stomach-ache, which kept me in bed till after mid-day. I took no dinner, and ate very little at supper. Sunday, 12th November, the Sieur Alberto Grachinotti, a Florentine, who had already shown me a great deal of attention, invited me to dinner, and offered to lend me any money I might want; yet he never saw me before I came here. Wednesday, 15th November, 1581, I left Lyons after dinner, and by a hilly road reached

Bordeliere, five leagues, a village consisting of two houses, in one of which we slept. Thursday morning, we resumed our journey, favoured by an excellent road, and, near the small town of Fur,[1] crossed the river Loire in a boat, and went on without stopping to

L'Hospital, eight leagues, a small walled town. Leaving this place next morning, we proceeded along a hilly road, with the pleasant accompaniment of the snow falling heavily, and a bitter cold wind driving full in our faces, and at last made our way to

Tiers, six leagues, a small, well-built, and populous town, seated on the river Allier, and enjoying a considerable trade. Its principal manufacture is paper, but it is also noted for its knives and playing cards. It stands at an equal centrical distance from Lyons, St. Flour, Moulins, and Puy. The nearer I approached home, the longer did the way seem; each successive mile appeared more tedious than its predecessor. This town belongs to M. de Montpansier. I went to Palmier's, to see the process of paper-making, which seemed to require as many workmen, and as much labour, as any other manufacture. The common cards are sold at one *sol* the pack, and the finer sort at two *caroluses*.[2] Saturday

[1] Feurs.

[2] The Carolus was a coin marked with a K. (Karolus VIII.) and was worth about 2½*d*.

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we rode on through the rich plain of La Limaigne, and passing in a boat. first the Doare and then the Allier, we came to

Pont du Chateau, four leagues, where we slept. The plague has committed sad havoc here, and I was told some fearful instances of its ravages. The house of the Seigneur the Viscount de Canillac was burned as they were endeavouring to purify it with enormous fires in every room. This seigneur sent one of his people to me in the evening, with offers of service, and to request that I would write to M. de Foix in favour of his son, whom he was about to send to Rome. Sunday, 19th November, I went on to dinner at

Clermont, two leagues, where I stopped all day, to give my young horses a rest. Monday, the 20th, I started early in the morning, and on my road, at the top of the Pui de Doume, passed a largish stone, long and flat, which had stuck in the passage all the morning. I felt it the day before. It was neither hard nor soft. I stopped at Pougibaut for the purpose of paying my respects to Madame de la Fayette, with whom I stayed half an hour. Her house is not so handsome as it is celebrated; its situation is by no means good; the garden is small and square, and the walks are raised four or five feet above the beds; the sides of the walks are paved with stone. The garden is filled chiefly with fruit-trees. The snow was falling so thick, and the wind was blowing so cold, that I could not judge very well what sort of country I was travelling through. I went on to sleep at

Pont-a-mur, seven leagues, a small village; where I heard that Monsieur and Madame de Lude were staying at a place two leagues off. The next night I slept at

Pont-Sarrant, another small village, six leagues. All the inns on this line of road, till you get to Limoges, are miserable places; the only article they have at all passable is wine. Their customers, however, for the most part, are nothing but muleteers and messengers to and from Lyons. My head had got out of sorts again; and truly, if storms and winds and rain be bad for it, it had enough to disorder it on

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this confounded route, where the winter is said to be harder than in any other part of France. Wednesday, 22d November, a most detestable morning, I resumed my journey, and passed, in the course of the day, through Fuletin,[1] a small well-built town, environed by hills, and which seems half depopulated by the plague, that recently visited it. I slept at

Chastein, five leagues, a miserable village, where I could get no old wine, and had to put up with some new stuff, that was not even purified. Thursday 23d, the state of my head being in no degree improved by the bad wine and the bad weather, I went on to sleep at

Saublac, five leagues, a small village belonging to M. de Lausun. Next day, I slept at

Limoges, six leagues, where I stayed all Saturday. I bought a mule here for ninety sun-crowns of the man whose horses I had ridden from Lyons, and who had accompanied us on this same mule. He charged me five crowns more for the keep of the animal from Lyons, therein cheating me out of four livres, for the cost of the horses for that distance only came to three crowns and two-thirds. Sunday, 26th November, I left Limoges, after dinner, and went on to sleep at

Cars, five leagues; there was no one but Madame de Cars at home. Monday, I slept at

Tivie, six leagues. Tuesday, I slept at

Perigus,[2] five leagues. Wednesday, at

Mauriac, five leagues; and Thursday, St Andrew's day, the 30th of November, I once more reached my own bed at

Montaigne, seven leagues, which I had left 22d June 1580, on my way to La Fere. Thus my journey occupied seventeen months and eight days.

[1] Feuilletin. [2] Perigueux.

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LETTERS

OF

MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE.

I.[1]

Michael de Montaigne to his Father.

. . . . . As to his last words, if a good account of them is to be expected from any hand, it is undoubtedly from mine; not only because, all the time of his sickness, he was fond of conversing with nobody so much as with me, but also because, such was the singular and brotherly love we bore to one another, that I had a most certain knowledge of his designs, opinions, and will, all his lifetime, as much no doubt as it was possible for any one man to know of another. And because I knew them to be sublime, virtuous, full of resolution, and, all things considered, most wonderful, I foresaw that, if his distemper would give him strength to express him-

[1] This letter, as well as several of those that follow, may be found in a volume published by Montaigne himself, about nine years before the first edition of the Essays. It is a small octavo, now very scarce, "imprimé avec privilege, à Paris, chez Frederic Morel (l'ancien), Rue St. Jean-de Beauvais, au Franc Meurier, 1571," (other title-pages have "1572.") It consists of 131 pages, and is entitled "La Mesnagerie de Xenophon; les regles de Mariage, de Plutarque; Lettre de Consolation de Plutarque a sa Femme; le tout traduit de Grec en François par feu M. Estienne de la Boëtie, conseiller du roy en sa court de parlement à Bordeaux; ensemble quelques vers Latins et Francois de son invention: *item*, un discours sur la mort du dit Seigneur de la Boëtie, par M de Montaigne." The *Vers François*, however, did not appear till 1572, when they were published by Morel, in an octavo booklet of 19 pages. The unsold copies of the translations above enumerated were sent forth in 1600, "ches Claude Morel, rue St. Jacques à la Fontaine," with the addition of *La Mesnagerie* (Economics) *d'Aristotle*, also translated by La Boëtie, and the *Vers François*.

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self, nothing would come from his lips but what was great and very worthy of imitation; therefore I gave the utmost attention to it. It is true, monseigneur, that as my memory is very short, and moreover bewildered by the trouble of my mind for so heavy and important a loss, it is impossible but I should have forgotten many things which I could wish were known; but as for those which I recollect, I will send you them with the strictest regard to truth that is possible. For in order to represent him thus cruelly stopped in his worthy progress; to show you that invincible courage in a body broken down and demolished by the furious efforts of pain and death, would, I confess, require a much better style than mine; because, though when he talked of grave and important subjects, he spoke of them in such a manner that it was difficult to write them down so well, yet it seemed at this time as if there was an emulation betwixt his thoughts and his words, which should do him the last service. For sure I am that I never observed him to have so many and such fine imaginations, and those uttered with so much eloquence as his were, all the time of his illness. For the rest, monseigneur, if you find that I have chosen to bring into my narrative his most trivial and common topics, you must know that I did so on purpose; for these having been delivered by him at that time, and in the height of so great an affliction, are a singular evidence of a mind quite at ease, tranquil, and assured.

On Monday, the 9th of August, 1563, on my return from the *Palais*, I sent to invite him to dine with me. He returned me for answer, with thanks, that he was a little out of order, and that I should do him a pleasure if I would spend an hour with him before he set out for Medoc. Soon after I had dined, I went on to him. He was laid down on the bed with his clothes on, and I found his countenance already altered. He told me that he had a looseness on him, attended with the gripes, ever since the day before when he played with M. d'Escars, and wore only a doublet under a

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silk garment; and that often, when he caught a cold, it was attended with such fits. I thought it proper that he should undertake the journey he had intended, but advised him to go no further that evening than to Germignan, which is but two leagues out of town.[1] I did this, the rather because the place where he lay was close to some houses that were infected with the plague, of which he was somewhat afraid, since he returned from Perigord and the Agenois, where it raged in all parts; besides, I had formerly myself found benefit, in such a distemper as his was, from riding on horseback. Accordingly he set out, accompanied by Mademoiselle de la Boëtie, his wife, and his uncle, M. de Bouillhonnas.

Early the next morning, came one of his domestics to me, from Mademoiselle de la Boëtie, to acquaint me that he had been seized that night with a violent dysentery. She sent for a doctor and an apothecary, and desired me to come to him, which, after dinner I did.

He was overjoyed to see me; and when I was taking leave of him in order to return home, with a promise to visit him again next day, he desired me, with more affection and importunity than ever he had begged anything in his life, to be with him as much as possible. This touched me a little. Yet I was going away, when Mademoiselle de la Boëtie, who had already a foreboding of I know not what calamity, entreated me, with tears in her eyes, that I would not stir from him that night. Accordingly, she prevailed on me to stay, at which he was very much cheered. Next day, I returned home, and on Thursday I went to see him again. His distemper was worse, and his flux of blood, with the gripings, which weakened him very much, increased every hour.

On the Friday, I left him again; and on Saturday I found him very low. He then told me that his distemper was of the contagious kind, and, moreover, that it was disagreeable

[1] Two leagues from Bordeaux, between le Taillant and St. Aubin, on the road Castelnau.

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and melancholic; that he very well knew my temperament, and desired me to visit him but now and then, yet as often as I could. After this, I did not leave him. Till the Sunday, he had said nothing to me of what he thought of his being, and we discoursed only about the particular circumstances of his malady, and what the ancient physicians said of it; we had very little talk about public affairs, which I found, from the very first day, he had an aversion to. But on the Sunday he fainted away; and, when he came to himself, he said that all things appeared to him in a confusion, and that he had seen nothing but a thick cloud and an obscure mist, in which everything was confounded and disordered; but that, nevertheless, all this fit had given him no displeasure. "Death," said I then to him, "has nothing worse than this, my brother."—"Nay, nothing so bad," replied he.

From this time, having had no manner of sleep since the first attack of his distemper, and growing still worse, notwithstanding all remedies, so that certain draughts were now taken by him which are never ordered but in cases of the last extremity, he began to despair altogether of his recovery, and communicated his thoughts to me. That same day, because he was in good order, I said to him, "that considering the extraordinary affection which I bore him, it would ill become me if I did not take care that, as all his actions in health had been prudent and well weighed, he should continue to act with the same prudence in his sickness; and if it were God's will that he should be worse, I should be very sorry that, for want of advice, he should leave any of his domestic affairs unsettled, not only by reason of the damage which his relations might suffer from it, but for the sake of his reputation;" which he took very kindly at my hands; and, after having solved some difficulties which kept him in suspense on the subject, he desired me to call his uncle and his wife, by themselves, that he might give them to understand what he had resolved on as to his will. I told him that would alarm them "No, no," said he, "I will comfort them, and give them much

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better hopes of my recovery than I entertain myself." And then he asked me whether the fainting fits which he had had, did not a little surprise us? "That's of no moment, my brother," said I, "these are fits which are common to such distempers." "True, brother," replied he, "it is of no importance; even though what you are most afraid of should be the consequence." "To you," said I, "it would be a happy turn; but the damage would be to me, who should thereby lose the company of so great, so wise, and sure a friend, whose equal, I am certain, I should never find." "It is very possible, my brother," he rejoined, "that you never may; and I assure you that what makes me somewhat solicitous for my recovery, and not to hasten to that passage to which I am gone already half-way, is the consideration of the loss you will sustain, as well as that poor man and poor woman there (alluding to his uncle and his wife), whom I love entirely, and who, I am sure, will have much difficulty to bear the loss of me, which indeed will be a very great one, both to them and you. I am also concerned for the regret it will be received with by many people who have, during my life, had a love and value for me, and whose conversation, truly, if I could help it, I own I should be glad not to lose as yet. And if I go off the stage of this world, I entreat you, brother, as you know them, to give them a testimony of the friendship I retained for them, to the last breath of my life. And moreover, brother, I was not born perhaps to so little purpose, but I might have had it in my power to serve the public. Be this as it will, I am ready to depart when it shall please God, being very sure that I shall enjoy the ease you have foretold to me. And as to you, my friend, I know you to be so wise, how much soever it affects you, that you will nevertheless conform patiently and willingly to whatever it shall please his divine Majesty to order concerning me. And I beseech you to take care that the mourning for my departure may not drive that good man and good woman beyond the bounds of reason." He then asked me how they behaved already; I told him very well,

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considering the importance of the case. "I suppose so," said he, "now that they have still some hopes; but should I once deprive them of any hopes, you will be much perplexed to keep them in temper." In pursuance of this regard for them, as long as he lived, he always concealed from them the certain persuasion he had of his death, and earnestly begged me to behave in the same manner. When he saw them near him, he affected to look brisk and gay, and fed them with flattering hopes.

I then left him to go and call them. They composed their countenances the best they could for awhile; and after we were seated round his bed, we four being by ourselves, he spoke as follows, with a settled countenance, as it were gay:—

"My uncle and my wife, I assure you upon my faith, that no fresh attack of my distemper, or misapprehension that I have of my recovery, has put it into my head to call you, in order to apprise you of my intention; for, God be praised, I am very well and full of hopes; but having long been convinced, both by experience and study, of the little security that is to be placed in the stability and constancy of human affairs, and even in that life whereof we are so fond, which is nevertheless but smoke and a mere nothing; and considering also, that because I am sick I am so much the nearer advanced to the danger of death, I am resolved to put my domestic affairs in order before I die, after having first taken your advice."

And then, addressing his discourse to his uncle: "My good uncle," said he, "were I at this hour to give you an account of the great obligations I have to you, I should not know where to end. It is enough for me that hitherto, wheresoever I have been, and with whomsoever I have talked, I have always said, that whatever a wise, good, and most bountiful father could do for his son, all this have you done for me; both for the care that was necessary to give me good learning, and when you were pleased to push me on into pub-

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lic employments; so that the whole course of my life has been full of great and praiseworthy offices of your friendship towards me; in short, whatever I have I hold from you, and acknowledge that I am obliged for to you, who have been to me a father indeed; so that, as the son of the family, I have no power to dispose of anything, unless you are pleased to give me leave." He then was silent, and stayed till sighs and sobs gave his uncle leisure to answer him, "That whatever he thought fit would be always acceptable to him." Then, having purposed to make him his heir, he desired him to accept of what was his.

Then turning his discourse to his wife: "My likeness," said he (for so he often called her, on account of some ancient affinity betwixt them), "as I have been joined to you by the tie of marriage, which is one of the most respectable and inviolable obligations that God has laid upon us here below for keeping up human society, I have loved, cherished, and esteemed you as far as I was able, and am fully assured that you have returned me a reciprocal affection, which I cannot sufficiently acknowledge. I desire you to take that share of my goods which I give you, and to content yourself therewith, though I know indeed that it is very little compared with your deserts."

Then addressing himself to me: "My brother," said he, "whom I love so dearly, and whom I chose out of such a multitude, in order to revive that virtuous and sincere friendship with you, the exercise of which has, by the vices of the age, been so long unknown to us, that there are only some old traces left of it in the memory of antiquity, I beseech you as a token of my affection for you, to accept of my library and books; a present very small, but given with a good heart, and which is fitting for you, considering you a lover of learning. It will be *μνημόσυνον tui sodalis.*" [1]

Then addressing himself to all three of us in general, he blessed God that in a case of such extremity he was accom-

[1] "A remembrance of your friend."

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panied by all those that were the dearest to him in the world; and said, he thought it a very goodly sight to see four persons assembled together so well agreed, and united in friendship, not doubting, he said, that we all loved one another unanimously, each one for the sake of the others. And, after having recommended us to one another, he proceeded thus: "Having now settled my temporal affairs, I must also think of my spiritual. I am a Christian; I am a Catholic; such I have lived, and such I am determined to die. Send for a priest to come to me, for I am not willing to be deficient in this last duty of a Christian."

Here he ended his discourse, which he had carried on with such a steady countenance, such a strength of language and voice, that whereas when I entered his chamber I found him weak, slow in the utterance of his words, his pulse very low, as with a lingering fever, tending to death, his countenance pale and wan, he seemed now, as by a miracle, to have resumed fresh vigour, with a more ruddy complexion and a stronger pulse, so that I made him feel mine, in order to compare them together. At that instant my heart was so sunk that I could scarce answer him a word; but, two or three hours after, in order to keep up his noble courage, and also because I wished, from the tender concern I had all my life long for his honour and glory, that there should be more witnesses of so many strong proofs of his magnanimity, by having a larger company in his chamber, I said to him, that I blushed for shame to think that my courage failed me in the hearing of what he, who was so great a sufferer, had the courage to say, that hitherto I had thought that God scarce ever gave us so great an advantage over human accidents, and could hardly believe what I had read of it in some histories; but that having now seen such a proof of it, I praised God that I had found it in a person by whom I was so much beloved, and who was to me so dear, and that this would serve me as an example to act the same part in my turn.

He interrupted me by desiring I would do so, and demon

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strate, by the effect, that the conversations we had had, in the time of our health, were not only words of mouth, but deeply engraved on our hearts and souls, and ready to be put in execution upon the first occasion that offered, adding, that this was the true practical aim of our studies and of philosophy. Then taking me by the hand, "My brother, my friend," said he, "I assure thee I have done many things, I think, in my life, with as much pain and difficulty as I do this. And when all is said, it is a long while ago since I was prepared for it, and that I had got all my lesson by heart. But is it not enough to have lived to my age? I was just entering into my thirty-third year. By God's grace, all my days hitherto have been healthy and happy; but, through the inconstancy of human affairs, they could hardly continue so longer; it was now time to launch into serious affairs, and to expect to meet with a thousand unpleasant things, as particularly the inconveniences of old age, of which I am by this means quit. And besides, it is probable that I have lived to this hour with more innocence, and less ill-nature, than I should have done if God had permitted me to live till my head had been filled with the care of getting wealth, and pushing my affairs. As for my part, I am certain that I am going to God and the seat of the blessed." And, because my countenance betrayed some uneasiness at these words of his: "What! brother," said he, "would you possess me with fear? If I had any terror upon me, whose business should it be to remove it, but yours?"

The notary, who was sent for to receive his last will and testament, coming in the evening, I made him prepare the writings, and then went to ask La Boëtie whether he would not sign it: "Not sign it?" said he: "I will do it with my own hand; but I wish, brother, that they had given me more time, for I find myself extremely weary, and so weak, that I am in a manner spent." I was going to change the discourse; but he recovered himself on a sudden, and said to me, that he had not very long to live, and he desired of me to know

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whether the notary wrote a swift hand, for he should scarce make any pause in dictating. I called the notary to him, and he dictated to him his will on the spot, so fast that he had much ado to keep pace with him; and having made an end, he desired me to read it to him, and said to me: "See, what it is to take care of that fine thing our riches." *Sunt hæc quæ hominibus vocantur bona*, "these are the things that men call good." After the will was signed, his chamber being full of people, he asked me if talking would do him any harm; I said no, provided he spoke softly.

Then he called Mademoiselle de Saint Quentin, his niece, to him, and spoke to her thus: "My dear niece, I think that ever since I have known thee, I have seen the rays of a very excellent nature shine in thee; but these last offices, which thou dost perform with so much affection and diligence in my present necessity, give me very great hopes of thee; and I am truly obliged to thee, and thank thee most affectionately. Now, in order to discharge my conscience, I advise thee, in the first place, to be ever devoted towards God; for this is, no doubt, the principal part of your duty, and that without which no other action of ours can be either good or seemly; and when such devotion is sincere, it necessarily draws after it all other virtuous actions. Next to God, thou must love thy father and mother, thy mother, my sister, whom I esteem one of the best and most sensible women in the world, and I entreat thee to regulate thy life by her example. Do not suffer thyself to be drawn aside by pleasures; avoid as a pestilence those silly familiarities with which thou seest women sometimes indulge men; for though there may be no harm in them at first, yet by little and little they corrupt the mind, and lead it to idle thoughtlessness, and thence to the abominable sink of vice. Believe me, the surest protection of a young woman's chastity is staidness. I entreat thee, and I expect, that thou wilt remember me, by frequently recalling to mind the friendship I have shown you; not to complain and grieve yourself for the loss of me, and, as far as is in my

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power, I forbid this to all my friends, since it would look as if they envied the happiness of which, by the favour of death, I shall soon see myself in possession. And assure yourself, my dear, that if God were now to indulge me with the choice, of returning to live, or of finishing the journey I have now begun, I should be at a loss which to choose. My dear niece, farewell!"

He then called Mademoiselle d'Arsat, his step-daughter, and said to her: "My daughter, you have no great need of advice from me, as you have a mother whom I have found so prudent, so very conformable to my temper and inclinations, that she never once offended me; you will be very well instructed by such a tutoress. And do not think it strange if I, who am not related to you by blood, have a care and anxiety for you; for since you are the daughter of a person so near to me, it is impossible but I must be touched with whatever concerns you; and therefore I have ever taken as much care of the affairs of M. d'Arsat, your father, as of my own, and peradventure it will not impede your advancement that you were my step-daughter. You have enough both of wealth and beauty; you are a gentlewoman of a good family; you have nothing more to do than to grace these gifts by cultivating your mind, which I desire you would not fail of doing. I do not forbid you vice, which is so detestable in women; for I am not willing so much as to think you can even entertain it in your mind,—nay, I believe that you abhor the very name of it. My dear daughter, farewell."

Though the whole chamber was full of weeping and wailing, it did not interrupt the thread of his discourses, which were pretty long. But after he had made an end, he ordered every one to quit his room except his garrison, as he called his female attendants. And then calling to my brother de Beauregard, he said to him: "M. de Beauregard, I thank you very heartily for the trouble you take for me. I have something very much at heart, which I long to tell you, and will therefore, with your leave, discover it to you." And

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being encouraged by my brother, he proceeded thus: "I swear to you, that of all who have set about the reformation of the church, I never thought there was any one man that entered upon it with better zeal, and a more entire, sincere, and single-minded affection, than you; and I verily believe you were excited to it only by the vices of our prelates, who undoubtedly stand in need of great amendment, and by certain imperfections, that have in a course of time crept into our church. I do not wish at this moment to dissuade you from it; for I would not desire anybody to do anything whatsoever against his conscience; but I would fain caution you, that in regard to the good reputation which your family has acquired by their perpetual agreement, a family than which not one in the world is dearer to me (good God! where is such another family as this, which never did an action unbecoming an honest man!) in regard to the will of your father, that good father to whom you are so much obliged, and of your uncle; you should avoid such extremities; be not so sharp and so violent to your brothers; be reconciled with them. Make no separate combination or party, but unite yourselves together. You see what ruin these dissensions have brought upon this kingdom, and I can assure you that they will be attended with still greater mischiefs; and, as you are wise and good, beware of bringing these inconveniences into your family, for fear they should deprive it of the honour and happiness which it has enjoyed to this hour. Take what I say to you in good part, M. de Beauregard, and for a sure testimony of the friendship I bear you; for with this view I hitherto reserved my mention of it to you; and perhaps the condition in which you now see me speaking it, will give my words the more weight and authority with you." My brother thanked him very much.

On the Monday morning, he was so bad that he quitted all hopes of life, insomuch that when he saw me, he in a very piteous tone said: "Brother, have you no pity for the many torments that I suffer? Don't you now see that all the

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relief you give me, serves only to prolong my pain?" Soon after this, he fainted; so that we began to give him over for dead: at length, by the power of vinegar and wine, he was revived. But he did not live long after; and hearing us lament around him, he said: "My God, who is it torments me thus? Why was I robbed of that profound and pleasant rest I had? pray leave me to myself." And then hearing me, he said: "And you too, brother, are not willing that I should be cured. Oh, what ease do you deprive me of!" At last, being a little more come to himself, he asked for a little wine; and, liking it well, said to me, it was the best liquor in the world. "No, surely," said I, to get him in another train, "water is the best." "Yes, without doubt," replied he, "ὕδωρ ἄριστον."[1] His extremities, even his face, were now become as cold as ice, attended with a death-sweat, which ran down all his body, and he had scarce any sign of a pulse left.

This morning he confessed to his priest, who had not however, brought all the necessaries with him, and therefore could not celebrate mass. But on Tuesday morning M. de la Boëtie sent for him to assist him, as he said, in the performance of the last duty of a Christian; he then heard mass and received the sacrament; and as the priest was taking leave of him, he said: "My spiritual father, I humbly beseech you, and those who are under your charge, to pray to God for me, that if it be ordered in the most sacred rolls of the decrees of God that I should now end my days, that he would take pity on my soul, and forgive me my sins, which are without number, as it is not possible for so vile and base a creature as I to have performed the commands of so high and mighty a Master; or if it seemeth good to him that I should tarry longer in this world, beg of him to put a speedy period to the agonies which I suffer; and that he would be so gracious to me as to guide my steps hereafter in the path of his holy will, and to make me better than I have been."

Here he stopped a little to take breath, and seeing that the

[1] "Water is the best thing." Pindar thus opens his first Olympic ode.

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priest was going away, he recalled him, and said to him "I wish to declare this also in your presence; I protest that, as I have been baptized, and have lived, so I am willing to die, in the faith and religion which Moses first planted in Egypt, which the patriarchs received afterwards in Judæa, and which, in the progress of time, has been handed down to us in France." It seemed as if he would fain have spoken a little more, if he had been able; but he concluded with desiring his uncle and me to pray to God for him: "For these are," he said, "the best offices that Christians can perform for one another." In speaking, he happened to uncover his shoulder, and desired his uncle to cover it again, though he had a valet nearer to him, and then, looking at me he said, *Ingenui est, cui multum debeas, ei plurimum velle debere;*[1] "It is the quality of a noble mind to desire to be under still greater obligation to him whom we are much indebted to already."

In the afternoon, M. de Belot came to visit him, and, taking him by the hand, he said: "My dear friend, I was but now about to pay my debt, but I have found a good creditor, who has remitted it me." A little after, starting suddenly out of a doze, he said: "Well, well, come when it will, I wait for it with firmness and pleasure;" words which he repeated two or three times in his illness. Afterwards, as they were forcing open his mouth to take a draught, he said, turning himself to M. de Belot, *An vivere tanti est?* "Is life worth all this ado?"

In the evening, death began indeed to strike him with his arrows; and as I was at supper, he sent for me, being nothing now but skin and bone, or, as he called himself, *Non homo, sed species hominis;* and said to me with the utmost difficulty: "My brother and friend, God grant that I may see the imaginations I have just been entertained with, realized." After he had stopped awhile, and laboured hard, with the deepest sighs, for utterance, for then the tongue was beginning

[1] Cicero, *Epist. Fam.* ii. 6.

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plainly to deny him its office: "What were they, brother?" "Great," said he, "very great." "It never happened before," I said, "that I had not the honour of being made acquainted with all your ideas; will you not let me still enjoy that confidence?" "Yes, surely, brother," said he; "but it is not in my power to discover them; they are wonderful, infinite, and unspeakable." There he stopped, for he could proceed no farther; though a little before he fain would have talked to his wife, and had said to her, with the most cheerful countenance he could put on, that he had a story to tell her. And he seemed to strive to speak, but his strength failing, he called for a little wine to raise it, but it signified nothing; for he fainted away on a sudden, and for a good while lost his sight.

Being now just on the confines of death, and hearing the lamentations of his wife, he called her, and spoke thus to her: "My image, you torment yourself before the time; will you not have pity on me? Take courage. Truly, I am more in pain for what I see you suffer, than for what I feel myself; and with reason, because as for the evils which we feel of our own, it is not, properly speaking, we who feel them, but certain senses which God has planted in us; but what we feel for others, we feel by judgment and the faculty of reasoning. But I am going." This he said because his spirits failed him. Now, being afraid that he had frightened his wife, he recovered himself, and said: "I am going to sleep: good night, my wife, leave me." This was the last farewell he took of her.

After she was gone, "Brother," said he to me, "keep close by me, if you please;" and then, either feeling the darts of death come thicker and sharper, or else the force of some hot medicine which they had made him swallow, he spoke with a stronger and more audible voice, and turned himself about in bed with violence; so that all the company began to have some hopes, because hitherto his weakness alone had made us despair of him. Then, amongst other things, he begged me again and again, with the greatest affection, to make way for him, so that I was afraid his senses were gone. Even when

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I had gently remonstrated to him that he was overpowered by his distemper, and that these were not the words of a man in his right senses, he did not seem to be convinced, but repeated it still more strongly: "Brother, brother, what, won't you give me room?" insomuch that he forced me to convince him by reason, and to say to him, that since he breathed and talked, he had by consequence a place. "Yes, yes," said he, "I have; but it is not the one I want; and besides, say what you will, I have no longer a being." "God will give you a better very soon," said I. "Would to God, brother," said he, "I was there now; I have longed to be gone these three days past." In this distressed state, he often called to me, in order to know whether I was near him. At length he inclined a little to rest, which confirmed us still more in our good hopes; so that I went out of his chamber to congratulate thereupon with Mademoiselle de la Boëtie; but about an hour after, naming me once or twice, and then fetching a deep sigh, he gave up the ghost, about three o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 18th of August, 1563, having lived thirty-two years, nine months, and seventeen days.

II.[1]

To Monseigneur, Monseigneur de Montaigne.

Monseigneur,—In obedience to your commands last year at your house of Montaigne, I have with my own hands put that great Spanish divine and philosopher, Raymond Sebond,

[1] This letter occurs by way of dedication to Raymond Sebond's Natural Theology, "translated into French by Messire Michel, Seigneur de Montaigne, knight of the king's order, and gentleman in ordinary of his chamber. Paris, Gabriel Buon, 1569." Montaigne's father, however, died before the work was printed. There are other editions, Paris, chez Michel Sonnius, 1581; Rouen, chez Romain de Beauvais, 1603; Tournon, 1605; Rouen, chez Jean de la Mare, 1641, &c. See *Essays*, book ii. c. 12.

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into a French dress, and have, as much as lay in my power, stripped him of that rough mien and unpolished aspect, which he first appeared in to you; so that, in my opinion, he is now comely and genteel enough to appear in the best of company. It is possible that some over-curious readers may perceive that he has got a little of the Gascon turn and feature; but they may be the more ashamed of their own negligence, in suffering a person quite a novice and a learner, to get the start of them in this work. Now, Monseigneur, it is but reason it should be published to the world, and have the credit of your name, because what amendment and reformation it has, is all owing to you. Yet I plainly perceive, that if you should please to settle accounts with him, you will be very much his debtor; since, in exchange for his excellent and most religious discourses, of his sublime, and, as it were, divine conceptions, it will appear that you have only brought him words and language, a merchandise so mean and common, that he who has the greatest stock of it is peradventure the worse for it.

Monseigneur, I pray God to grant you a very long and very happy life. Paris, this 18th of June, 1568.

Your most humble and most obedient son,

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

III.[1]

To Monsieur de Lansac,[2] Knight of the King's Order, Member of his Privy Council, Superintendent of his Finances, and Captain of a Hundred Gentlemen of his Household.

Sir,—I send you Xenophon's Economics, translated into French by the late Monsieur de la Boëtie; a present which

[1] Printed before *La Mesnagerie de Xenophon*, &c., already mentioned.

[2] Louis de St. Gelais, Seigneur de Lansac.

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I thought very proper for you, not only from its coming, in the first place, as you know, from the hand of a gentleman of distinction, a very great man both in war and peace, but from having taken its second form from that person whom I know you loved and esteemed as long as he lived. This treatise will be a constant inducement to the continuance of your favourable opinion and good-will to his name and memory. And I will be bold to say, that you need not fear the making any addition to your regard for him; since as you took a liking to him only from the public testimonies he gave of his character, it is incumbent on me to assure you, that he had so many degrees of ability beyond common fame, that you are very far from knowing him thoroughly. He did me the honour, which I rank with the greatest blessings of my fortune, to form so strict and so close a connection of friendship with me, that unless my sight at any time failed me, there was not a bias, motive, or spring in his soul, which I could not discern and judge of. Without offence to the truth, he was, take him altogether, so wellnigh a miracle, that, lest my word should not be taken for anything, if I once transgress the bounds of probability, I am forced, in speaking of him, to constrain and contract myself short of the extent of what I know of him. And for this time, sir, I shall barely content myself with entreating you, for the honour and veneration which you owe to the truth, to believe and testify that our Guyenne never saw his fellow amongst the gentlemen of the robe. In hopes, therefore, that you will render him that which is most justly due to him, and with a view to keep him fresh in your memory, I present you this book, which at the same time will satisfy you, on my part, that, had not my insufficiency laid me under an express prohibition to do it, I would have been as ready to present you with something of my own, as an acknowledgment of the obligations which I am under to you, and of that favour and friendship which you have for a long time shown to our family. But, sir, for want

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of better coin, I offer you in payment the sincerest tender of my humble service.

Sir, I beg God to protect you, and am
Your obedient servant,
MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

IV.[1]

To Monsieur de Mesmes,[2] Seigneur de Roissy et de Malassize, one of the King's Privy Council.

Sir,—It is one of the most remarkable follies that men are guilty of, to exert the force of their understandings to give a shock and an overthrow to opinions that are commonly received, and yield us satisfaction and content; for whereas everything under heaven employs the means and instruments with which nature has furnished it, for the ornament and convenience of its being, these men, that they may seem to be of a more gay and sprightly disposition, not capable of admitting and entertaining anything but what has been a thousand times touched and poised in the nicest balance of reason, shake their minds out of a calm and easy situation, for the sake of possessing them, after a long inquiry, with doubt, uneasiness, and excitement. It is not without reason that childhood and simplicity have been so much commended by truth

[1] Printed before Plutarch's *Rules of Marriage*, in the volume before mentioned.

[2] Henry de Mesmes, Seigneur de Roissy et de Malassize, privy councillor, chancellor of the kingdom of Navarre, &c. was born at Paris, in 1532, of a Bernese family, and distinguished himself under Henry II., Charles IX., and Henry III., as a statesman He was charged this same year (August, 1570) with negotiating peace with the Protestants; and as Armand de Biron, his colleague in this matter, was lame, *boiteux*, this peace was called *la paix boiteuse et malassise*, and such the massacre of St. Bartholomew proved it to be in fearful reality. De Mesmes was ever a great patron of literature and of literary men, and was himself an accomplished person. There are some memoirs of his published, and it is said of him that when he left college, he could recite Homer, without looking at the book, from beginning to end. He took a part in Lambin's work on Cicero, which is dedicated to him

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itself. For my part, I had rather be more at my ease, with less ability; more contentment, with less understanding. Therefore it is, sir, though some of the wits laugh at our concern for what may pass in the world after we are departed from it,—the soul, they say, when lodged elsewhere having no longer any care for things below,—yet I think it is a great comfort to the frailty and short space of this life, to think that it is capable of being strengthened and prolonged by fame and reputation; and I most heartily give in to so pleasant and favourable an opinion, which is innate in us, without a curious inquiry into the how or the wherefore. From this it is that, as I loved no mortal so well as M. de la Boëtie, the greatest man of this age, in my opinion, I should think it a gross failure of my duty, if I wittingly suffered a character so rich and so worthy of commendation as his, to vanish and slip out of remembrance, and if I did not, upon that score, attempt to revive and raise him again to life. I believe that he is sensible of it in some measure, and that these efforts of mine affect and please him; in truth, he still lodges in my breast so entire and so vividly, that I cannot think him so deep under ground, nor so totally removed from our correspondence. Now, sir, because every fresh discovery which I make of his person and character is as a multiplication of this second life of his, and because his name is ennobled and honoured from the place that receives it, it is incumbent on me, not only to diffuse it to the utmost of my power, but also to recommend it to the care of persons of honour and virtue, in the number whereof you have so high a station that, in order to afford you an opportunity of receiving this new guest, and giving him a good welcome, I determined to present you with this small work, not for any service that you can reap from it, being very sure that you have no need of an interpreter, to converse with Plutarch and his companions, but it is possible that Madame de Roissy, when she sees the order of her household, and your good harmony represented to the life, will be well pleased to find that the excellence of

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her natural disposition has not only attained to, but even sur mounted, what the wisest philosophers have been able to conceive of the duty and laws of marriage. And, at any rate, I shall ever esteem it an honour to be able to do anything that may give you or yours a pleasure; such is my obligation to serve you.

Sir, I pray God to give you a long and happy life.

Montaigne, this 30th of April, 1570.

Your humble servant,

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

V.[1]

To Monsieur de l'Hospital, Chancellor of France.

Monseigneur,—I have an opinion that such as you, to whom fortune and the reason of things have committed the administration of public affairs, are not more curious in any inquiry than how you may attain to the knowledge of the men in your offices; for there is scarce any community so barren, but it has men enough in it for the commodious discharge of all its functions, provided its departments and jurisdiction can be justly laid out; and when that point is once gained, there would be nothing wanting to the perfect composition of a state. Now, the more desirable this is, the more difficult it is, forasmuch as neither your eyes can see so far, as to select and choose in so great and so various a multitude, nor can

[1] Printed in the same collection, before the *Poemata* of La Boëtie, page 100. De l'Hospital was at this time at his estate of De Vignay, whither he had banished himself, in order not to be a witness of the horrible cruelties conspiring by the Court of Charles IX against the Protestants, and which all his courageous opposition could not prevent. In resigning the seals to Pierre Brulart, secretary to Catherine de Medicis, he says: "the affairs of this time are too corrupt for me to take a part in them." It was very natural in itself to dedicate these *Vers Latins* to De l'Hospital, one of the best Latin poets of his time; but the particular circumstances under which the great chancellor was then placed, renders the dedication peculiarly honourable to Montaigne.

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they penetrate to the bottom of men's hearts, to discover their intentions and their consciences, the chief points to be considered. So that there was never yet any polity, ever so well established, in which we have not often observed mistakes in this department, or that choice; and in those, where ignorance and malice, dissimulation, bribery, intrigues, and violence carry the point, if any election is made meritoriously, it is undoubtedly to be ascribed to fortune, which, by the inconstancy of its various turns, happened this one time to fall into the train of reason.

This consideration, sir, has often been my comfort, when I saw M. Stephen de la Boëtie, one of the most proper and necessary men for the chief offices in France, live all his days unemployed and neglected by his own fireside, to the great damage of the commonwealth; for, as to his own part, I must tell you, sir, that he so abounded in those possessions and treasures which defy fortune, that never was any man more satisfied or more contented. I know, indeed, that he was advanced to certain local dignities which are thought highly of; and I know, moreover, that never was any man better qualified for them; and that at thirty-two years of age, when he died, he had acquired more true reputation therein than any of his predecessors. But, surely, it is unreasonable to let a man who would make a good officer, remain a common soldier, and to employ those in the lower offices who would act well in the first. The truth is, that his abilities were not employed to the best advantage, nor sufficiently exerted; so that over and above his office, he had a surplus of great talents, that lay idle and unprofitable, which might have been of service to the public affairs, and an honour to himself.

Now, sir, since he was so averse to push himself forward, it being, unfortunately, the lot of virtue and ambition to lodge but seldom in one breast; and as he lived in times so stupid, or so full of envy, that he could not possibly have any assistance from another's testimony of him, I long prodigiously

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that at least his memory, which alone must henceforth lay claim to the offices of our friendship, may receive the reward of his merit, and that it may have a place in the commendations of persons of honour and virtue. For this reason, sir, I was desirous of bringing him to light, and presenting him to you by these few Latin verses that he has left behind him.[1] Quite contrary to the mason, who exhibits the gayest part of his edifice towards the street, and to the mercer, who makes a show and parade of the richest sample of his goods, the thing most to be prized in my friend, the very juice and marrow of his merit, went away with him, and we have nothing left of him but the bark and the leaves. The man who could display the well regulated movements of his soul, his piety, his virtue, his justice, the vivacity of his temper, the weight and solidity of his judgment, the sublimity of his conceptions, so far exalted above those of the vulgar, his learning, the grace that accompanied all his actions, the tender love he had for his wretched country, and his mortal and sworn hatred to every vice, but especially to that base traffic which is screened under the honourable name of justice, would certainly kindle a singular affection for him in the breasts of all good men, mixed with a wonderful regret for his loss. But, sir, this is so far out of my power, that he never had a thought of leaving any evidence to posterity of the fruit of his studies, and nothing remains thereof but what he wrote now and then to pass away the time.

Be this as it will, I entreat you, sir, to receive him with a kindly countenance; and as we often judge of the greater by the less, and as the very pastimes of great men give an honourable idea to the clear-sighted of the source from which they spring, I hope you will, by this work of his, rise to the knowledge of himself, and by consequence love and embrace his name and memory. In so doing, sir, you will but render an equivalent to the settled opinion which he had of your virtue;

[1] These verses are respectively addressed to Montaigne himself; to Belot, their mutual friend; to Jos. de la Chassagne, Montaigne's father-in-law; to Margaret de Carle, La Boëtie's wife; to the celebrated Jul. Cæsar Scaliger, &c.

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and also accomplish what he exceedingly longed for whilst he lived; for there was not a man in the world, in whose acquaintance and friendship he would have thought himself more happy than in yours. But if any one takes it ill that I make so bold with other people's matters, I must tell him, that never was anything more exactly written or delivered in the schools of the philosophers, concerning the prerogatives and duties of sacred friendship, than what was the practice between this person and me. Besides, sir, this trivial present, like killing two birds with one stone, will serve, if you please, to show you the honour and veneration in which I hold your abilities, and singular great qualities; for as to such as are external and fortuitous, it is not my way to bring them into the account.

Sir, I pray God to grant you a very happy and long life.

Montaigne, this 30th of April, 1570.

Your obedient, humble servant,

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

VI.[1]

To M. de Foix, one of the King's Privy Council, and Ambassador from his Majesty to the Senate of Venice.

Sir,—When about to recommend to you and to posterity the memory of the late Stephen de la Boëtie, incited thereto as well by reason of his extreme worth as of the singular affection he bore me, it came into my head how great a wrong it is, attended with weighty consequences, and worthy of the restriction of the laws, to deprive, as is commonly done,

[1] Printed before the *Vers François* of La Boëtie, *Paris*, 1572. This collection, consisting of only 19 pages, contains: an Epistle to his Wife; a translation from the 33d Canto of Ariosto; a chanson and twenty-five sonnets, different from those already referred to, Essays, Book c. 28.

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virtue of glory, her faithful companion, to bestow it, without selection and without judgment, on the first comer, according to our particular interests; seeing that the two principal reins that guide us, and keep us in order, are punishment and reward, which only affect us, as men, by the medium of honour and shame, inasmuch as these go direct to the soul, and are only appreciable by those sentiments and feelings which are internal and peculiarly our own, whereas beasts are more or less capable of every other kind of reward and punishment. Besides, it is well to note, that the custom of praising virtue, even the virtue of those that are dead, though it touches not them, yet serves to incite the living to imitate them; just as the extreme punishment is employed by justice, rather as an example to others, than as an act of vengeance on the sufferer. Now praise and dispraise, answering one another with such like consequence, it is difficult to save one's self; our laws forbid us to injure the reputation of a man, yet offer no impediment to our injuring real merit by bestowing reputation where no merit exists. This pernicious license of distributing, at our fancy, praise where none is due, has formerly, in different places, been confined to particular classes; and, peradventure, it is this circumstance that erewhile brought poetry under the disfavour of the sages. But, at all events, it is not to be denied that it is a vice which greatly smacks of lying, and lying is a vice which ever unbeseems a well-descended mind, whatever pretext it assumes.

As to the person of whom I now speak to you, sir, there is no danger that I shall go beyond the limits of truth in commending him; his misfortune, on the contrary, is, that though he has furnished me, as much as man could do, with just and manifest occasions for praising him, I am far from possessing the capacity to do this as it ought to be done. Yet I am the only person to whom he disclosed himself in his real lustre, and who can answer for a million of graces, perfections, and virtues, that lay, thanks to the ingratitude of his fortune, fallow in his soul. It being in the nature of things, I know

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not why, that truth, however fair and acceptable in herself, hardly obtains credit with us unless infused and insinuated into us by dint of persuasion, I, finding myself ill provided with power to persuade, or authority to give warrant to my simple testimony, or eloquence to enrich and set it forth, had wellnigh made up my mind to abandon the attempt altogether, not having any remains of his which worthily represent to the world his genius and his knowledge; the truth is, sir, that having been surprised by fate in the flower of his age, and in the enjoyment of full and vigorous health, he had never, as yet, thought of sending forth such works as might show posterity what he really was; and indeed, peradventure, even had the notion come across him, he was not a man to trouble himself much about the matter. But I have at last arrived at the conclusion, that it was more excusable in him to have buried with him so many rare favours of heaven, than it would be in me to permit the knowledge of what he has done to pass into oblivion. And, therefore, having so sedulously collected all I could find, complete in itself, amongst his loose papers, scattered here and there, the playthings of his studies and of the wind, it seemed to me best to distribute and divide these into as many separate portions as I could, in order the more effectually to recommend his memory to the greater number of people, selecting the most notable and worthy persons of my acquaintance, and whose testimony might do the author the greatest honour, such, sir, as yourself, who may have had some knowledge of him in his lifetime, but too slight to enable you to appreciate his full value. Posterity may believe me or no, as it pleases; but I swear to it, upon my conscience, that, all things considered, he was, as I saw and knew him, a man whose like I never met with, and whom I can hardly, by the utmost stretch of my imagination, conceive a superior to.

I entreat you, sir, most humbly, not only to become the general protector of his name, but also to assume the especial patronage of these ten or twelve French poems, which place

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themselves, almost of mere pity, under the shelter of your favour; for I will not conceal from you, that their publication was delayed after the rest of his writings, by reason that yonder[1] they were not considered sufficiently polished to appear in print. You will see, sir, how far this is the case; and as it would appear that the result of the judgment in this matter affects the interest of all this part of the country, whence, as 'tis thought, nothing can proceed, that's writ in the vernacular, that does not necessarily smack of the barbarous and uncouth, it is especially your part, who to the dignity of representing the first family in Guienne, which you derive from your ancestors, have yourself added that of being the most eminent amongst us in all manner of capacity,—it is for you, I say, not only by your own example, but by the authority of your testimony in this matter, to show that such is not always the case; and that, though doing is more natural to the Gascons than saying, yet that they can sometimes manifest a power of the tongue as well as of the arm, of mind as well as of courage. For my part, sir, it is not my trade to judge of such matters; but I have heard competent persons say, that not only these verses are presentable, but that, regard being had to the beauty and richness of the invention, they are, for the subject, as fleshy, full, and marrowy, as any that have hitherto appeared in our language. Every workman naturally feels himself more apt in some particular part of his art, and those are the most fortunate who have got hold of the noblest; for all the parts, equally necessary to the erection of an edifice, are not equally valuable. Refinement of language, softness, and polish, peradventure, are less to be found here than elsewhere; but in graceful imaginings, flashes and sallies of genius, I think none other surpasses him: and 'tis, moreover, to be con-

[1] That is to say, *at Paris*, where Boëtie's posthumous works were then printing, and which Montaigne had probably left for a short time, in order to visit Perigord, and make the collection of his friend's writings as complete as possible. The present letter, of the 1st Sept. 1570, it will be seen, is dated from Montaigne, while the Advertisement to the Reader, of the 10th August, and the Letter to his Wife of the 10th Sept., are both addressed from Paris.

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sidered that he made of these things neither an occupation nor a study, and, indeed, scarcely put pen to paper once a year, as is manifestly proved by the little there is that remains to us of his productions, which yet is all, as far as I know, that he ever wrote. For you see, sir, rough and dry, all of his that has reached my hands, without selection or omission, even some pieces of his mere boyhood. In short, it would seem as though he had merely written them to show that he was capable of all things; for, as to the rest, a thousand and a thousand times, in his common conversation, he has said things far more worthy to be known, and far more admirable.

This, sir, is what reason and affection, meeting together by a rare conjunction, command me to say to you respecting this great and good man; and if the liberty I have taken in addressing myself to you, and in occupying your attention so long about him, offends you, you must, if you please, call to mind that the principal effect of greatness and eminence is to expose you to be troubled with the concerns of other people. Sir, I entreat you to accept my humble affection to your service; may God grant you a long and happy life.

Montaigne, this 1st of September, 1570.

Your humble servant,

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

VII.[1]

To Mademoiselle[2] *de Montaigne, my Wife.*

My Wife,—You know very well that, according to the fashion of gentlemen nowadays, you are not to expect to

[1] Printed before De la Boëtie's translation of Plutarch's Letter of Consolation to his Wife.

[2] Same as Madame in Montaigne's time.

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be still courted and caressed; for they say that a man of parts may indeed take a wife, but that he is a fool if he marry her. Let them say as they list; for my own part, I keep to the plain fashion of the old time, of which I now wear the beard; and, in truth, novelty has cost so dear to this poor state (and yet I know not whether it may not still cost more), that in all cases and places I wash my hands of it. Let you and I, wife, live after the old French way. Now, you may remember how that dear brother and inviolable companion of mine, the late M. de la Boëtie, on his death-bed, gave me his papers and books, which have been since my most favourite furniture. I neither desire nor deserve that they should be applied solely to my own use; for this reason I have resolved to let my friends partake of them. And, because I think I have none more intimate than yourself, I send you his French translation of Plutarch's Letter of Consolation to his Wife; being very sorry that fortune has rendered this so suitable a present for you, and that though you have had no child but one daughter, after long expectation, after we had been married four years, you were forced to part with her in the second year of her age. But I leave it to Plutarch to console you. and to admonish you of your duty in this case, desiring that you would for my sake give him credit; for he will discover my intentions to you, and what may be urged upon this head, much better than I can. Whereupon my wife, I earnestly recommend myself to your favour, and pray God to have you in his keeping.

Paris, this 10th September, 1570.

Your dear husband,

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

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VIII.

To Mons. Dupray,[1] *Privy Counsellor to the King in his Court and Parliament of Paris.*

Sir,—The affair of the prisoner Sieur de Verres, with whom I am well acquainted, is entitled, when you come to pass sentence upon him, to the exercise of your natural gentleness of disposition, if your sense of public duty will permit you to display it in this case. He did a thing which was not only excusable according to the laws of war received among us, but necessary, and, under the circumstances, praiseworthy; and I am sure that, had not his duty commanded him, he would not have done it. There is no other action of his life which has subjected him to reproach. I entreat you, sir, to give his case your consideration; you will find the facts of the matter to be of the character I have represented; the proceedings of those who have sought to damage him, on account of the act, is far more culpable than the act itself. If it will serve him, I would also state to you, that he is a man brought up in my house, is related to many notable families, has ever conducted himself honourable and worthily, and is a dear friend of mine. In preserving him, you will confer an extreme obligation upon me. I entreat you to take him under your care. Sir, I kiss your hands; may God grant you a long and happy life.

From Castera, this 23d April.

Your affectionate servant,

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

[1] One of the fourteen judges sent into Guienne, after the treaty of Fleix, in 1580, which was probably the occasion on which the present letter was addressed to him.

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IX[1]

To the Jurats of Bordeaux.

Gentlemen,—I hope that the journey of M. de Cursol will prove of some advantage to the city, the cause which he has to plead being so just. You have put all the order possible in the affairs which had to be transacted; and as things are going on so well, I beg you will excuse for some time my absence, which I will, without doubt, shorten as much as the pressure of my affairs will permit me. I hope not to be long; meanwhile, I beg you will keep me in your good graces, and will command me, if the opportunity presents itself of my being employed for the public service and yours. M. de Cursol has also written to me and told me of his voyage. I recommend myself very humbly to you, and hope God will grant you a long and happy life.

From Montaigne, this 21st of May, 1582.

Your humble friend and servant,

MONTAIGNE.

X.[2]

To the Jurats of Bordeaux.

Gentlemen,—I am very much pleased with your assurance of the favourable progress of affairs, reported by your deputies, and I take it as a good augury that you have begun the year prosperously, hoping to join you at the earliest conven-

[1] Published first in the *Bulletin du Bibliophile*, July, 1839, by M. Gustave Brunet, after the original preserved in the Archives of the City of Bordeaux

[2] The original is in the Archives of Toulouse. See *Documents inédits*, etc., (Dr. Payen), 1847, p. 21.

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lence. I very humbly recommend myself to your grace, and pray God to give you, gentlemen, happy and long life.

Montaigne, February 8, 1585.

Your humble brother and servant,

MONTAIGNE.

XI.[1]

To the Jurats of Bordeaux.

Gentlemen,—I have just received here by accident the message sent from you to me by M. le Maréchal. I would spare neither life nor any other thing for your service; but I will leave you to judge of what use my presence would be at the approaching election before venturing to come into the city, considering the bad state in which it is, especially dangerous to people who come from such good air as I do.[2] I will approach on Wednesday, as near as I can, to Feuillasse, if the disease does not reach there; and at that place as I have written to M. de la Mothe, I shall be very glad to have the honour of seeing some one of you to receive your commands, and those of M. le Maréchal. I recommend myself very humbly to your good graces, and pray God to give you, Messieurs, a long and happy life.

From Libourne, this 30th of July, 1585.

Your very humble servant and brother,

MONTAIGNE.

[1] This letter was first published by M. A. Detcheverry, *archiviste* of the *mairie* of Bordeaux, in a *brochure* entitled *Hist. des Israélites de Bordeaux*, 1850, p. 51, note.) Dr. Payen has reproduced it in his *Nouveaux Documents*, Paris, 1850 p. 21.

[2] The allusion is to the plague of 1585 in which 14,000 persons perished at Bordeaux.

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XII.[1]

Monseigneur, — You have heard that our baggage was taken in the forest of Villebois, in our sight; since then, after much circumlocution and scribbling, the act has been considered unjust by M. le Prince [de Conti?] We do not dare, however, to go further, on account of uncertainty as to the safety of our persons, of which we should be assured on our passports. The Liguers have done this thing, M. de Barraut and M. de la Rochefoucault; the tempest fell upon me, who had my money in my box. I got back none of it, and most of my papers and things remained in their hands. We did not see M. le Prince. M. de Thorigny has lost money, a silver spoon, and some things of little value. He has taken post, and turned aside from his road to see the mourning ladies at Montresor, where still are the bodies of the two brothers and the grandmother, and joined us yesterday in this town, whence we are soon to depart. The journey to Normandy is put off. The King has sent MM. de Bellièvre and De la Guiche to Monsieur de Guise, to summon him to come to court; we shall be there on Thursday.

From Orleans, this 16th of February, in the morning.

Your very humble servant,

MONTAIGNE.

XIII.[1]

To Mademoiselle Paulmier.

Mademoiselle,—My friends all know that, from the time I first became acquainted with you, I destined one of my books

[1] According to Dr. Payen, the date of this letter is 1588. Its authenticity has been contested, but without success. See *Documents inédits*, 1847, p. 12.

[2] Wife of Julien de Paulmier, born 1554, died 1599.

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for you; for I felt you would do them honour. But the kindness of Mons. de Paulmier deprives me of the means of giving it you, he having since obliged me far more than my book is worth. You will therefore accept it, if you please, as being by right yours, before I owed you and him so much; and I pray you to have it in favour, either for love of him or for love of me. As for the debt I owe Monsieur Paulmier, I will keep it entire, and endeavour to pay it off by some more valuable service.

XIV.[1]

To King Henry IV.

Sire,—You place yourself above the weight and the crowd of your affairs, by knowing how to value and attend to the little ones in their turn, according to the duty of your royal authority, which exposes you, at all hours, to all sorts and degrees of men and occupations. However, that your Majesty has deigned to consider my letters, and command them to be answered, I would rather attribute to the benignity than to the vigour of your mind. I have always foreseen whither fortune would carry you; and you may remember that, even when I felt bound to confess it as a sin to my curé, I could not help looking on your successes with pleasure. Now, with more reason and liberty, I embrace them with a full affection. They serve you where you are by their positive results; but they do not serve us less here by reputation; the report travels as far as the blow. We cannot derive arguments so strong to restrain and reduce your subjects, from the justice of your cause, as from the news of the prosperity of your enterprises; and I can assure your

[1] M. Jubinal first discovered and published this curious letter, preserved in the *Collection Dupuy* of the *Bibliothèque impériale*, t. lxiii. pp. 77, 88.

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Majesty, that the new changes which we see about here to your advantage have been much assisted by your happy issue from Dieppe, seconded by the honest zeal and marvellous prudence of M. le Maréchal de Matignon; from whom I persuade myself that you do not receive daily so many good and remarkable services without remembering my assurances and hopes. I expect from the coming summer, not so much the ripening of the fruits of the earth, as of those of our common tranquillity; and trust it will pass over our affairs with the same even tenor of happiness, dissipating, as have the preceding ones, so many great promises with which your adversaries have fed the good-will of their men. The inclinations of the people always flow in masses; if the current once sets in in your favour, it will go on, by its own impetus, to the end. I should have desired that the private gain of the soldiers of your army, and the necessity of satisfying them, had not deprived you, especially in the case of that important city, of the fine recommendation of having treated, in the midst of victory, your rebellious subjects with more kindness than their own protectors; and that, setting aside a passing and usurped credit, you had shown that they were yours, by a paternal and truly royal protection. In conducting such affairs as those which you have in hand, not common ways must be used; it has always been seen that they have been conquered by their greatness and their difficulty. Arms and force being found wanting, they have been made perfect by clemency and magnificence—excellent baits to draw men, especially towards the just and lawful party. If rigour and chastisement be necessary, it should be postponed until after victory. A great conqueror of the past times boasted that he gave his enemies as much reason to love him as his friends. And here we feel already some effect of the good prognostic of the impression received by our disobedient cities, by the comparison of their rough treatment with that of those under your command. Hoping for your Majesty a felicity more pleasant and less hazardous, in that you may rather

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be beloved than feared by your people—uniting your interests with theirs—I rejoice that the same steps which you make towards victory are steps towards easier conditions of peace.

Sire, your letter of the last of November has only just reached me; and the time is now passed when you prescribe a meeting during your stay at Tours. I take it as a singular favour that you have deigned to express a wish to see a person so useless, but your own, more by affection still than duty. You have very praiseworthily adapted your external manners to the height of your new fortune; but the *débonnaireté* and facility of your internal humours, you are as praiseworthy not to change. You have been pleased to consider not only my age, but my desire also, in inviting me to a place where you will be somewhat at rest from your laborious occupations. But will not Paris, Sire, soon be that place? No endeavour of mine shall be spared to meet you there.

Your very humble, and very obedient
Servant and Subject,
MONTAIGNE.

At Montaigne, Jan. 18, [1590.]

XV.[1]

Sire,—The letter which it pleased your Majesty to write to me on the twentieth of July, was only given to me this morning, and found me suffering from a very violent tertian fever, common in this country since a month. Sire, it is a great honour to me to receive your commands, and I have not failed to write to M. le Maréchal de Matignon three times, very expressly stating my resolve, and the obligation

[1] This was first published by M. Macé, *Journal de l'Instruction Publique*, November 4, 1846. Dr. Payen thinks it was addressed to Henry, *King of Navarre*, and that its date is 1590.

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I was under, to go and meet him. I even set down the road which I should take to go to him secretly, if he thought fit. But I have received no answer, and I suppose he has considered for me the length and danger of the roads. I trust your Majesty will be pleased to favour me by believing that I shall never complain of my purse in a cause in which I should not hesitate to risk my life. I have never received anything from the liberality of kings—nor have I asked nor deserved any present—and have received no payment for the steps I have taken in their service, of which your Majesty is partly aware. What I have done for your predecessors I will do still more willingly for you. I am, Sire, as rich as I wish to be. When I have emptied my purse in the service of your Majesty at Paris, I will be bold enough to say so; and then, if you think me worthy to be kept any longer in your suite, you will find me a cheaper bargain than the least of your officers.

Sire, I pray God for your prosperity and health.

Your very humble and very obedient
Servant and Subject,
MONTAIGNE.

At Montaigne September 2, [1590.]

XVI.[1]

To the Governor of Guienne.

Monseigneur,—I this morning received your letter, which I have communicated to M. de Gourgues, and we dined together at the house of Monseigneur de Bordeaux (the Archbishop). As to the inconvenience attending the transport of money alluded to in your memoir, you see how difficult it is

[1] This letter was found in England by M. Horace de Viel-Castel, and published by Dr. Payen in the *Nouveaux Documents*, 1850, p. 10, *et sequens*.

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to provide against it; however, we will keep an eye on this matter as much as we can. I diligently set about seeking the man of whom you spoke to me. He has not been here, but Monseigneur de Bordeaux showed me a letter, in which he says he cannot come as he meant, as he has been warned you are suspicious of him. The letter is dated the day before yesterday. If I had found him I should, perhaps, have made use of gentle means, being uncertain as to your resolution; but I beg you, nevertheless, not to doubt that I shall decline nothing on which you are resolved, and that I have neither choice nor distinction concerning any business or person respecting which you give your commands. I trust you may find in Guienne many whose will is as much at your service as mine. There is great talk of the galleys of Nantes coming towards Brouage. M. le Maréchal de Biron has not yet dislodged. Those who were ordered to warn M. d'Usee say that they cannot find him; and I believe he is no longer here, if he has been at all. We are careful of our gates and our watch, and are a little more attentive to them in your absence, which gives me fear, not only for the preservation of this city, but also for your own, knowing that the enemies of the king's service are well aware how necessary you are to it, and how badly off we should be without you. I fear that business will surprise you from all sides in the quarter where you are, so that you will be long in providing for everything, and that there will be many difficulties. If any new and important event happen I will send you an express, and you may infer that nothing stirs if you don't hear from me. I beg you also to consider, that these kind of movements are accustomed to be so unforeseen that, if they are to happen, I shall be seized by the throat without warning. I will do what I can to obtain news from all sides, and with this object will visit and study the tastes of all sorts of men. Up to this hour nothing has stirred. M. du Londel saw me this morning, and we discussed certain arrangements for the place, which I will visit to-morrow early.

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Since I began this letter, I have learned at the Chartreux that two gentlemen, professing to belong to M. de Guise, have passed near this city; they came from Agen, but I have not been able to learn whither they have gone. At Agen they are expecting you to go there. The Sieur de Mauvesin went out as far as Canteloup, and returned after having learned some news. I am looking for a certain Captain Rous, to whom . . . . . has written, to draw him over with many promises. The news of the two galleys of Nantes ready to land in the Brouage, with two companies of foot, is certain. The Sieur de la Courbe has told M. le Président Nesmon that M. d'Elbeuf is on this side of Angers, and has lodged at his father's house, and is advancing towards Lower Poitou with four thousand foot and four or five hundred horse, having rallied the forces of M. de Brissac and others, and that M. de Mercure is to join him. There is a report that Monsieur du Maine is coming to take the command of the forces assembled in Auvergne, and that by the county of Forest he will advance upon the Rouergue and towards us; that is to say, against the King of Navarre, against whom all this is directed. M. de Lansac is at Bourg, followed by two armed vessels. His command is naval. I tell you what I learn, and I mix the town reports that seem probable with truths, in order that you may know all. Begging you very humbly to return as soon as business will permit you, and assuring you that we shall meanwhile spare neither our care, nor, if necessary, our life, to preserve all in obedience to the king,—

Monseigneur, I very humbly kiss your hands, and beg God to preserve you.

From Bordeaux, Wednesday, at night, May 22.

Your very humble servant,

MONTAIGNE.

I have seen nobody from the King of Navarre; they say that M. de Biron has seen him.

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Advertisement for the Works of La Boëtie to the Reader.[1]

Reader,—Thou art indebted to me for all thou enjoyest of the late M. Stephen de la Boëtie; for I can assure thee, that as to him, there is nothing of his that he ever regarded as worth showing thee, nor, indeed, as worth bearing his name in public. But I, who am not so difficult, and who, besides, am not willing that these works, the only things of his I found in his library, which he left me by his will, should be lost, present them to thee; and, if I may trust my own poor judgment, I am inclined to hope that thou wilt find that some of the most eminent men of our time have made a clutter about things much less noticeable than these. I understand, from those who knew him earlier (for our acquaintance did not begin till about six years before his death), that, some time ago, he wrote a number of Latin and French verses, under the name of Gironde, and I have heard recited some rich specimens of these; among others, the gentleman who has just written the Antiquities of Bourges,[2] repeats some that perfectly recall my friend; but I know not what has become of these, or of his Greek poems. The fact is, that, as each sally came into his head, he put it down on the first piece of paper he came across, and took no further care to preserve it. Be assured that I have done all I could, and that, during the seven years he has been lost to us, I have been able to discover nothing further of his than what thou seest, except a Discourse upon Voluntary Servitude, and some Memoirs of our Troubles, arising out of the Edict of January, 1562; the which two pieces I hold to be of a quality too delicate and refined to be exposed to the gross and heavy air of so ill a season. God be with thee.

Paris, this 10th of August, 1570.

[1] Printed at the end of the letter to M. de Lansac, and serving as a preface to Pe la Boëtie's translations.

[2] Chaumeau published his *History of Berry* in 1566, four years before the date of this letter.

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APPENDIX

TO THE

WORKS OF MONTAIGNE,

CONTAINING REFERENCES TO THE PRINCIPAL OPINIONS[1] WHICH HAVE BEEN PASSED, DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, UPON MONTAIGNE AND HIS WRITINGS.

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1. *Scævolæ Sammarthani elogiorum* (lib. ii.).

2. *Thuani, historiarum* (lib. civ., add ann. 1592. Edit. Roveranæ, 1630, folio, t. 5, page 264).

"Ante eum, Michael Montanus Eques haud sexagenario major vitæ ultimum diem clausit xx. Kal. Oct. in Montibus Petrocoriorum, à quibus nobili familio nomen, ita dictus, âlim in Burdigalensi senatu assessor dignissimus cum Stephano Boëtiano, quem et vivum indissolubili amicitiâ prosecutus est, et mortuum summa religione coluit. Vir libertatis ingenuæ, quam CONATUS ejus, sic enim immortalia sui ingenii monumenta indigitavit, ad omnem posteritatem testabuntur: ob prudentiam cum eruditione eximia ac animi candore conjunctam, Thales Gallicus, a Justo Lipsio cognominatus est. Burdigalæ Major, quæ dignitas primaria provinciæ proceribus, atque adeo profectis defertur, dum Venetiis esset, electus; et a Jacobo Matignone Aquitaniæ præside consiliis de rerum summâ per nos motus adhibitur; mihi, dum in ea provinciâ, in aulâ, atque adeo Lutetiæ postea cum ipso versarer, studiorum et voluntatum consensione conjunctissimus; cujus amicitiæ ac virtuti hoc grati animi sui testimonium me debere existimavi."

Idem, *De Vitâ suâ* (lib. iii. pag. 52).

3. Pasquier (lettre i. liv. xviii. à M. Pelgé, maître des comptes).

"J'a à Dieu ne plaise, j'aime, respecte, et honore sa mémoire,

[1] From those which are deemed most important, copious extracts have been made.

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autant et plus que nul autre. Et quant à ses Essais (que j'appelle chefs d'œuvres) je n'ay livre entre les moins que j'aye tant caressé que celuy-la. J'y trouve tousjours quelque chose à me contenter. C'est un autre Seneque en nostre langue. A toutes ces maniéres de parler de Gascoigne et autres mots inusitez, que je ne puis faire passer à la monstre j'oppose une infinité de beaux traits François et hardis, une infinité de belles pointes, qui ne sont propres qu'à luy, selon l'abondance de son sens; et ne me puis encore offenser, quand il se desbonde à parler de luy, cela est dit d'un tel air, que j'y prens autant de plaisir, comme s'il parloit d'un autre. Mais surtout son livre est un vrai seminaire de belles et notables sentences, dont les unes sont de son estre; et les autres transplantées si heureusement, et d'une telle naifveté dans son fonds, qu'il est malaisé de les juger pour autres que siennes. . . . Tout son livre n'est pas proprement un parterre, ordonné de divers carreaux et bordures; ains comme une prairie diversifiée peslemesle et sans art de plusieurs fleurs. Vous n'y rencontrerez que sentences, les unes courtes, les autres plus longues; mais toutes en general pleines et moëlle."

Œuvres choisies, publiées par Léon Feugère. Paris, 1849, in 8vo, t. ii. p. 389; *ibid.* 396 *et sequense.*

4. *Justi Lipsii epist.* (Cent. 1. miscell. epist. 43; Cent. 2, epist. 41, 55, 56, 92. Cent. 1, ad Belgas epist. 15. Cent. 2, ad Belgas epist. 21).

MICHAELI MONTANO. BURDIGALI.

. . . "Non blandiamur inter nos. Ego te talem censeo, qualem publicè descripsi uno verbo (*he had called him the French Thales*). Inter septem illos te referam, aut, si quid sapientius illis septem. Nam externa et polita ista doctrinarum, sermonis et linguarum ad fastum et fastidium (audi intimum meum sensum) sperno ego valde, nisi cum prudentiâ quadam et recti judicii normâ conjuncta dirigantur ad usum vitæ. Ea duo postrema in te esse vidi, et illa non deesse . . ."—Epist. Cent. II. 41 (May, 1588).

5. *Mademoiselle de Gournay, préface des Essais* de l'edition in fol., *Paris*, 1595, reprinted in the *Proumenoir de M. de Montaigne*, *Paris*, 12mo. L'Angelier, 1599; and again in the edition of the Essays, *Paris*, 1617; again, in 1625, in 4to.; and again, with new modifications, in 1635, &c. &c.

" And we might here," says George, Marquis of Halifax, (*Vindication of Montaigne's Essays, prefixed to Cotton's translation,*) " in the first place, make use of the long preface Mademoiselle de Gournay has prefixed to the French folio edition of his Essays, 1652, wherein she does not only give a full answer to all the objections made, or that can be made, against Montaigne, but also talks of him as of a man whose works have revived truth in his age, and which therefore she calls the quintessence of philosophy, the hellebore of man's folly, the setter at liberty of the understanding, and the judicial throne of reason. But we do not think fit to insist

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upon her evidence, for, notwithstanding the solid arguments her opinion is grounded upon, she may be suspected to be blindfolded with the passionate love she had for her excellent father; and, besides, we have so many great men to produce in favour of Montaigne, that we may, without any prejudice to his cause, waive the evidence of Mademoiselle de Gournay."

6. *Balzac, Dissertation* (19 et 20).

"Aux autres lieux de son livre, je suis tout à fait pour sa liberté. Ce qu'il dit de ses inclinations, de tout le detail de sa vie privée, est très agréable. Je suis bien aise de cognoistre ceux que j'estime, et, s'il y a moyen, de les cognoistre tout entiers, et dans la pureté de leur naturel. Je veux les voir, s'il est possible, dans leurs plus particulieres et leurs plus secrètes actions. Il m'a donc fait grand plaisir de me faire son histoire domestique."

7. *Plassac Méré* à M. Mitton. M. Payen doubts the authenticity of this letter.

8. Rolandi Maresii epist. (lib. i. epist. 22, Joanni Capellano.)

9. *Dominici Baudii iambicorum* (lib. ii. et in notis).

10. *Jonathan de Saint-Servin.* Essais et observations sur les essais du seigneur de Montaigne. *London, Edward Allde*, 1626, 12mo.

11. *Eloges des Hommes Illustres*, qui depuis un siècle ont fleuri en France dans la profession des lettres, composés par Scevole de Sainte-Marthe, et mis en français par G. Colletet. *Paris, Courbé*, 1644 (liv. ii. p. 147).

12. *Gui Patin*, lettre du 12 Septembre, 1645. (Lettres Choisies. *Paris*, 12mo. No. 6.)

13. *Chanet.* Traité de l'esprit de l'homme et de ses fonctions. *Paris, Camusat et Petit*, 1649, 8vo. (liv. ii. chap. 10, liv. iii. chap. 8.)

14. *Préface* de la galerie des peintures. *Paris*, Sercy. 1663.

15. *Sorel.* Bibliothèque française. *Paris*, 1667, 12mo. (p. 80.)

16. *De Silhon.* De l'immortalité de l'âme. *Paris*, 1634, 4to. (liv. i. disc. 2; liv. ii. disc. 6.)

17. *Daudiguier.* Traité du vrai et ancien usage des duels (p. 88.)

18. *Examen* de la manière d'enseigner le latin aux enfants par le seul usage. *Paris*, 1688, (p. 72.)

19. *De Villiers. Réflexions* sur les défauts d'autrui (chap. de la nature et du vray, t. ii.)

20. *Béranger.* Réponse aux injures écrites contre Michel, seigneur de Montaigne, etc. (Extracts from the Essays, No. 2.) Paris, 1667 et 1668, 12mo.

The author quotes several opinions upon the Essays, and amongst others, that of an illustrious prelate, and that of M. L. D.

21. *Journal* des Savants, August, 1667.

22. *Preface* to the "Esprit des Essais de Montaigne." *Paris, De Sercy*, 1677, 12mo.

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23. De Freheri, med. norib. Theatri virorum eruditione clarorum. Noribergœ, 1688, folio (tome iii. parag. 4, p. 1486); an article extracted from Scevole Sainte-Marthe, with a portrait.

24. *Blaise Pascal.* Œuvres, *La Haye*, 1779, 8vo. 5 vols. (*Pensées*, première partie, article 8, Nos. 10 et 14, art. 9; Nos. 36 et 43, art. 10; No. 7, art. 11, entitled: *d'Epictète et de Montaigne*, deuxième partie, art. 17, No. 34.)

"Les défauts de Montaigne sont grands: il est plein de mots sales et déshonnêtes. Cela ne vaut rien. Les sentimens sur l'homicide volontaire et sur la mort, sont horribles. Il inspire une nonchalance du salut, sans crainte et sans repentir. Son livre n'étant point fait pour porter à la pieté, il n'y étoit pas obligé; mais on est toujours obligé de n'en pas detourner. Quoiqu'on puisse dire, pour excuser ses sentimens trop libres sur plusieurs choses, on ne sçauroit excuser, en aucune sorte, ses sentimens tous payens sur la mort; car il faut renoncer à toute pieté, si on ne veut au moins mourir chrétiennement: or il ne pense qu'à mourir lâchement et mollement partout son livre."—*Pensées*, ch. 28.

"Ce que Montaigne a de bon, ne peut être acquis que difficilement. Ce qu'il a de mauvais, j'entends hors les mœurs, eût pu être corrigé en un moment, si on l'eût averti qu'il faisait trop d'histoires, et qu'il parloit trop de soi."—Ib. ch. 31.

25. George, Marquis of Halifax. (*Vindication of Montaigne's Essays.* PREFIXED to Cotton's Translation.) "I do not, however, design to defend Montaigne in everything; far from it, I blame his freedom in many places, and I cannot abide that, after having discoursed of the exemplary life of a holy man, he should immediately talk as he does of cuckoldom . . . . . and other things of this nature, which, though perhaps tolerable in another place, cannot be suffered in this; and I wish he had left out these things, that ladies might not be put to the blush, when his Essays are found in their libraries, and that they might improve themselves by reading this excellent book, without putting their modesty to any torment, as they must needs do when they come to these places.

"As for the rest, there is hardly any human book extant so fit as this to teach men what they are, and lead them insensibly to a reasonable observation of the most secret springs of their actions; and therefore it ought to be the *manuale* of all gentlemen, his uncommon way of teaching winning people to the practice of virtue, as much as other books fright them away from it, by the dogmatical and imperious way which they assume. . . . . Montaigne always had, and is like to have, admirers, as long as sense and reason have any credit in the world."

26. *Mallebranche.* Récherche de la vérité. . . . (liv. ii. part iii chap. iii., et les éclaircissemens et chap. 5.)

"C'est la beauté, la vivacité, et l'étendue de l'imagination qui font passer pour bel esprit. Le commun des hommes estime le brillant et non pas le solide, parceque l'on aime davantage ce qui touche

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les sens que ce qui intéresse la raison. Ainsi, en prenant beauté d'imagination pour beauté d'esprit, Montaigne avoit l'esprit beau, et même extraordinaire. Ses idées sont fausses, mais belles; ses expressions irrégulieres ou hardies, mais agréables; ses discours mal raisonnéz, mais bien imaginez. On voit dans tout son livre un contraste d'original qui plait infiniment: tout copiste qu'il est, il ne sent point son copiste, et son imagination forte et hardie, donne toujours le tour d'original aux choses qu'il copie. Il a enfin ce qu'il est nécessaire d'avoir pour imposer; et . . . ce n'est point en convainquant la raison qu'il se fait admirer de tant de gens, mais en leur tournant l'esprit à son avantage, par la vivacité toujours victorieuse de son imagination dominante."

27. *Nicole.* Essais de morale. (Tome 6, Pensées sur divers sujets de morale, art. 29; des Plaisirs.)

"Montaigne me représente un homme qui, après avoir promené son esprit sur toutes les choses du monde, pour juger ce qu'il y a en elles de bien et de mal, a eu assez de lumières pour en reconnoitre la sottise et la vanité.

"Il a très-bien découvert le néant de la grandeur et l'inutilité des sciences; mais comme il ne connoissoit guères d'autre vie que celle-ci, il a conclu qu'il n'y avoit donc guères rien à faire qu'à tâcher de passer agréablement le petit espace qui nous est donné."

28. *Ant. Arnauld et Nicole.* La Logique, ou l'Art de penser. (Troisième partie, chap. 19, No. 6.)

29. *Leclerc.* Bibliothèque universelle et historique, juin 16, 1.

30. *La Chetardie*, under the word Moncade, *Rouen*, 1691. Réflexion, 161 (*Coste*).

31. *Lafaille* (anonyme). Le portefeuille de M. L. D. F. *Carpentras. Labarre*, 1694, 12mo.

32. *Ancillon.* Mélanges critiques de littérature. Bâle, 1691 (tome ii. art. 79).

33. *Dom Bonaventure d'Argonne*, under the name of Vigneul Marville. Mélanges d'histoire et de littérature. *Rouen*, Maury, 1699, 12mo. (tome i. p. 133).

34. *La Bruyère.* Caractères, dixième édition. *Paris*, 1699, (p. 31).

"Deux écrivains ont blâmé Montaigne, que je ne crois pas, aussi bien qu'eux, exempte de toute sorte de blâme. Il paraît que tous deux ne l'ont estimé en nulle manière. Balzac ne pensoit pas assez pour gouter un auteur qui pense beaucoup; le père Mallebranche pense trop subtilement pour s'accomoder de pensées qui sont naturelles."

35. *Lamy.* Démonstration de la sainteté de la religion chrétienne.

36. *Artaud.* Preface to the *Pensées de Montaigne.*

37. *Jacq. Bernard.* Nouvelles de la république des lettres. Avril, 1701.

38. Mémoires pour l'histoire des sciences et des beaux arts. Mai et juin, 1701.

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39. *Sacy* (anonyme). Traité de l'amitié. *Paris*, Barbin, 1704 (p. 149).

40. *Saint-Evremond.* Edit. d'*Amsterdam*, 1706, 12mo. (Œuvres mêlées, tome iii. p. 58. Mélange curieux, tome i. p. 173.)

41. *Menagiana.* Edit. de *Paris*, 1715 (tome iii. p. 102).

42. *Tessier.* Eloges des hommes illustres. *Leyde*, 1715, 12mo. (Citations de Thou, réflexions de l'auteur qui rapporte quelques jugemens et critiques.)

43. *Bayle.* Dictionnaire. Edit. de 1720 (tome i. p. 852; tome iv. p. 2986 et 3025). It is very remarkable that Bayle has not dedicated a special article to Montaigne. The same omission is to be wondered at in the *Dictionnaires* of Moreri, Chaufepié, and Prosper Marchaud.

44. *Segraisiana.* Edit. de Paris, 1721 (p. 143).

45. *Huètiana.* Edit. de Paris, 1722 (art. 6, p. 14).

46. *Nicéron.* Mémoires pour servir, etc. etc. (tome xvi.)

47. *Beeverwyk.* Défense de la médecine contre les calomnies de Montaigne, dans l'ouvrage intitulé: *Eloge de la médecine et de la chirurgie. Paris*, Rebuffé, 1730, 12mo. (from page 30 to page 121).

48. *Catalogue manuscrit de la Bibliothèque du roi, rédigé vers de milieu du siècle dernier.* (After mentioning the different editions of the Essays, the judicious compiler adds: "Ouvrage suranné, estimé, goûté dans le monde, moins par ce qu'il a de bon que par ce qu'il a de mauvais.")

49. *Mercure de France*, 1733. Projet de traduction en français moderne des *Essais* de Montaigne.

50. *Crousaz.* Histoire du pyrrhonisme ancien et moderne. *La Haye*, P. de Hondt, 1733, folio (pages 134, 1516).

51. *Bouhier* (the president). La vie de Michel, seigneur de Montaigne (first printed in the edition of the Essays in 1739; then successively in the *Mercure de France*, October, 1740; in the Supplement, in 4to., published the same year at London; in the *Eloges de quelques auteurs français, Dijon*, Marteret, 1742, 8vo., where it it is entitled: *Mémoires pour servir, etc.;* in the edition of the Essays, 1745; and in the subsequent reprints of Coste's edition).

52. *Scaligerana secunda.* Articles Montaigne and Goulart. (See, as to the "Scaligerana prima et secunda," a curious note in the *Répertoire des bibliographies spéciales de Gabr. Peignot. Paris*, Renouard, 1810.)

53. *Montesquieu.* Pensées (sur les modernes). "Dans la plupart des auteurs je vois l'homme qui écrit; dans Montaigne l'homme qui pense."

54. *Pesselier.* Preface to the "Esprit de Montaigne, et éloge historique de cet auteur." *Paris*, 12mo.

55. *Marmontel.* Œuvres. *Paris*, Verdière, 1825 (tome i. pp. 45 49, 150, 559; tome iv. pages 465, 479, 482).

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56. *P Coste.* Preface to the edition of the Essays, 1724, and *avis sur l'édition de* 1739, reprinted, with modifications, in 1745.

57. *Voltaire.* Discours à l'Académie.—Lettres philosophiques (lettre xii.), préface de l'Ecossaise.—Dict. philos., art. Français.—Epitre sur l'envie.—Lettre au comte de Tressan du 21 aout 1746.—Mélanges philosophiques. . . . . "Quelle injustice, de dire que Montaigne n'a fait que commenter les anciens! Il les cite à propos, et c'est ce les commentateurs ne font pas. Il pense, et ces messieurs ne pensent point; il appuie ses pensées de celles des grands hommes de l'antiquité; il les juge; il les combats; il converse avec eux, avec son lecteur, avec lui-même: toujours plein d'imagination, toujours peintre, et, ce que j'aime, sachant toujours douter. Je voudrais bien savoir, d'ailleurs, s'il a pris chez les anciens tout ce qu'il dit sur nos modes, sur nos usages, sur le Nouveau Monde découvert presque de son temps, sur les guerres civiles dont il était le témoin, sur le fanatisme des deux sectes qui desolaient la France?"

58. *J.-J. Rousseau* often quotes Montaigne, and more frequently avails himself of his ideas without naming him: he answers some of his opinions in the 4th book of the *Emile*, and in the *Confessions*, (partie deuxième, livre x.)

59. *D. J. C. B.* (Dom. Jos. Cajot, bénédictin), Les plagiats de M. J.-J. Rousseau sur l'éducation. *La Haye, Paris*, Durand, 1766, 8vo. et 12mo. (from page 119 to 159).

60. *Tressan.* Voltaire, in his letter to the Comte de Tressan, warmly eulogizes the author of the Essays, and says on this subject: "Vous ne vous êtes pas assurément trompé sur Montaigne, je vous remercie bien, monsieur, d'avoir pris sa défense." . . . . . "Je conserverai chèrement l'exemplaire que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'envoyer;" and M. Biot says, in his *Discours sur Montaigne*, that M. de Tressan wrote a dissertation on this subject; but there is no such piece in the edition of the works of the Comte de Tressan, published by M. Campenon. *Paris*, Neveu et André, 1822–23, 10 vols.

61. *Saverien.* Histoire des philosophes modernes avec leurs portraits gravés dans le goût du crayon, d'après les dessins des plus grands peintres, par M. Saverien, publié par François, graveur. *Paris*, Brunet, 1760, 4to. 4 vols.

62. Bibliothèques françaises de *Lacroix du Maine* et de *Duverdier*, par M. Rigoley de Juvigny; *Paris*, 1772, 4to. 7 vols. (See under *Michel.*)

63. *Dom de Vienne.* Dissertation sur la religion de Montaigne. *Bordeaux* et *Paris*, 1773, 8vo.—Eloge historique de Michel de Montaigne et dissertation sur la religion; *Paris*, 1775, 8vo.—Histoire de la ville de Bordeaux; *Bordeaux*, 1771, 4to. tome i.

64. The *Spectator*, No. 562. "Perhaps the most eminent egotist that ever appeared in the world was Montaigne. This lively old Gascon has woven all his bodily infirmities into his works;

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and, after having spoken of the faults or virtues of any other man, immediately publishes to the world how it stands with himself in that particular. Had he kept his own counsel, he might have passed for a much better man, though perhaps he would not have been so diverting an author. The title of an Essay promises, perhaps, a discourse on Virgil or Julius Cæsar, but when you look into it, you are sure to meet with more upon Monsieur Montaigne than of either of them. The younger Scaliger, who seems to have been no friend to this author, after having acquainted the world that his father sold herrings, adds: 'For my part,' says Montaigne, I am a great lover of your white wines.' 'What the devil signifies it to the public,' says Scaliger, 'whether he is a lover of white wines or of red wines?'"

65. *De Querlon.* Discours préliminaire du Journal du Voyage de Montaigne.

66. *Talbert.* Eloge de Michel Montaigne qui a remporté le prix d'éloquence à l'Académie de Bordeaux en 1774. (Printed in the editions of the Essays of 1779, 1780, 1789.) This *Eloge* is followed by some interesting notes.

67. *Deslandes.* Réflexions sur les grands hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant; *Amsterdam*, 1732, 12mo. (He cites Montaigne at pages 3, 23, 118, *et sequens.*) "L'idée de cet ouvrage," says M. Payen, "qui est d'une grand pauvreté d'exécution, a certainement été fournie à l'auteur par cette phrase de Montaigne qu'il cite dans sa préface: *Si j'estois faiseur de livres je ferois un registre commenté des morts diverses. Qui apprendroit les hommes à mourir, leur apprendroit à vivre.* Le *registre* existait, mais non *commenté*, du vivant même de Montaigne, car Jean Tixier de Ravisi, plus connu sous le nom de *Ravisius Textor*, et qui était mort dès 1524, a donné dans son *Officina vel potius naturæ historia* une longue liste d'un grand nombre de noms d'hommes classés en trente-six chapitres dont chacun comprend une cause particulière de mort; ainsi: De iis qui podagra mortui; de iis qui aquis submersi interierunt; de iis qui in latrinis perierunt; de gaudio et risu mortuis; de iis qui in actu venereo mortui; de iis qui siti ac fame perierunt, etc. *Voy.* à l'ouvrage cité, édition de *Bâle*, 1552, in-4, de la page 509 à 596.—Plusieurs autres ouvrages ont été composés dans le même sens. *Valere Maxime* a consacré le chap. xii. du livre ix. à quelques exemples de morts remarquables (de mortibus non vulgaribus); on a publié à *Paris*, en 1772, chez *Moutard*, un ouvrage en 2 vol. in-12, intitulé: Derniers sentiments des plus illustres personnages condamnés à mort, lequel est attribué par M. Barbier aux abbés Sabatier et de Verteuil, et que Sabatier, dans ses articles inédits, attribue à l'abbé *Préfort.* Il a paru en 1818, à Paris, chez A. Emery, un ouvrage 8vo., sans nom d'auteur (*Leon Thiesse*), sous ce titre: Les derniers moments des plus grands hommes français condamnés à mort pour délits politiques.—Le professeur Desgenettes a fait paraître en 1838, un

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ouvrage intitulé: Etudes sur le genre de mort des hommes illustres de Plutarque et des empereurs romains.—On peut rapprocher les ouvrages suivants de ceux qui précèdent, car la mort est au nombre des *accidents* dont on y trouve le récit: ainsi *Boccace* a écrit un livre, *De casibus virorum, ac fœminarum illustrium*, qui a été plusieurs fois traduit en français sous les titres de: La Ruyne des nobles hommes et femmes, *Lyon*, 1483; le livre des cas des nobles hommes et femmes malheureux, *Paris*, 1483; des Nobles malheureux, *Paris*, 1494; Traités des mésaventures des personages signalés, *Paris*, 1578, etc. La liste commence à Adam et Eve et s'arrête à Jean de France. On attribue à *Georges Chatelain* l'ouvrage intitulé: le Temple Jehan Boccace de la Ruyne d'aulcuns nobles malheureux fait par *Georges* son imitateur, *Paris*, Galiot Dupré, 1517, in-fol., gothique; *voy.* l'extrait qu'en donne M. Buchon dans la notice qu'il a placée à la tête de son édition de Georges Chatelain du Panthéon Littéraire.—*P. Boitel de Gaubertin* est auteur d'un ouvrage qui a pour titre: Les Tragiques accidents des hommes illustres depuis le premier siècle jusqu'à présent, 1619, 12mo. la liste commence par Abel et finit au chevalier de Guise, etc."

68. *Ladvocat* (*J. B.*). Dictionnaire historique et bibliographie portatif (art. *Montaigne*).

69. *Chaudon* (*L. M.*) et *F. A. Delandine*. Nouveau dictionnaire historique (article *Montaigne*).

70. *Feller* (*F. X.*). Dictionnaire historique (l'article *Montaigne*).

71. Dictionnaire historique et bibliographique portatif, par L. G. P. *Paris*, *Hocquart*, 1815, 8vo.

72. *Paulmy* (Marquis de). Mélanges tirés d'une grande bibliothèque. Tome xv., vol. P. de la collection. Tome 12 de la lecture des livres français, suite de la huitième partie. A long article is here appropriated to Montaigne, and concludes with a list of expressions in common use at the present time which society owes to our Essayist, and another list of those which he hazarded, but which did not succeed.

73. *Lacombe de Prezel* (anonyme). Dictionnaire de portraits historiques, anecdotes, et traits remarquables des hommes illustres. *Paris*, *Lacombe*, 1768, 8vo., 3 vols. (article *Montaigne.*)

74. *Sabatier de Castres.* Les trois siècles de notre littérature. *Paris*, *Gueffier*, 1772, 8vo., 3 vols. (article *Montaigne.*)

75. *Bret.* Discours préliminaire des œuvres de Molière.

76. *Titon du Tillet.* Essai sur les honneurs et sur les monuments accordés aux illustres savants pendant la suite des siècles *Paris*, 1784, 12mo., pages 366 and 444

77. *De la Dixmerie.* Eloge analytique et historique de Michel Montaigne, suivi de notes, d'observations sur la caractère de son style et le génie de notre langue, et d'un dialogue entre Montaigne, Bayle et J.-J. Rousseau. *Amsterdam* et *Paris*, 1781, 8vo.

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78. *Ponce.* Les illustres Français, ou Tableaux historiques des grands hommes de la France. *Paris*, 1790, 1816.

79. *Diderot.* Article Pyrrhonisme de l'Encyclopédie ; Philosophie ancienne et moderne, 1793, tom. iii. page 481.—Pensées philosophiques. "L'Ignorance et l'*incuriosité* sont deux oreillers fort doux ; mais pour les trouver tels, il faut avoir la tête aussi bien faite que Montaigne."

80. *La Harpe.* Cours de littérature, édition by Deterville, 1818, 8vo. (Introduction au discours sur l'état des lettres en Europe, etc., tom. v. p. 38.—Appendice, ou Nouveaux éclaircissements sur l'histoire ancienne, tome iii. page 398 ; 1re partie, liv. 3, chap. i., sur Plutarque, tome iv. page 304.) "MONTAIGNE était sans doute un esprit d'une trempe fort superieure ; ses connaissances etaient plus étendues et mieux digérées que celles de Rabelais : aussi se proposa-t-il un objet bien plus relevé et plus difficile à atteindre. Ce ne fut pas la satire des vices et des abus de son tems, attaqués déjà de tous côtés, ce fut l'homme tout entier, et tel qu'il est partout, qu'il voulut examiner en s'examinant lui-même. Il avait voyagé et beaucoup lu ; mais il fondit son érudition dans sa philosophie. Après avoir écouté les anciens et les modernes, il se demanda ce qu'il en pensait ; l'entretien fut assez long, et il y avait en effet, de quoi parler long-tems. Avouons d'abord les défauts : c'est par là qu'il faut commencer avec les gens qu'on aime, afin des louer en suite plus à son aise. Sa diction est incorrecte, même pour le tems, quoiqu'il ait donné à la langue des expressions et des tournures qu'elle a gardées comme de vieilles richesses ; il abuse de la liberté de converser, et perd de vue le point de la question établie ; il cite de mémoire, et fait des applications fausses ou forcées de plus d'un passage ; il resserre trop les bornes de nos conceptions sur plusieurs objets que, depuis lui, l'experience et la réflexion n'ont pas trouvés inaccessibles. Tels sont, je crois, les reproches qu'on peut lui faire ; ils sont effacés par les éloges qu'on lui doit. Comme écrivain, il a imprimé à la langue une sorte d'énergie familière qu'elle n'avait pas avant lui, et qui ne s'est point usée, par ce qu'elle tient à celle des sentimens et des pensées, et qu'elle ne s'eloigne pas, comme dans Ronsard, du génie de notre idiôme. Comme philosophe, il a peint l'homme tel qu'il est, sans l'embellir avec complaisance, et sans le defigurer avec misanthropie. Ses écrits ont un caractère de bonne foi qui leur est particulier ; ce n'est pas un livre qu'on lit, c'est une conversation qu'on écoute. Il persuade d'autant plus qu'il paraît moins enseigner. Il parle souvent de lui, mais de manière à vous occuper de vous ; il n'est ni vain, ni ennuyeux, ni hypocrite, trois choses très difficiles à éviter quand on se met soi-même en scène dans ses ecrits. Il n'est jamais sec ; son ame ou son caractère est partout ; et quelle foule d'idées sur tous les sujets ! Quel trésor de bon sens ! Que de confidences où son histoire est aussi celle du lecteur ! Heureux qui retrou

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vera la sienne propre dans ce chapitre sur l'amitié, qui a immortalisé le nom de l'ami de Montaigne! Ses Essais sont le livre de tous ceux qui lisent, et même de tous ceux qui ne lisent pas."

81. *Maréchal* (Sylv.). Dictionnaire des Athées. (This author reckons Montaigne among the class of men who figure in his work.)

82. *Moniteur*. Année 1800, No. 7 (7 vendémaire, an ix.). *Arrêt* of the prefect of the département de la Gironde (*Thibaudeau*) permitting the removal of the body of Montaigne from the church of the *ci-devant Feuillants* to the *salle des Monuments*, and requiring this ceremonial to be observed.

83. *Moniteur*. Année 1800, No. 9. Under the head *Fêtes de l'anniversaire de la fondation de la république* are the details of what passed at the ceremony.

84. *P. La Montagne*. Discours prononcé dans la cérémonie de la translation des cendres de Michel Montaigne, 1er vendémiaire an ix. *Bordeaux*, 1801, 8vo. (The Baron Pierre de la Montagne, *membre de l'Académie des sciences et belles-lettres de Bordeaux*, was at this time also *Professeur de belles-lettres à l'école centrale*.)

85. *Bastide*. "On a vu," says M. Payen, "à l'occasion de l'édition des *Essais* de 1822, que cet auteur s'était beaucoup occupé de Montaigne; on trouve dans les Mémoires de l'Académie de Berlin une faible partie de ses travaux philologiques sur les *Essais*. Quoiqu'on lise en tête d'un article: 'Essai d'un Montaigne moderné,' il ne s'y trouve rien de sa traduction. Ses observations grammaticales et critiques sur Montaigne ou à son occasion sont insérées dans les volumes publiés à Berlin, 8vo. en 1799, 1800, 1801, qui renferment les travaux des années 1796, 1797, 1798, 1799, 1800. Bastide avait déjà entretenu la même Académie de son Montaigne moderne, dans son discours de réception, en 1792."

86. *Dessessarts* (N. L. M.). Les siècles littéraires de la France. *Paris*, 1801, 8vo., article Montaigne.

87. *Naigeon*. A note upon Montaigne, and the article Pyrrhonisme of Diderot; the two prefaces of the edition of 1802, and the notes to the same edition.

88. *Vernier*. Notices et observations pour préparer et faciliter la lecture des Essais de Montaigne. *Paris*, *Testu* et *Delaunay*, 1810, 8vo. 2 vols.

89. *Chenier* (*M. J.*). Tableau historique de la littérature française (chap. ii.).

90. *Bernadau*. Letter, dated 14 July, 1789, in the *Journal general de France*, No. 136; 12 November, 1789.—*Antiquités Bordelaises.—Bordeaux*, *Moreau*, 1797. (Maison natale de Montaigne, p. 243; Manuscrit de Montaigne, p. 367; Mausolée de Montaigne, p. 362.)—Annales politiques, littéraires et statistiques de *Bordeaux*, divisées en cinq parties, formant ensemble un corps

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complet de recherches chronologiques, pour servir à l'histoire ancienne et moderne de cette ville, depuis sa fondation jusqu'en 1802.—*Bordeaux, Moreau*, 1803. The preface mentions that the fifth part contains an *Ana inedit de Montaigne*, and describes a circumstance relative to the sepulchre of the *premier des philosophes français*.

91. *Palissot.* Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de notre littérature.—*Paris, Colas*, 1809 (art. *Montaigne*).

92. *Bourdic-Viot* (Marie-Henriette Payan de l'Etang de). Eloge de Montaigne.—*Paris, Pougens*, an viii.

93. *Lemercier* (Népomucène), successor to Naigeon in the *Académie française*. Discours de réception prononcé le 5 sept. 1810 (pages 14, 15).

94. *Villemain.* Eloge de Montaigne. Discours qui a remporté le prix d'éloquence, décerné par la classe de la langue et de la littérature françaises de l'Institut; *Paris, Firmin Didot*, 1812, 4to. et 8vo. 46 pp. (Printed in the edition of the *Essays* by Froment.) "Dans tous les siècles ou l'esprit humain se perfectionne par la culture des arts, on voit naître des hommes supérieurs, qui reçoivent la lumière et la répandent, et vont plus loin que leurs contemporains, en suivant les mêmes traces. Quelque chose de plus rare, c'est un génie qui ne doive rien à son siècle, ou plutôt qui, malgré son siècle, par la seule force de sa pensée, se place, de lui-même, à côté des écrivains les plus parfaits, nés dans les temps les plus polis; tel est Montaigne. Penseur profond, sous le règne du pédantisme, auteur brillant et ingénieux dans une langue informe et grossière, il écrit avec le secours de sa raison et des anciens: son ouvrage reste, et fait seul toute la gloire littéraire d'une nation; et lorsque, aprés de longues années, sous les auspices de quelques génies sublimes, qui s'élancent à la fois, arrive enfin l'age du bon goût et du talent, cet ouvrage, long temps unique, demeure toujours original; et la France, enrichie tout à coup de tant de brillantes merveilles, ne sait refroidir son admiration pour ces antiques et naïves beautés. Un siècle nouveau succéde, aussi fameux que le précédent, plus éclairé peut-être, plus exercé à juger, plus difficile à satisfaire, parce qu'il peut comparer davantage: cette second épreuve n'est pas moins favorable à la gloire de Montaigne. On l'entend mieux, on l'imite plus hardiment; il sert à rejéunir la littérature, qui commençait a s'épuiser; il inspire nos plus illustres écrivains; et ce philosophe du siècle de Charles IX. semble fait pour instruire le dix-huitieme siècle. Quel est ce prodigieux mérite qui survit aux variations du langage, aux changement des Mœurs. C'est le naturel et la vérité: voilà le charme qui ne peut vieiller. La grandeur des idées, l'artifice du style ne suffisent pas pour qu'un écrivain plaise toujours: et ce n'est pas seulement de siècle en siècle, et à de longs intervalles, que le goût change, et que les ouvrages éprouvent des fortunes diverses: dans la vie même de

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l'homme, il est un période où, détrompés de ce monde idéal que les passions fourmaient autour de nous, ne sachant plus excuser des illusions qui ne se retrouvent plus dans nos cœurs, perdant l'enthousiasme avec la jeunesse, et réduits à ne plus aimer que la raison, nous devenons moins sensibles aux plus éclantes beautés de l'eloquence et de la poésie. Mais qui pourrait se lasser d'un livre *de bonne foy* écrit par un homme de génie? Ces épanchemens familiers de l'auteur, ces révélations inattendues sur de grands objets et sur des bagatelles, en donnant à ses écrits la forme d'une longue confidence, font disparaître la peine légère que l'on éprouve à lire un ouvrage de moral. On croit converser; et comme la conversation est piquante et variée, que souvent nous y venons à notre tour, que celui qui nous instruit a soin de nous répéter, *Ce n'est pas icy ma doctrine, c'est mon étude*, nous avoue ses faiblesses, pour nous convaincre des nôtres, et nous corrige sans nous humilier, jamais on ne se laisse de l'entretien."

95. *Jay.* Tableau littéraire de la France pendant le 18e siècle; *Paris*, 1810, 8vo. (pages 8, 81, 83, 93).—Eloge de Montaigne. Discours qui a obtenu l'accessit, etc.; *Paris*, *Delaunay*, 1812, 8vo. Printed also in the editions of the *Essays* by Desoër.

"Placé dans une époque où le peuple française, instrument d'anarchie entre les mains de quelques chefs ambitieux, confondait la religion avec le fanatisme, et la liberté avec la licence, Montaigne, calme au milieu de l'agitation générale, forme avec tout son siècle un contraste frappant. Les scènes de violence, les actes de rébellion, dont il est temoin, raffermissent dans son cœur ces sentimens de justice et de loyauté, dont l'oubli funeste est la honte et le fléau des peuples. Tandis que la France, tenant d'une part à la barbarie par des habitudes séculaires, de l'autre à la civilization par des idées nouvelles, hésite entre ces deux forces opposées il devance son siècle, observe tout sans prevention, juge tout sans partialité, et doue d'une raison supérieure affranchit sa pensée de la vieille tyrannie de l'école; et de la fureur aveugle des innovations. Cependant l'intolérance des sectes, l'orgueil du faux savoir se réunissent pour protéger les anciennes erreurs; l'esprit humain se consume en efforts stériles; plus on s'écarte du vrai, plus on croit avancer vers la vérité. Montaigne *seul se sépare de la foule*, et pénètre dans les routes abandonnées de la sagesse; il y pénètre à l'aide du doute, non de ce pyrrhonisme insensé qui se détruit lui-même en voulant tout détruire, mais du doute de la raison qui naît de la lumière, et la produit à son tour. Montaigne consulte les livres; il y trouve quelques vérités mortes ensevelies sous un amas d'erreurs; il interroge ses contemporains; la voix du préjugé lui repond: alors se repliant sur lui-même, il observe la marche des passions, en étudie les mouvemens dans son propre cœur, cherche è demêler en lui, et autour de lui, ce qui est l'ouvrage de l'art, et ce qui appartient à la nature. Il soumet tout à l'examen, les temps,

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les hommes, et les choses. Enfin, éclairé par l'experience et la méditation, désabusé des chimères qui nous font oublier la vie, il commence avec lui-même cet entretien sublime où le génie est simple et sans art comme la vérité ; ou le cœur de l'homme est mis pour la première fois à découvert ; ou se trouvent les germes des grandes conceptions dont le dévelopement doit honorer plusieurs siècles."

96. *J. Droz.* Eloge de Montaigne. *Paris, F. Didot*, 1812. To which the *Classe de la langue et de la littérature françaises de l'Institut* awarded a medal, since inserted by M. Droz in his *Essai sur l'Art d'etre heureux*, where he has added some fresh notes, and modified the old ones.

97. *Du Roure* (le marquis, anonyme). Eloge de Montaigne. Discours qui a obtenu une mention honorable, etc. *Paris, Fain*, 1812, 8vo.

98. *J. Dutens.* Eloge de Montaigne. Discours qui a obtenu une mention honorable, etc. ; *Paris, F. Didot* et *Favre*, 1818, 8vo.

99. *Biot* (de l'Institut, anonyme). Montaigne. Discours qui a obtenu une mention, etc. ; *Paris, Michaud*, 1812, 8vo.

100. *J. V. Leclerc.* Eloge de messire Michel, seigneur de Montaigne, etc. ; *Paris, Auguste Delalain*, 1812, 8vo. Reprinted in the edition of the *Essays* of this author, 1826.

101. *Victorin Fabre.* Eloge de Michel de Montaigne ; *Paris, Maradan*, 1812, 8vo.

102. *Vincens* (*Emile*). Eloge de Michel de Montaigne qui n'a pas concouru pour le prix de l'Institut. *Paris, Fantin*, 1812, 8vo.

103. *F. Guizot.* Annales de l'éducation. *Paris, Lenormant*, tome iii. 1812, 8vo. (pp. 65, 129, 193, 257.)

104. *Mazure* (*F. A. J.*). Eloge de Montaigne ; *Angers, Mame*, 1814, 8vo. 51 pages.

105. *François* de Neufchâteau. Essai sur les meilleurs ouvrages écrits en prose dans la langue française. *Paris*, 1816, 8vo.

106. *Eloi Johanneau.* Preface to the edition of Lefèvre, 1818, and the notes to this edition.

107. *Labouderie* (M. l'abbé, anonyme). Le Christianisme de Montaigne, ou Pensées de ce grand homme sur la religion ; *Paris, Demonville*, 1819, 8vo.

108. *Amaury-Duval.* Preface to the Collection des Moralistes français ; Life of Montaigne et notice sur les principales éditions des Essais, in the edition of Chasseriau ; 1820.

109. *Gence* (*J. B. M.*). Article *Montaigne*, in the Biographie universelle.

110. *Iconographie instructive*, 8vo., article *Montaigne.*

111. *Charles Nodier.* Questions de littérature légale, du plagiat, de la supposition d'auteurs, des supercheries qui ont rapport aux livres, deuxième édition ; *Paris, Roret*, 1828, 8vo. Where the author points out a variety of passages and opinions taken, without

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acknowledgment, from Montaigne by Corneille, Voltaire, J. B. Rousseau, Pascal, &c. Mélangés tiré d'une petite bibliothèque *Paris*, 1829.

112. *Laurentie.* Notice sur "l'esprit de Montaigne," 1829.

113. *Peyronnet* (comte de). Notice sur Montaigne, in the Plutarque français; *Paris*, 1834, large 8vo. (dated from the *Chateau de Ham, Sept.* 1834.)

114. *Encyclopédie methodique.* Histoire (tom. iii. 1788), art. *Montaigne* et Encyclopédiana.

115. *Landon.* Galerie historique des hommes les plus celèbres. *Paris*, 1806, 12mo. (tome 8.)

116. *Le Comte de la Platrière*, Galerie universelle, etc. *Paris, Bailly*, 1787, 4to., art. *Montaigne.*

117. *Satge Bordes.* Jugements sur les meilleurs écrivains anciens et modernes. *Paris*, 1812, 12mo.

118. *J. A. C. Buchon.* Notice of the Life of *Montaigne*, in the edition of the works of this author, in the *Pantheon Littéraire.*

"On trouve," says M. Payen, "dans *la Gironde*, Revue de Bordeaux, février 1834, 9e livraison, un article intitulé *Installation de Michel Montaigne, maire de Bordeaux*, et l'editeur fait précéder ce récit d'une note signée G. ainsi conçue: "Il y a quelques années que des maçons en travaillant à une maison autrefois habitée par Michel de Montaigne, au coin de l'impasse des Minimettes, à Bordeaux, découvrirent sous une poutre un manuscrit renfermé dans une cassette de bois de cyprès. C'était vraisemblablement le journal inédit d'un ancien serviteur de l'auteur des *Essais*, lequel avait sans doute habité avec lui cette maison, dont la façade gothique a été détruite dernièrement, etc." M. Aimé Martin, à l'obligeance duquel je dois d'avoir eu connaissance de cette pièce, est convaincu que c'est un pastiche, et je crois qu'il ne peut y avoir aucun doute à cet égard. L'auteur a pris textuellement dans les Essais, les discours et les réflexions qu'il prête à Montaigne dans le cours de cette solennité, et cette circonstance seule suffirait pour démontrer la supercherie.

There appeared in 1823, at *Paris, Delaunay*, 8vo., anonymously a volume entitled *Montaigne aux Champs Elysées*, consisting of eight dialogues in verse, and in which our Essayist successively converses with Democritus, Rabelais, &c.

119. Dugald Stewart, *Enc. Brit.* 1824. "At the head of the French writers who contributed, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, to turn the thoughts of their countrymen to subjects connected with the Philosophy of Mind, Montaigne may, I apprehend, be justly placed. Properly speaking, he belongs to a period somewhat earlier; but his tone of thinking and of writing classes him much more naturally with his successors, than with any French author who had appeared before him.

"In assigning to Montaigne so distinguished a rank in the history of modern philosophy, I need scarcely say that I leave entirely

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out of the account what constitutes (and justly constitutes) to the generality of readers the principal charm of his Essays, the good-nature, humanity, and unaffected sensibility, which so irresistibly attach us to his character,—lending, it must be owned, but too often a fascination to his *talk*, when he cannot be recommended as the safest companion. Nor do I lay much stress upon the inviting frankness and vivacity with which he unbosoms himself about all his domestic habits and concerns; and which render his book so expressive a portrait, not only of the author, but of the Gascon country gentlemen, two hundred years ago. I have in view chiefly the minuteness and good faith of his details concerning his own personal qualities, both intellectual and moral. The only study which seems ever to have engaged his attention was that of *man;* and for this he was singularly fitted, by a rare combination of that talent for observation which belongs to men of the world, with those habits of abstracted reflection which men of the world have commonly so little disposition to cultivate. 'I study myself,' says he, 'more than any other subject. This is my metaphysic; this my natural philosophy.' He has accordingly produced a work *unique* in its kind; valuable, in an eminent degree, as an authentic record of many interesting facts relative to human nature, but more valuable by far, as holding up a mirror in which every individual, if he does not see his own image, will at least occasionally perceive so many traits of resemblance to it as can scarcely fail to invite his curiosity to a more careful review of himself. In this respect, Montaigne's writings may be regarded in the light of what painters call *studies;* in other words, of those slight sketches which were originally designed for the improvement of the artist, but which on that account, are the more likely to be useful in developing the germs of similar endowments in others."

120. Hazlitt. *Comic Writers.* "The Essayists are, if not moral philosophers, moral historians, and that's better; or if they are both, they found the one character upon the other; their premises precede their conclusions, and we put faith in their testimony, for we know that it is true.

"Montaigne was the first person who led the way to this kind of writing in the moderns. His great merit was that he may be said to have been the first who had the courage to say as an author what he felt as a man; and, as courage is generally the effect of conscious strength, he was, probably, led to do so by the richness, truth, and force of his own observations on books and men. He was, in the truest sense, a man of original mind; that is, he had the power of looking at things for himself, or as they really were, instead of blindly trusting to, and fondly repeating, what others told him that they were. In taking up his pen, he did not set up for a philosopher, wit, orator, or moralist; but he became all these by merely daring to tell us whatever passed through his mind, in its naked simplicity and force, that he thought any way worth comma

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nicating. He inquires what human life is, and has been, to show what it ought to be; and, in treating of men and manners, he spoke of them as he found them, not according to preconceived notions and abstract dogmas; and began by teaching us what he himself was. In criticizing books he did not compare them with rules and systems, but told us what he saw to like or dislike in them. He was, in a word, the first author who was not a book-maker, and who wrote, not to make converts of others to established creeds and prejudices, but to satisfy his own mind of the truth of things. In this respect we know not which to be most charmed with, the author or the man.

"There is an inexpressible frankness and sincerity, as well as power, in what he writes. There is no attempt at imposition or concealment, no juggling tricks or solemn mouthing, no laboured attempts at proving himself always in the right, and everybody else in the wrong; he says what is uppermost, lays open what floats at the top, or lies at the bottom, of his mind, and deserves Pope's character of him, where he professes to

'——— Pour out all as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne.'

"He does not converse with us like a pedagogue with his pupil, whom he wishes to make as great a blockhead as himself, but like a philosopher and friend, who has passed through life with thought and observation, and is willing to enable others to pass through it with pleasure and profit. A writer of this stamp, I confess, appears to me as much superior to a common bookworm as a library of real books is superior to a mere bookcase, painted and lettered on the outside with the names of celebrated works. As he was the first to attempt this new way of writing, so the same strong natural impulse, which prompted the undertaking, carried him to the end of his career. The same force and honesty of mind which urged him to throw off the shackles of custom and prejudice, would enable him to complete his triumph over them. He has left little for his successors to achieve in the way of just and original speculation on human life. Nearly all the thinking of the last two centuries, of that kind which the French denominate *morale observatrice*, is to be found in Montaigne's Essays; there is the germ, at least, and generally much more. He sowed the seed, and cleared away the rubbish, even where others have reaped the fruit, or cultivated and decorated the soil to a greater degree of nicety and perfection. There is no one to whom the old Latin adage is more applicable than to Montaigne,—'*Pereant isti qui ante nostra dixerunt.*' There has been no new impulse given to thought since his time. Among the specimens of criticisms on authors he has given us, are those on Virgil, Ovid, and Boccaccio, in the account of books which he thinks worth reading, or which he finds he can read in his old age, and which may be reckoned among the few criticisms which are worth reading at any age."

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121. *Retrospective Review*, 1820. "Of those books to which we have recourse for pleasure or recreation, we have a particular fancy for a gossiping book—a collection of choice *morceaux* and short dissertations, in which an author gives us the cream of a diversity of subjects, without calling upon us for any rigid attention, or nice examination of his arguments. . . . . We feel no sympathy with those authors who would do everything by the square and compass, who would rudely snap the springs of feeling, and torture us into wisdom and virtue. It is the author who gives utterance to the promptings of the heart, who mingles human feelings with all his knowledge, that lays fast hold of our affection, and whom, above all, we love and venerate. And such a one is the lively old Gascon, Montaigne. He is, indeed, the author for a snug fireside and an easy armed-chair. . . . . The chief subject of Montaigne's reflections and writings is the philosophy of life. . . He studied deeply and accurately; he dissected and anatomized his feelings, his fears, and his hopes, nay, the slightest motions of his soul, with the coolness and unconcern of an operating surgeon. He lets us into the innermost thoughts of his heart,—he spreads out before us, as in a picture, every shade and gradation of feeling. Not a phantasma flitted across his mind that he did not put down, and, having contemplated its strangeness or absurdity, he placed it to the credit or debit side of his account. 'He nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice.' He is the most warm and candid of friends—the most open of enemies, if, indeed, he ever admitted into his heart any feeling which amounted to personal hostility. The consequence is, that nobody can read his works without becoming his intimate and approved good friend—his most familiar acquaintance. We know almost the very minute he was born; and, if he could have so far anticipated time, he would, with equal precision, have informed us of the hour of his death. Nor do we think that anything would have given him so much pleasure as afterwards to have been able to come back to earth again, and add another volume to his Essays, that the world might still know the state of his mind. . . . . Nothing but the Essays themselves of our old confabulator can convey an adequate idea of their unrestrained vivacity, energy, and fancy, of their boldness and attractive simplicity. He says rightly that it is the only book in the world of its kind. All the world, however, may know his book in him, and him in his book, the character of each is the same. . . . . His *talking* discourses are inexpressibly taking and agreeable. With a singular power of self-investigation, and an acute observation of the actions of men, which he discriminated with 'a learned spirit of human dealing,' he combined great affluence of thought and excursiveness of fancy. He was, at once, bold and trifling—philosophical and inconclusive—bold in imagination and free in inquiry—of an open and prepossessing demeanour, he was amiable and eminently attractive. His style is bold, energetic, sen

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tentious, and abrupt; and, although provincial and unrefined, it is original, vivacious, simple, and *debonair*."

122. John Sterling, in *Westminster Review*. "Of the books that show us what we are, there have been in many ages better than the 'Essays' of Montaigne; but it may be affirmed, without meaning to offend any one, that, even in our age, there are several worse. His book is not the widest nor the deepest; but it is a perfectly genuine record of a far livelier, and richer, and more honest mind than common. There are oracles of loftier and more fiery spirits, belonging less than this to our time and tendencies; and though immortal as death itself, which will outlive all but life, yet not more deserving of immortality than these doubts, fancies, endless egotisms, of a dead old Gascon gentleman.

"Such he was. He acquaints us with man chiefly by exhibiting to us a man, the offspring of one age, and the native of a single spot; and we must consider what these circumstances made him, that we may the better understand what in himself he was. He belonged, in a word, to the most active portion of the human race, in the most eager and productive period that it has known, at least since it first contrived to shape itself into social existence. Printing, like the former and latter rain, was diffusing the knowledge long collected in the vague and dim clouds of the past. Columbus had burst the gates of the Atlantic, and shown to men a new heaven and a new earth, and other forms of human nature than those of our elder regions. And while the new was pouring in, the old was rapidly crumbling down and passing away. More connection and interdependence was growing up in all the concerns of life. Individual strength and wild energy were settling down. The solid vault of dogma under which men lived was thinning off, and widening, and wavering; and while a new and bright vegetation of literature opened over the earth, the ancient snows and ice-rocks of tradition melted and burst along in foaming torrents. Together with these changes, a looser width of luxury and excitement was unfolded, and the sweeter wines of the new age were mingled with deadlier poisons. In Germany, misery and fanaticism, and heroic faith; in Italy, unbounded falsehood and creative genius; in England, lawless brutality and popular zeal; in France, all these elements were mixed together. During the first half of the sixteenth century the Reformation began and was secured; More and Cranmer were executed; Luther lived and died; Rabelais stood forth as a fervid genius in the mask of a buffoon; Raffaelle, Durer, and Michael Angelo painted themselves forever on the most massive tablets of the mind of man; Ariosto embalmed chivalry in a gorgeous tomb; Fiesco conspired; Machiavelli theorized; Melancthon and Scaliger taught; Cortez and Pizarro passed like its own earthquakes, through America; the feudal greatness of French nobility blazed almost its last France, Germany, and Italy, wore each other out

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in idle wars. In the midst of these confusions, Calvin was condemned by Rome as a heretic, for establishing the power which enabled him to burn Servetus. Rome was sacked by an army of adventurers, and Trent filled with a council of Romish prelates. Faith, energizing in Luther, threw off its cowl, and his emperor, unable to compel him to wear it, placed it on his own head and sank into a convent. The world was learning that Homer, Socrates, and Plutarch were more than names, and growing to feel what they really meant. And while Montaigne was drinking deepest of their spirit, the Protestants of Mérindol and Cabières were massacred, and in Guyenne, at his own threshold, the peasantry were maddened into revolt by the Gabelle (1548), and were crushed again under the heaviest sorrows.

"In fine, the state of society in Western Europe resembled at this time that of a party of mariners saving themselves on a raft constructed out of the wreck of their former stately but worn-out vessel. With woes, and panic cries, and bleeding hands, and fierce contentions, and the deaths of many, they constructed a frail support amid the stormy waves; but the ruin of the ship has laid open to them precious treasures and priceless instruments, long sealed up and forgotten, within the hold; new necessities develop more complete inventions; the strong call of the hour awakens fresh life in many a heart, before weak and torpid; and on their creaking and wave-washed deck they sail before the wind in greater terrors, but with happier auspices, than before.

"In the midst of this revolution, Montaigne, born in 1553, rose to consciousness. In the course of his life he saw the world around him all convulsed with the fiercest religious wars, the massacre of St. Bartholomew perpetrated, the Dutch republic created. He was contemporary with Cervantes and with Shakspeare. Seldom has there been on earth a broader scene of apparent confusion; but, in the midst of the storm, far nobler and more various powers were at work than in the downfall of the Roman empire, or the conflicts of the middle ages. Much of household simplicity was perishing; popular fancy and feeling were losing much of their unconscious beauty; the rude and slow machinery of political society was breaking and crushing down; above all, the old unquestionable beliefs of men were inwardly decaying, and were shaken and tottering under outward attacks. The fierce horrors, base frauds, and lascivious indulgences of public life, were rather multiplied and darkened than at all suppressed; yet thought and humanity were living more strongly, and generating life; and in the confused and ferocious tumult there were some who taught, and many who received the teaching, that faith in higher than visible things had a foundation of its own in the heart of man to rest on, and need not lean forever on the hollow and spurious support of a despotic priesthood. But this last and greatest truth was preached in the midst of passions and delusions which were

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closely mingled with it, as the stream turned into a stagnant pool is itself stained by that which it purifies. Thus it might perhaps have been anticipated that in the awakening knowledge of a beautiful and inexhaustible pagan literature, self-satisfying speculation and easy sympathy would find abundant pretext and encouragement to shrink from the gigantic battle of austere belief and distinct principles into a world of intelligent delight. The survey of mankind, as a mere object of curious observation, both invited and bewildered the reason; and the richest and most many-coloured spectacle of human existence which the world had ever exhibited, was heightened and contrasted by a better knowledge of a remote and wonderful past.

". . . . . Montaigne is gone to where he will have found some at least of his doubts cleared up. But for us he has left a mantle behind him, not only inscribed, as are the magic garments of romance, with many strange characters, but showing the familiar folds and twists of the short and stout-bodied old Gascon. In that mantle we need not wrap ourselves, but we may try to peruse and measure it. Thus it remains to us as a fact that Montaigne did what no man had done before, nor has any man so well done since—in sharp, light, and with endlessly daring strokes, painted himself, as the one great certainty in a world of doubt—himself, a living being—a person—a man, bright shining, like an enchanted head—a human image of brassy flame in Rembrandt's wizard cave of blackness.

"Many have shown us man in general, and have done this better or worse, according to their several shares of manhood. But the mischief of such delineations is, that man in general is after all a fiction, for man exists only in particular. . . . . By the encyclopædic and interminable, as opposed to the defining, shaping process, we may well indeed become boundless, aimless, and incoherent. And so to a certain extent was Montaigne; but also rich, various, of inexhaustible yearnings after new mental treasures of comparisons and contrasts, and ever sending out his wealth possessed on new ventures of wealth to be acquired. He sits a golden gnome in his sparry cells and galleries piled with jewels; and he is their true discoverer and guardian; and though not the creative spirit with the one efficacious image of the Aladdin's palace into which the jewels shall be built, is yet akin to him, and at heart owns him as a brother."

123. Hallam. *Introduction to the Literature of Europe.* London, 1839, vol. ii. p. 169, *et seq.* "The Essays of Montaigne make in several respects an epoch in literature, less on account of their real importance, or the novel truths they contain, than of their influence upon the taste and the opinions of Europe. They are the first *provocatio ad populum*, the first appeal from the porch and the academy to the haunts of busy and of idle men. the first book that taught the unlearned reader to

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observe and reflect for himself on questions of moral philosophy In an age when every topic of this nature was treated systematically and in a didactic form, he broke out, without connection of chapters, with all the digression that levity and garrulous egotism could suggest, with a very delightful, but, at that time, most unusual, rapidity of transition from seriousness to gayety. The school of Montaigne embraces a large proportion of French and English literature, and especially of that which has borrowed his title of Essays. No prose writer of the sixteenth century has been so generally read, nor, probably, given so much delight. Whatever may be our estimate of Montaigne as a philosopher—a name which he was far from arrogating—there will be but one opinion of the felicity and brightness of his genius.

"It is a striking proof of these qualities, that we cannot help believing him to have struck out all his thoughts by a spontaneous effort of his mind, and to have fallen afterwards upon his quotations and examples by happy accident. I have little doubt but that the process was different; and that, either by dint of memory, though he absolutely disclaims the possessing a good one, or by the usual method of common-placing, he had made his reading instrumental to excite his own ingenious and fearless understanding. His extent of learning was by no means great for that age, but the whole of it was brought to bear on his object; and it is a proof of Montaigne's independence of mind that, while a vast mass of erudition was the only passport to fame, he read no authors but such as were most fitted to his own habits of thinking. Hence he displays a unity, a self-existence, which we seldom find so complete in other writers. His quotations, though they perhaps make more than one half of his Essays, seem parts of himself, and are like limbs of his own mind, which could not be separated without laceration. But over all is spread a charm of a fascinating simplicity, and an apparent abandonment of the whole man to the easy inspiration of genius, combined with a good nature—though rather too Epicurean and destitute of moral energy—which, for that very reason, made him a favourite with men of similar dispositions, for whom courts, and camps, and country mansions, were the proper soil.

"Montaigne is superior to any of the ancients in liveliness, in that careless and rapid style, where one thought springs naturally, but not consecutively, from another, by analogical rather than deductive connection; so that, while the reader seems to be following a train of arguments, he is imperceptibly hurried to a distance by some contingent association. This may be observed in half his Essays, the titles of which often give us little insight into their general scope. Thus the Apology for Raimond de Sebond is soon forgotten in the long defence of moral Pyrrhonism, which occupies the 12th chapter of the second book. He sometimes makes a show of coming back from his excursions; but he has generally

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exhausted himself before he does so. This is what men love to practice (not advantageously for their severer studies) in their own thoughts; they love to follow the casual associations that lead them through pleasant labyrinths—as one riding along the high road is glad to deviate a little into the woods, though it may sometimes happen that he will lose his way, and find himself far remote from his inn. And such is the conversational style of lively and eloquent old men. We converse with Montaigne, or rather hear him talk; it is almost impossible to read his Essays without thinking that he speaks to us; we see his cheerful brow, his sparkling eye, his negligent, but gentlemanly demeanour; we picture him in his arm-chair, with his few books round the room, and Plutarch on the table.

"The independence of his mind produces great part of the charm of his writing; it redeems his vanity, without which it could not have been so fully displayed, or, perhaps, so powerfully felt. In an age of literary servitude, when every province into which reflection could wander was occupied by some despot; when, to say nothing of theology, men found Aristotle, or Ulpian, or Hippocrates, at every turning to dictate their road, it was gratifying to fall in company with a simple gentleman who, with much more reading than generally belonged to his class, had the spirit to ask a reason for every rule."

124. *Hazlitt.* Life, &c., of Montaigne, in the edition of his Works, published by Templeman, London, 1842. Also in this edition.

125. COUSIN. Rapport à l'Académie française sur la nécessité d'une nouvelle édition des *Pensées* de Pascal, *Journal des Savants*, septembre, 1842, p. 538 *et sequens*—subsequently published in a volume, of which there have been three editions.

"Avec un esprit richement cultivé par l'étude de l'antiquité classique et de l'histoire, par une longue expérience et la connaissance des hommes, il envisagea le tableau de la vie humaine tel qu'il est et sous le point de vue de sa diversité, sans y apercevoir une unité que ne pouvait donner la philosophie, si peu d'accord avec elle-même. De là une manière de voir fort analogue au scepticisme, suivant laquelle il donne pour dernier résultat de toute observation et de toute pensée, la faiblesse de la raison et l'incertitude de la connaissance humaine, même par rapport à l'ordre pratique dont, au reste, il ne conteste pas la vérité, se reposant de toutes choses dans la foi à la révélation. Montaigne exprime ses idées sur le ton d'une candeur exempte de prétention et d'une honorable franchise dans ses *Essais*, livre où domine tout le charme d'un style plein de finesse et d'originalité, qui en a fait la lecture des gens de goût. Ce livre a exercé dans le monde beaucoup d'influence, et a subi les jugements les plus opposés. Quelque éloigné de l'immoralité et de l'irréligion que fût le caractère personnel de cet écrivain, son ouvrage a pu favoriser plus d'une fois

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des dispositions contraires dans l'esprit de ses lecteurs et même les y faire naitre."

126. Representative Men: By R. W. Emerson. (Montaigne, or, The Sceptic.) Boston, 1849.

"I heard with pleasure that one of the newly-discovered autographs of William Shakspeare was in a copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne. It is the only book which we certainly know to have been in the poet's library. And, oddly enough, the duplicate copy of Florio, which the British Museum purchased, with a view of protecting the Shakspeare autograph, (as I was informed in the Museum,) turned out to have the autograph of Ben Jonson in the fly-leaf. Leigh Hunt relates of Lord Byron, that Montaigne was the only great writer of past times whom he read with avowed satisfaction. Other coincidences, not needful to be mentioned here, concurred to make this old Gascon still new and immortal for me.

"Montaigne is the frankest and honestest of all writers. His French freedom runs into grossness; but he has anticipated all censure by the bounty of his own confessions. . . . He pretends to most of the vices; and, if there be any virtue in him, he says, it got in by stealth. . . . But, with all this really superfluous frankness, the opinion of an invincible probity grows into every reader's mind. . . . The sincerity and marrow of the man reaches to his sentences. I know not anywhere the book that seems less written. It is the language of conversation transferred to a book. Cut these words, and they would bleed; they are vascular and alive. . . . There have been men with deeper insight; but, one would say, never a man with such abundance of thoughts: he is never dull, never insincere, and has the genius to make the reader care for all that he cares for."

127. Les *Essais de Michel de Montaigne.* Leçons inédites recueillies par un membre de l'Académie de Bordeaux, sur les manuscrits autographes conservés à la bibliothèque de cette ville. *Paris*, 1844, 8vo. (See, on this publication, *Moniteur* of 1844, p. 2908.)

128. Payen. Notice biographique sur Montaigne (édition du Panthéon littéraire. 1837, 8vo.)—Documents inédits sur Montaigne. 1847, 8vo.—Nouveaux documents inédits, 1850, 8vo.

129. Léon Feugere. Etude sur la vie et les ouvrages de Mademoiselle de Gournay. *Paris*, 1853, 8vo.—Etude sur la vie et les ouvrages de La Boëtie. *Paris*, 1845.

130. Nizard. Histoire de la Littérature française. T. I.

131. Sainte-Beuve. Port-Royal. T. III.—Causeries du Lundi. T. IV.—*Moniteur* of 14th novembre, 1853.

132. *Dernières années de Montaigne.* 1854, 8vo.—*Extract from the Journal général de l'instruction publique.* Article signed A. Grün.

133 Oxford Essays, for 1857. pp. 240, 241.

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"But Montaigne's strength and weakness, his truthfulness and slipperiness, are most illustrated in his treatment of the theme which has made his name famous It is a theme which few have ventured on, without being made dizzy by it, and tempted by it into the 'falsehood of extremes;' few who have ventured have been able to keep their head calm, their thoughts steady, and their statements sober; yet there is none which we feel to supply so sure a test whether a man dares and is able to look widely and deeply into the world about him. It is the theme of the book of Ecclesiastes: the real value of human life and greatness; the comparison of man's doings and aims with the immensities of the universe; the measure of his knowledge, of the depth and strength of its foundations, and of his power to know. Few men have had the courage to look so boldly and to report so unflinchingly on these questions as Montaigne. The subject of his longest and most elaborate Essay is the uncertainty, the contradictions, the fickleness, and the failures of the human intellect, both in its ordinary exercise and in its most perfect forms. And it is a chord on which he strikes strongly and obstinately in all his writings. Nowhere do those misgivings, as to the completeness and permanent definitiveness of all mortal judgments, which visit even the clearest and surest mind in the very moment of its triumph, find so full an echo. Nowhere are the doubts so keenly expressed, which the endless variations and divergences of human thought on the nearest and most familiar of subjects inspire as to its capacity for attaining truth. Nowhere are we made to feel so forcibly, and often so uncomfortably, how little the pure exercise of reason often has, or can have, to do with the opinions which are most characteristic of us, and which we think irrefragable; and how great a measure unsuspected or unacknowledged influences work insensibly, and tell in the long run, in the formation of conclusions, for which a stately and elaborate structure of reasons has been laboriously built up. . . . ."

134. La Vie Publique de Montaigne. *Étude Biographique. Par Alphonse Grün. Paris:* 1855.

135. North American Review. Vol. 87. No. for October, 1858.

"Looking back through the long vista of time, and across the rich field of the subsequent national literature, to that antique tower, and beholding the scholar and gentleman, inoffensive in an age of cruelty, intellectual in an age of sensualism, rational in an age of superstition, wearing his honoured father's mantle with such affection that he tells us. 'il semble m'envelloper de lui,'—giving new vitality to his country's language, practical hints of wisdom in social economy, tranquil enjoyment, and domestic education,—entertaining and cheering, as well as illuminating, by his candid and docile pen;—thus beholding Montaigne, we do not wonder that, despite the neutral ground he occupied as an actor, and the

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comparative indifference he maintained as a writer in the then convulsed spheres of religion and politics, a sentiment of blended love and admiration should invest his memory. Less dear to a party or a class, he is more so to the liberal and individual everywhere; because he was, as Bayle sums up his character, 'humain par sentiment, tolerant par raison; bon et sensible; de mœurs douces et faciles, gentilhomme vain à la fois et simple, citoyen honnête.' There is in the memory of Montaigne a flavour, and a use too somewhat akin to the wine of his native district, which, compared with others, has less fire and more astringency, is not so liable to acidity, bears removal better, and, though it has not a very attractive aroma, is pronounced by hygienic connoisseurs the safest for daily use."

136. MONTAIGNE THE ESSAYIST. A Biography. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. With Illustrations. In two Volumes. *London:* Chapman and Hall, 193 Piccadilly. 1858.

"MM. Guizot, Villemain, Sainte-Beuve, and Philarète Chasles, have all written eloquently and authoritatively about Montaigne. I have read their pages with admiration and respect. The histories of MM. Michelet and Henri Martin have been of great use to me. I have also run through a number of purely Catholic histories and studies, and have thus been made acquainted with an amount of literary dishonesty and perverse distortion of facts which would have previously appeared to me incredible.

"An enormous list might be made out of *éloges* and appreciations of Montaigne, but they rarely contain more than an attempt to characterize, in an absolute and definitive manner, a man who seems to me too vast to be reflected in the limited mirror they hold up. Besides these, there have been a series of ill-judged attempts on the part of writers more pious than critical, to rescue Montaigne from the condemnation of Pascal and Malebranche, and prove him to be an excellent Catholic. Few are content with citing the Pilgrimage to Loretto. It seems, no doubt, more fascinating to reproduce the subtle casuistry of the Maestro del Sacro Palazzo.

"But when we have read all that has been written about Montaigne—a small library in itself—we feel that, though we know multitudes of facts, the true character of the man, as we faintly conceived it when we first read the Essays, has been tampered with somewhat. The Montaigne of Pascal and Malebranche is an *esprit fort* of the seventeenth century; the Montaigne of Bayle is a gentlemanly skeptic; the Montaigne of the Voltaireans is a scoffer; the Montaigne of the Abbé Laborderie is a Capuchin Friar; the Montaigne of Mr. Emerson is Mr. Emerson himself; the Montaigne of Dr. Payen is the property of Dr. Payen; and the Montaigne of M. Grün is a Préfet of the Gironde. I have endeavoured to escape from the influence of these individual conceptions by wide excursions through the literature of the sixteenth

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century; and in all directions I have found materials that might be turned to immediate use. Rabelais and the *Satire Menippée*, Marot and Ronsard, and the whole Pleiad; François de Scepeaux and Marguerite of Navarre; Pasquier and De Thou, with L'Etoile, Brantôme, d'Aubigné, Duplessis-Mornay, the Memoirs of Guise, Palma Cayet, Montluc, du Bellay, Vieilleville, the Dictionary of Verdier, the correspondence of Lipsius, the histories of Bordeaux, all contain passages more or less illustrative of the Life and Character and Literary Value of Montaigne; and it is necessary to read all these, and many more, in order to be able to live freely in the same atmosphere with him."

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